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THE
POETICAL WORKS OF BISHOP HEBER

THE CHANDOS CLASSICS.

THE POETICAL WORKS
OF
REGINALD HEBER, D.D.,
Lord Bishop of Calcutta.

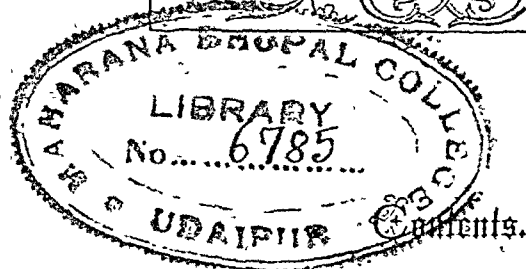
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Life of Reginald Heber.

* ~~~~~ *
REGINALD HEBER, the son of the Rev. Reginald Heber and Mary Allanson, his wife, was born April 21st, 1783, at Malpas, in the county of Chester. His father was of ancient family, and at his brother's death, without heirs male, succeeded him as Lord of the Manors and patron of the rectories of Morton, in Yorkshire, and Hodnet, in the county of Salop. He married, first, Mary, co-heiress of the Rev. Martin Baylie, Rector of Wrentham, in Suffolk, who died, leaving one son, Richard; secondly, Mary, daughter of Cuthbert Allanson, D.D., by whom he had three children, Reginald, Thomas Cuthbert, and Mary.

The childhood of Reginald Heber was distinguished by sweetness of disposition, obedience, and that trust in God's providence which formed through life so prominent a feature in his character. His infantine courage and patience under the severe illnesses which beset his childhood were remarkable, and his precocious talents promised a great future. He could read the Bible with fluency at five years old, and the avidity with which he studied it, and his wonderful remembrance of its contents, astonished his parents. Indeed, from the moment he could read, his passion for books became insatiable. His elder brother—the well-known and learned Richard Heber—said once, "Reginald does not read books, he devours them."

His early piety was deep and earnest. The boy was frequently heard praying aloud in his own room, when he thought himself quite beyond the reach of observation. In all circumstances, of joy or sorrow, his first impulse was to pray, or to return thanks to his Heavenly Father. He had a considerable talent for architectural drawings, and was fond of the study of natural history. His father, himself an excellent scholar, taught him the rudiments of classical learning, and his application and intelligence were so great that at seven years old he had translated "Phædrus" into English verse. The following year he was placed at the Grammar School of Whitechurch, under Dr. Kent, where he remained till 1796, when he was sent to the care of Mr. Bristow, a clergyman, who took about twelve pupils, at Neasdon, in the neighbourhood of London. Here his friendship with Mr. John Thornton, which continued all his life, commenced. It was cemented by sympathy in religious feelings, and in literary tastes and pursuits.

His boyhood was remarkable, as his infancy and childhood had been, for piety and sweetness of temper, and he was so generous that it was found necessary to sew the bank-notes given to him for his half-year's pocket money

LIFE OF REGINALD HEBER

with the things of his pockets that he might not give them away in charity on the road. He actually did so once to a poor man who stated that he was a clergyman but that having lost his sight he had been obliged to resign his cure and was penniless. This person says Mr. Heber in her *Life of Heber* afterwards found his way to Margate and from his room there by the servant who had a signed Reginald to accompany him a list of benefactors became known to his parents. For of his own merits he never boasted, and as was remarked by a good servant who mentioned the circumstance, his left hand knew not what his right hand did.

Heber as a schoolboy manifested great ability in his composition in prose and verse even at the early age of thirteen. He was one of the favourite scholars at his school. *Faerie Queene* was a pocket-book he would carry forth on long solitary walks, while his school fellows were engaged in the ordinary sports of boyhood in which he seldom joined. But his love of reading and quiet thought did not make him unpopular with them. His perfect temper, high sense of honour, and his generally serene and affectionate of that little world whose judgments are generally true ones. A request they benefited by his advice when the long winter evenings drew in and gathered round the fire they would read his delightful charming his own or ancient ballads.

For the various sciences he had no taste. He could not remember the precise date of such occurrences but he always knew who were living at the time it occurred. He was again was brought about and is ready. In like manner he headed in the structure of languages than the sense of their authors. His study of the Bible was not interrupted by his classical studies and his poem which has been preserved. The Prologue of *Jerusalem* was written as part of a school exercise on the Battle of the Nile.

In November 1800 he was entered a Bachelior College Oxford. In his first year at college he gained the university prize for Latin verse by his *Carmen Academicum* a poem on the commencement of the new century which gave bright promise of excellence.

In the spring of 1803 he wrote *Psalterium*. In the course of its composition, it Walter Scott and a few friends chanced to breakfast with him and *Psalterium* was produced and read.

A letter was written to Mrs. Heber in which the editor is indebted for the anecdote said. Yet it is omitted as striking in its own year account of a building of the Temple that no good was used in its construction. Reginald returned from the breakfast-table a corner of the poem and before the party were turned produced the beautiful lines—

No hammer fell no ponderous axes rung,
Like some old poem he mystic song,
Of silent science

The success of Heber's recitation of his poem *Psalterium* was extraordinary. The enthusiasm was boundless. Yet Heber did not the following interesting anecdote of it. When he returned from the theatre surrounded by his friends, with every hand stretched to him in congratulation and every one to praise him, he withdrew from the circle and his mother who impatient of his absence went to look for him found him in his room on his knees, giving thanks to God, not so much for the success which had on that day raised him to honour but that those talents had enabled him to bestow unmingled happiness on his parents.

In 1804 Heber was elected a fellow of All Souls and towards the middle of the next year accompanied his friend Thomas on an tour to the north of Europe which extended through Russia, the Crimea, Hungary Austria, Prussia, and Germany the rest of the Continent being then closed by war against travellers.

LIFE OF REGINALD HEBER.

It was during this journey, when he was at Dresden, in the summer of 1805, that he wrote the first lines of a poem which he completed in 1809, and published under the title of "Europe." It was suggested to him, during a sleepless night, by his hearing the beating of drums, and the bustle of troops marching through the town to meet the French in Lower Saxony. He returned from this tour in 1806, and in the following year was ordained, and instituted by his brother to the family living of Hodnet, in Shropshire. Soon afterwards he returned to Oxford, and took his degree of M.A.

In 1809 Heber married Amelia, daughter of the Rev. W. D. Shipley, Dean of St Asaph, and soon afterwards settled at the rectory and entered at once on the duties of his parish, at first unassisted. His first act was to extend through the year an afternoon sermon, which had till then been confined to the summer months. He withdrew, in a great measure, from society, where he was greatly courted, in order to give himself entirely to his work, and devoted the talents, which in any sphere of life would have raised him to distinction, to the spiritual and temporal good of his flock. He was their earthly guide, pastor, and friend. He gave to all who asked (however trifling the sum) at once; and afterwards he inquired into and more effectually relieved their distress. The tenderness of his heart—the courtesy of his manner—won the love of all who saw him. When money was not needed, he gave advice, and conversed with all his parishioners with cheerful kindness. He put a charitable construction, too, on all actions which were doubtful, and when the misconduct of others admitted of no defence, he would still pity and pray for them, while he reprov'd and sought to win them to good. He was indifferent to his own interests, and ready to forego his just dues, in fact, in Hodnet might at that time have been found the ideal "Priest in the Temple" of George Herbert.

It was at this period that Heber commenced writing that series of Hymns which are so well known and loved, and by which his fame as a poet is most perfectly assured. They were a great boon to the congregations of that period, and will probably for ever keep their place in the Hymnology of the English Church. The greater number of these hymns were composed to particular tunes. Without being musical he had a good ear, and could easily adapt words to any air he chanced to hear. He was particularly fond of Scotch and of Welsh music, and many of his songs were written to Welsh airs.

In 1812 he commenced a Dictionary of the Bible, one of his favourite employments while he continued at Hodnet. In the same year he published a small volume of poems containing, in addition to those already printed, the charming translations from Pindar. In 1816 Heber undertook, and subsequently completed, a masque taken from Chaucer's "Wife of Bath's Tale." Some fragments of it only were given to the world by his widow after his death.

In 1822 Heber was appointed preacher at Lincoln's Inn, and in the same year published his "Life of Jeremy Taylor."

In 1823, after considerable hesitation—caused by fear of the effects of the climate on his child, and also doubts as to whether he had not already a sufficiently wide field of action open before him, as preacher of Lincoln's Inn and rector of Hodnet—Reginald Heber decided on accepting the Bishopric of Calcutta.

"The obstacles to this step," writes his widow, "were such as to a less devoted Christian would have been insurmountable, and even to him they presented so formidable an aspect as to twice determine his rejection of the proposal. His letters prove the conflict of his mind at this period; but no one except the editor (his wife) can be a witness to the earnestness of his prayers for guidance in the course which he was now to pursue; to his distrust of the motives that had led him to decline the appointment, and to his struggle between a sense of what he believed to be his duty and his apprehensions for

his wife and child (for of danger to himself he thought it not his duty to be his family who strongly opposed his leaving England and the possible prospect of a complete separation from all the rest of his old friends.)

After his second refusal his grief at having to make it the youth of duty marked out for him has been enough to show him that his wife suggested his retracting it at the last. The parish of St. Margaret's truly and deeply at home, their beloved pastor, and they were obliged to give him a parting gift as a memorial of their love and remembrance. His beloved by all the good Bishop left his native land on the 11th of June 1853 for the burning realms of the sun. On the voyage he occupied himself in studying the language of the people amongst whom he was going to preach the Gospel of salvation.

The Bishop found a great accumulation of business awaiting him at which was to be repaired because he required leisure to conduct the different and arrange for the performance of the duties of his new office. But his generous industry and good sound mind (which he was as most of these things right).

On the 15th of June he began his duties in the station of his Lordship which he has recorded in his delightful journal in India. In his last letter after his death of which Lord Jefferys said "and evidently of no moral attraction we are induced to think it the most instructive and most interesting picture that has ever been given to the world on the actual state and condition of our Indian empire."

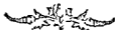
From this journey the Bishop returned in safety to his family at Bombay but on January 30 1854 he was again hurried on a station tour to Madras and the south of India with a heavy heart. He says in his journal, as if foreboding that it would be his last.

He reached Trichinopoly on the 1st of April. At daybreak on the 2nd of April he went to the Mission church in which service was performed in the Tamil language after which he delivered a sermon in English and delivered an address on Confirmation. He afterwards went to the Mission-house and engaged the state of the school. He then received an address from the poor Christians earnestly entreating him to visit them a pastor. He answered them with fatherly kindness promising to fulfil their request insofar as he had already resolved on appointing Mr. Schreyvogel a Danish missionary to this station.

On his return to Mr. Pind's house where he was staying he visited his friend and chaplain Mr. Robinson who was ill and sitting in his iron bed, entered with energy into the concerns of the Mission. He then retired to his own room and according to his usual custom wrote on the back of his

Address on Confirmation. Trichinopoly April 3 (1854). It was his last act. Immediately afterwards he went into a large cold bath where he had bathed on the two preceding mornings. Half an hour afterwards he was alarmed at his long absence entered the room and found him a corpse. Every means were used with love and skill could devise to restore animation but in vain. The good Bishop had gone to his reward his work on earth was finished. He had died in the bath—of apoplexy.

The Bishop was buried at Trichinopoly with the highest honours and rests there on the north side of the altar in St. John's Church.



PALESTINE.

A Prize Poem.

RECITED IN THE THEATRE, OXFORD.

IN THE YEAR MDCCCIII.



PALESTINE.

R EFT of thy sons, amid thy foes forlorn,
Mourn, widowed Queen, forgotten Sion, mourn !
Is this thy place, sad city, this thy throne,
Where the wild desert rears its craggy stone,
While suns unblessed their angry lustre fling,
And wayworn pilgrims seek the scanty spring?—
Where now thy pomp, which kings with envy viewed ?
Where now thy might, which all those kings subdued ?
No martial myriads muster in thy gate ;
No suppliant nations in thy Temple wait ;

No prophet bard, thy glittering courts among,
Wake the full lyre and swell the tide of song,
But lawless force and m'agre want are there
And the quick-darting eye of endless fear
Whil' cold oblivion mid thy ruins laid
Folds its dank wings beneath thy shadow.

Ye guardian saints ye warrior sons of Heaven,¹
To whose high care Judæa's state was given!
Oh went of old your nightly watch to keep
A host of gods, on Sion's tower steep
If e'er your secret footsteps linger still
By Sion's fount 'till also section'd ill
If e'er your song, on Salem's glories dwell,
And mourn the cast'le land you loved so well
(For oft, tis said in Kedron's balmy vale
Mysterious harp'ng swell the midnight gale
And blest as balmy dews that Hermon cheer
Melt in soft cadence on the pilgrim's ear)

¹ Alluding to the usual manner in which sleep is represented in ancient statues.
See also Pindar *P. A. I.* v. 16-17 "X *uonon typh'ron aluget.*"

² And orders for these celestial warriors may be found — Josh. v. 13
II K. vi. 2 II. Ma. i. v. 3 &c &c Josephus *Ed. Herts* vi. p. 182 *et*
alii passim

³ It is scarce necessary to mention the holiness of Jerusalem. The hill
of God is as high as even, as high as the hill of Bashan.

⁴ See Sandys and other travellers into Asia.

Forgive, blest spirits, if a theme so high
Mock the weak notes of mortal minstrelsy !
Yet, might your aid this anxious breast inspire
With one faint spark of Milton's seraph fire,
Then should my Muse¹ ascend with bolder flight,
And wave her eagle plumes exulting in the light.

O happy once in Heaven's peculiar love,
Delight of men below, and saints above !
Though, Salem, now the spoiler's ruffian hand
Has loosed his hell-hounds o'er thy wasted land ;
Though weak, and whelmed beneath the storms of fate,
Thy house is left unto thee desolate ;²
Though thy proud stones in cumbrous ruin fall,
And seas of sand o'ertop thy mouldering wall ;
Yet shall the Muse to fancy's ardent view
Each shadowy trace of faded pomp renew ;
And as the seer³ on Pisgah's topmost brow
With glistening eye beheld the plain below,
With prescient ardour drank the scented gale,
And bade the opening glades of Canaan hail.
Her eagle eye shall scan the prospect wide,

¹ Common practice and the authority of Milton seem sufficient to justify using this term as a personification of poetry.

² Matt. xxiii. 38.

³ Moses.

Oh. ever thus, by no vain boast dismayed,
Defend the birthright of the cedar shade !
What though no more for you the obedient gale,
Swells the white bosom of the Tyrian sail ;
Though now no more your glittering marts unfold
Sidonian dyes and Lusitanian gold ;¹
Though not for you the pale and sickly slave
Forgets the light in Ophir's wealthy cave,
Yet yours the lot, in proud contentment blest,
Where cheerful labour leads to tranquil rest.
No robber rage the ripening harvest knows,
And unrestrained the generous vintage flows :²
Nor less your sons to manliest deeds aspire,
And Asia's mountains glow with Spartan fire.

So when, deep sinking in the rosy main,
The western sun forsakes the Syrian plain,
His watery rays refracted lustre shed,
And pour their latest light on Carmel's head.

Yet shines your praise, amid surrounding gloom,
As the lone lamp that trembles in the tomb ;

¹ The gold of the Tyrians chiefly came from Portugal, which was probably their Tarshish.

² In the southern parts of Palestine the inhabitants reap their corn green, as they are not sure that it will ever be allowed to come to maturity. The oppression to which cultivators of vineyards are subject throughout the Ottoman empire is well known

For few the souls that scorn a tyrant's claim,
 And small the bounds of freedom's scar'y realm
 As the poor ex-cast on the cheerless wind,
 Arabia's parent, clai-ed her fawt'ning child



And wandered near the roof, no more her home,
 For'd to Lacer yet a raid to roam
 My sorrowing fancy qu to the happy ex-hibit
 And southward throws her hal-averted sight
 For sad the scenes Judaea's plains disclose,
 A dreary waste of undistinguished woes

See War untired his crimson pinions spread,
 And foul Revenge that tramples on the dead !
 Lo, where from far the guarded fountains shine,¹
 Thy tents, Nebaioth, rise, and Kedar, thine !²
 'T is yours the boast to mark the stranger's way,
 And spur your headlong chargers on the prey,
 Or rouse your nightly numbers from afar,
 And on the hamlet pour the waste of war ;
 Nor spare the hoary head, nor bid your eye³
 Revere the sacred smile of infancy.
 Such now the clans, whose fiery coursers feed
 Where waves on Kishon's bank the whispering reed ;
 And theirs the soil, where, curling to the skies,
 Smokes on Samaria's mount her scanty sacrifice ;⁴
 While Israel's sons, by scorpion curses driven,
 Outcasts of earth and reprobate of heaven,
 Through the wide world in friendless exile stray,
 Remorse and shame sole comrades of their way,
 With dumb despair their country's wrongs behold,
 And, dead to glory, only burn for gold.

¹ The watering-places are generally beset with Arabs, who exact toll from all comers. See Harmer and Pagés.

² See Ammianus Marcellinus, lib. xiv. p. 43 Ed. Vales.

³ "Thine eyes shall not spare them."

⁴ A miserable remnant of Samaritan worship still exists (1803) on Mount Gerizim. Maundrell relates his conversation with the high priest.

O Thou, their Guide, their Father and their Lord,
Loved for Thy mercies for Thy power adored¹

If at Thy Name the waves forgot their force
And refluxed Jordan sought his trembling source²

If at Thy Name like sheep the mountains fled,
And haughty Simon bowed his marble head,—
To Israel's woes a pitying ear incline³

And raise from earth Thy long neglected vine

Her rufed fruits behold the heathen bear

And wild wood bears her man,led clusters tear

Was it for this she stretched her peop,led reign

From far Euphrates to the western main?

For this, o'er many a hill her boughs she threw

And her wide arms like goodly cedars grew?

For this, proud Edom slept beneath her shade

And o'er the Arabian deep her branches played?

Oh, feeble boast of tran,itory power⁴

Vain, fruitless trust of Judah's happier hour

Not such their hope, when through the parted main

The cloudy wonder led the warrior train,

Not such their hope when through the fields of night

The torch of heaven diffused its fr,rdly light,

¹ Psalm cxxv.

² See Psalm lxxv. 6—14.

Not, when fierce conquest urged the onward war,
And hurled stern Canaan from his iron car ;
Nor when five monarchs led to Gibeon's fight,
In rude array, the harnessed Amorite :¹
Yes—in that hour, by mortal's accents stayed,
The lingering sun his fiery wheels delayed ;
The moon, obedient, trembled at the sound,
Curbed her pale car, and checked her mazy round !

Let Sinai tell—for she beheld His might,
And God's own darkness veiled her mystic height
(He, cherub-borne, upon the whirlwind rode,
And the red mountain like a furnace glowed) ;
Let Sinai tell—but who shall dare recite
His praise, His power, eternal, infinite ?—
Awe-struck I cease, nor bid my strains aspire,
Or serve His altar with unhallowed fire.²

Such were the cares that watched o'er Israel's fate,
And such the glories of their infant state.
—Triumphant race ! and did your power decay ?
Failed the bright promise of your early day ?
No :—by that sword which, red with heathen gore,
A giant spoil, the stripling champion bore ;

¹ Joshua x.

² Alluding to the fate of Nadab and Abihu.

By him, the chief to furthest India known,
 The mighty master of the iv'ry throne,¹
 In Heaven's own strength high towering o'er her foes,
 Victorious Salem's lion banner rose
 Before her footstool prostrate nations lay,
 And vassal tyrants crouched beneath her sway
 And he the kingly sage, whose restless mind
 Through nature's mazes wandered unconfined,²
 Who ev'ry bird, and beast and insect knew,
 And spoke of every plant that quaffs the dew
 To him were known--so Hagar's offspr'ing tell--
 The powerful vigil and the starry spell,
 The midnight call, hell's shadowy legions' dread,
 And sounds that burst the slumbers of the dead.
 Hence all his might, for who could these oppose?
 And Tadmor thus, and Syrian Baalbec, rose:³

¹ Solomon. Ophiomachus and geographers placed in the Luna Chersonesus. See Tavernier and Raskin.

² The Arabian mythology respecting Solomon is in the Arabian tale is so illustrative of the present state of the country and in the world so spreader to Scripture that it was judged improper to omit all mention of it though it is without right have operated as an objection to make a principal story in the poem.

³ Tadmor (Tadmor or the Desert) was really built by Solomon (It is long in the Old Testament) and universal travellers are full of it with great probability as the founder of Baalbec. Baalbec is also attributed to him by the Arabs. See the remains of the city and the ruins of Tadmor into the East, more particularly Chardin's in which there is much and in which of course of the majestic ruins of Eschlar or Persopolis the ancient capital of Persia.



Yet e'en the works of toiling Genii fall,
 And vain was Estakhar's enchanted wall.
 In frantic converse with the mournful wind,
 There oft the houseless Santon¹ rests reclined ;
 Strange shapes he views, and drinks with wondering ears
 The voices of the dead, and songs of other years.

Such, the faint echo of departed praise,
 Still sound Arabia's legendary lays ;
 And thus their fabling bards delight to tell
 How lovely were thy tents, O Israel !²

an account follows of the wild local traditions first alluded to. *Vide* also Sale's Korân. D'Herbelot. Bibl. Orient. (Article "Solomon Ben David"), and the *passim*.

to
or

intons are real or affected madmen, pretending
 wander about the country, sleeping in caves

² Numbers xxi. 5

For thee his wry load Behemoth bore,¹
 And far Sofala teemed with golden ore,²
 Thine all the arts that wait on wealth & increase,
 Or bask and wanton in the beam of peace.
 When Tiber slept beneath the cypress gloom,
 And silence held the lonely woods of Rome,
 Or ere to Greece the builder's skill was known,
 Or the light chisel brushed the Parian stone,
 Yet here fair Science nursed her infant fire,
 Fanned by the artist aid of friendly Tyre.
 Then towered the palace, then in awful state
 The Temple reared its everlasting gate.³
 No workman steel no ponderous axes rung,⁴
 Like some tall palm the noiseless fabric sprung.
 Majestic silence — then the harp awoke,
 The cymbal changed, the deep-voiced trumpet spoke,
 And Salem spread her suppliant arms abroad,
 Viewed the descending flame, and blessed the present God.⁵

¹ Behemoth is sometimes supposed to mean the elephant in which sense it is here used

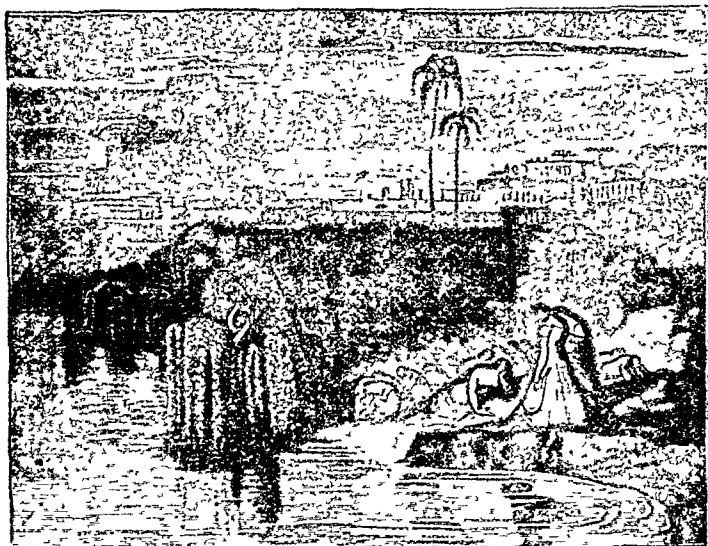
² Sofala an African port to the south of Bab-el Mandeb celebrated for gold mines.

³ Psalm xlv 7

⁴ There was neither hammer nor axe nor any tool of iron heard in the house while it was building 3—I. Amos vi 7

⁵ II Chronicles vi

Nor shrank she then, when, raging deep and loud,
Beat o'er her soul the billows of the proud.
E'en they who, dragged to Shinar's fiery sand,
Tilled with reluctant strength the stranger's land ;



Who sadly told the slow-revolving years,
And steeped the captive's bitter bread with tears ;—
Yet oft their hearts with kindling hopes would burn,
Their destined triumphs, and their glad return,
And their sad lyres, which, silent and unstrung,
In mournful ranks on Babel's willows hung.

Would oft awake to chant their future fame,
 And from the skies their ling'ring Saviour claim.
 His promised aid could every fear control,
 This nerved the warrior's arm, this steeled the martyr's soul.
 Nor vain their hope — bright beaming through the sky,
 Burst in full blaze the Dayspring from on high
 Earth's utmost isles exulted at the sight,
 And crowding nations drank the Orient light.
 Lo, star led chiefs Assyrian odours bring,
 And bending Magi seek their infant King !
 Marked ye, where, hov'ring o'er His radiant head
 The doves white wings celestial glory shed ?
 Daughter of Sion ! virgin Queen ! rejoice !
 Clap the glad hand and lift the exulting voice !
 He comes, — but not in regal splendour drest,
 The haughty diadem, the Tyran vest,
 Not armed in flame, all-glorious from afar,
 Of hosts the chieftain, and the lord of war
 Messiah comes ! — let furious discord cease,
 Be peace on earth before the Prince of Peace !
 Disease and anguish feel His blest control,
 And howling fiends release the tortured soul,
 The beams of gladness hell's dark caves illumine,
 And Mercy broods above the distant gloom

Thou palsied earth, with noonday night o'erspread !
Thou sickening sun, so dark, so deep, so red !
Ye hovering ghosts, that throng the starless air,
Why shakes the earth ? why fades the light ? declare !
Are those His limbs, with ruthless scourges torn ?
His brows all bleeding with the twisted thorn ?
His the pale form, the meek forgiving eye
Raised from the cross in patient agony ?
—Be dark, thou sun,—thou noonday night, arise,
And hide, oh, hide the dreadful sacrifice !
Ye faithful few, by bold affection led,
Who round the Saviour's cross your sorrows shed,
Not for His sake your tearful vigils keep ;—
Weep for your country, for your children weep ;¹
—Vengeance ! thy fiery wing their race pursued ;
Thy thirsty poniard blushed with infant blood.
Roused at thy call, and panting still for game,
The bird of war, the Latian eagle came.
Then Judah raged, by ruffian Discord led,
Drunk with the steamy carnage of the dead :
He saw his sons by dubious slaughter fall,
And war without, and death within the wall.

¹ S. Luke xxiii. 27, 28.

Wide wasting plague, gaunt famine, mad despair,
 And dire debate, and clamorous strife were there
 Love, strong as death, retained his right no more,
 And the pale parent drank her children's gore.¹
 Yet they, who went to roam th' ensanguined plain,
 And spurn with fell delight their kindred slain,
 E'en they, when, high above the dusty fight,
 Their burning Temple rose in lurid light,
 To their loved altars paid a parting groan,
 And in their country's woes forgot their own.

As 'mid the cedar courts and gates of gold,
 The trampled ranks in many carnage rolled,
 To save their Temple every hand essayed,
 And with cold fingers grasped the feeble blade
 Through their torn veins reviving fury ran,
 And life's last anger warmed the dying man!

But heavier far the fettered captive's doom!
 To glut with sighs the iron ear of Rome,
 To swell, slow pacing by the car's tall side,
 The sterc tyrant's philosophic pride.²

¹ Josephus vi. p. 375. L.A. Med.

² The Roman notion of humanity cannot have been very exalted when they ascribed to large a share to Titus. For the horrible details of his conduct during the siege of Jerusalem and after its capture the reader is referred to

To flesh the lion's rav'nous jaws, or feel
The sportive fury of the fencer's steel ;
Or pant, deep plunged beneath the sultry mine,
For the light gales of balmy Palestine.

Ah ! fruitful now no more,—an empty coast,
She mourned her sons enslaved, her glories lost ;
In her wide streets the lonely raven bred,
There barked the wolf, and dire hyænas fed.
Yet 'midst her towery fanes, in ruin laid,
'The pilgrim saint his murmuring vespers paid ;
'T was his to climb the tufted rocks, and rove
The chequered twilight of the olive grove ;
'T was his to bend beneath the sacred gloom,
And wear with many a kiss Messiah's tomb :
While forms celestial filled his trancèd eye,
The daylight dreams of pensive piety,
O'er his still breast a tearful fervour stole,
And softer sorrows charmed the mourner's soul.

Josephus. When we learn that so many captives were crucified, that διὰ τὸ πλῆθος χώρα τε ἐνελείπετο τοῖς σταυροῖς καὶ σταυροὶ τοῖς σώμασιν ; and that after all was over, in cold blood and merriment, he celebrated his brother's birthday with similar sacrifices, we can hardly doubt as to the nature of that untold crime which disturbed the dying moments of "the darling of the human race." After all, the cruelties of this man are probably softened in the high priest's narrative. The fall of Jerusalem nearly resembles that of Zaragoza, but it is a Morla who tells the tale.

Oh ! lives there one who mocks his artless zeal ?—
 Too proud to worship and too wise to feel ?
 Is his the soul with wintry reason blest
 The dull lethargic sovereign of the breast ?
 Be his the life that creeps in dead repose
 No joy that sparkles and no tear that flows !
 Far other they who reared yon pompous shrine !
 And bade the rock with Panian marble shine :
 Then hallowed peace renewed her wealthy reign,
 Then altars smoked, and Sion smiled again
 There sculptured gold and costly gems were seen,
 And all the bounties of the British Queen ;¹
 There barbarous kings their sandalled nations led,
 And steel-clad champions bowed the crested head.
 There, when her fiery race the desert poured,
 And pale Byzantium feared Medina's sword,²
 When coward Asia shook in trembling woe,
 And bent appalled before the Bactrian bow,

1 The Temple of the Sepulchre

2 See Ciceronius p. 179 and from him Sandra.

3 St. Helena who was, according to Camden, born at Colchester See also Howel's History of the World.

4 The invasions of the civilized parts of Asia by the Arabian and Turkish Mahometans.

From the moist regions of the western star
 The wandering hermit waked the storm of war.¹
 Their limbs all iron, and their souls all flame,
 A countless host, the red-cross warriors came :
 E'en hoary priests the sacred combat wage,
 And clothe in steel the palsied arm of age ;
 While beardless youths and tender maids assume²
 The weighty morion and the glancing plume.
 In sportive pride the warrior damsels wield
 The ponderous falchion and the sun-like shield,
 And start to see their armour's iron gleam
 Dance with blue lustre in Tabaria's stream.³
 The blood-red banner floating o'er their van,
 All madly blithe the mingled myriads ran :

¹ Peter the Hermit. The world has been so long accustomed to hear the Crusades considered as the height of frenzy and injustice, that to undertake their defence might be perhaps a hazardous task. We must, however, recollect that had it not been for these extraordinary exertions of generous courage the whole of Europe would perhaps have fallen, and Christianity been buried in the ruins. It was not, as Voltaire has falsely or weakly asserted, a conspiracy of robbers; it was not an unprovoked attack on a distant and inoffensive nation; it was a blow aimed at the heart of a most powerful and active enemy. Had not the Christian Kingdoms of Asia been established as a check to the Mahometans, Italy, and the scanty remnant of Christianity in Spain, must again have fallen into their power, and France herself have needed all the heroism and good fortune of a Charles Martel to deliver her from subjugation.

² See Vertot, *Hist. Chev. de Malthe*, liv. i.

³ Tabaria (a corruption of Tiberias) is the name used for the Sea of Galilee in the old romances.

Impatient Death beheld his destined food,
 And hovering vultures snuffed the scent of blood.
 Not such the numbers, nor the host so dread,
 By northern Bena or Scythian Timur led;¹
 Not such the heart-inspiring and that bore
 United Greece to Libya's ready shore;²
 There Gaul's proud knights with boastful men advance,³
 Form the long line⁴ and shake the cornel lance,
 Here, linked with Thrace in close battalions stand
 Ausonia's sons, a soft inglorious band
 There the stern Norman joins the Austrian train,
 And the dark tribes of late-reviving Spain,
 Here in black files, advancing firm and slow
 Victorious Albion twangs the deadly bow,—
 Albion,—still prompt the captive's wrong to aid
 And wield in Freedom's cause the freeman's generous blade;⁵
 Ye sancted spirits of the warrior dead,
 Whose giant force Britannia's armies led⁶;

¹ Tamerlane and Tamerlane.

² The insolence of the French nobles twice caused the ruin of the army—once by refusing to serve under Richart I Comte de Laon and again by reproaching the English with cowardice in St. Louis's expedition to Egypt. See Haubler's *History of the Turks*.

³ The long column of the French according to Sir Walter Raleigh was characteristic of French tactics as the column (*terre*) was of the English. The English in 1571 were drawn up *three deep*.

⁴ All the French nations served under the same banner—

Whose bickering falchions, foremost in the fight,
 Still poured confusion on the Soldan's might;
 Lords of the biting axe and beamy spear,¹
 Wide-conquering Edward, Lion Richard, hear!
 At Albion's call your crested pride resume,
 And burst the marble slumbers of the tomb!
 Your sons behold, in arm, in heart the same,
 Still press the footsteps of parental fame,
 To Salem still their generous aid supply,
 And pluck the palm of Syrian chivalry!

When he, from towery Malta's yielding isle,
 And the green waters of reluctant Nile,
 Th' apostate chief,²—from Misraim's subject shore
 To Acre's walls his trophied banners bore;
 When the pale desert marked his proud array,
 And desolation hoped an ampler sway;
 What hero then triumphant Gaul dismayed?
 What arm repelled the victor Renegade?

"Sono gl' Inglesi sagittari, ed hanno
 Gente con lor, ch' è poi vicina al polo
 Questi da l' alte selve irsuti manda
 La divisa dal mondo, ultima Irlanda."

Tasso, *Gerusal. Liberata*, canto i. 44.

Ireland and Scotland, it is scarcely necessary to observe, were synonymous.

¹ The axe of Richard was famous.—See Warton's *History of Ancient Poetry*.

² Napoleon.—EDIT.

PALESTINE

Britannia's champion¹—bathed in hostile blood,
High on the breach the dauntless Seaman's ood
Admiring Asia saw the unequal fight—
Even the pale crescent blessed the Christian's might.
O day of death! O thirst, beyond control,
Of crimson conquest in the Invader's soul!
The slain, yet warm, by social footsteps trod,
O'er the red moat supplied a panting road,
O'er the red moat our conquering thunders flew,
And loftier still the gaily rampire grew,
While proudly glowed above the rescued tower
The navy cross that marked Britannia's power
Yet still destruction sweeps the lonely plain,
And heroes lift the generous sword in vain.
Still o'er her sky the clouds of anger roll,
And God's revenge hangs heavy on her soul.
Yet shall she rise,—but not by war restored,
Not built in murder,—planted by the sword
Yes, Salem, thou shalt rise thy Father's aid
Shall heal the wound His chastening hand has made,
Shall judge the proud oppressor's ruthless sway,
And burst his brazen bonds, and cast his cords away²

¹ Sir Sidney Smith.—Lorr

² Psalm II. 3.

Then on your tops shall deathless verdure spring,¹
 Break forth, ye mountains, and ye valleys, sing !
 No more your thirsty rocks shall frown forlorn,
 The unbeliever's jest, the heathen's scorn ;
 The sultry sands shall tenfold harvests yield,
 And a new Eden deck the thorny field.
 E'en now, perchance, wide-waving o'er the land,
 That mighty Angel lifts his golden wand,
 Courts the bright vision of descending power,²
 Tells every gate, and measures every tower ;³
 And chides the tardy seals⁴ that yet detain
 Thy Lion, Judah, from his destined reign.

And who is He? the vast, the awful form,⁵
 Girt with the whirlwind, sandalled with the storm?
 A western cloud around His limbs is spread,
 His crown a rainbow, and a sun His head.
 To highest heaven He lifts His kingly hand,
 And treads at once the ocean and the land ;

1 "I will multiply the fruit of the tree and the increase of the field, that ye shall receive no more the reproach of famine among the heathen"—"And they shall say, This land that was desolate is become like the garden of Eden," &c. —*Ezek* xxxvi.

2 "That great city, the holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God, having the glory of God."—*Rev.* xxi. 10.

3 *Ezekiel* xl.

4 An allusion to the seals in the Revelations 5 Revelation v.

And I hark His voice amid the thunder's roar
His dread of voice that time shall be no more!



Lo! cherub hands the golden courts prepare
Lo! thrones are set and every saint is there
Earth's utmost bound confers the fearful way
The mountains worship; and the islands obey

And I saw thrones and they sat upon them and judgment was given unto them. Rev. xix. 4.

* And I heard a great voice out of heaven saying, Behold I am coming and my reward is with me, to give every man according to his work. Rev. xix. 17.

Nor sun nor moon they need,—nor day, nor night ;—
God is their temple, and the Lamb their light :¹



And shall not Israel's sons exulting come,
Hail the glad beam, and claim their ancient home?
On David's throne shall David's offspring reign,

God is with men, and He will dwell with them, and they shall be His people, and God Himself shall be with them, and be their God"—*Rev* xxi 3

¹ "And I saw no temple therein : for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it. And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it. for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof"—*Rev*, xvi 22

And the dry bones be warm with life again.¹
 Hark ! white robed crowds their deep hosannas raise,
 And the hoarse flood repeats the sound of praise,
 Ten thousand harps attune the mystic song,
 Ten thousand thousand saints the strain prolong,—
 ' Worthy the Lamb omnipotent to save,
 Who died, who lives, triumphant o'er the grave ! "



¹ Thus said the Lord God unto the
 exiles of Israel, and ye shall say—Thus
 saith the Lord God of Israel—

bones of the Lord I will cause breath to
 be sold unto you—ye shall say these
 words.

E U R O P E.

Kings on the Way.

WRITTEN IN MDCCCIX.

IO QUANDO ACCIDER ON AT'S AVO
EFFARI S Q' DEH S Q' LAR M H
PPE SACROS TE PODIS CETERA REFERT DEVS
SEC SERVAT PE ITA FLEM

QVOD E QV D L CPAT CREDERE ADM C TAMEN
AM LACTEM TON T NON FVERIT PROCVL
QVARENDVS CELEN QV PROPERET GRADV
ET JALL M REPRINAT FEROR

PETRI CRINITVS IN CARMINI
AD BEE CARAPHAM



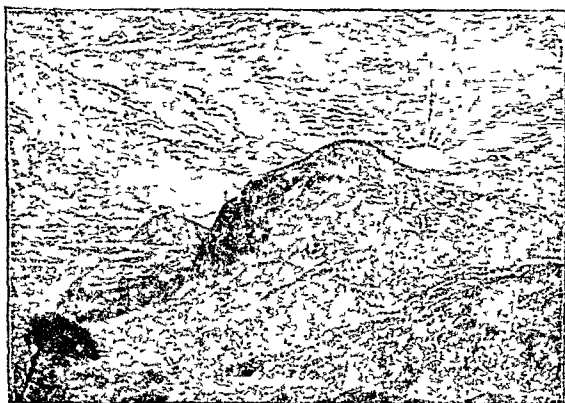
EUROPE.

AT that dread season when th' indignant North
Poured to vain wars her tardy numbers forth,
When Frederic bent his ear to Europe's cry,
And fanned too late the flame of liberty ;
By feverish hope oppressed, and anxious thought,
In Dresden's grove the dewy cool I sought.¹
Through tangled boughs the broken moonshine played,
And Elbe slept soft beneath his linden shade ;—

¹ The opening lines of this poem were originally composed in the situation (the Park of Dresden) and under the influence of the feelings which they attempt to describe. The disastrous issue of King Frederick's campaign took away from the author all inclination to continue them, and they remained neglected till the hopes of Europe were again revived by the illustrious efforts of the Spanish people.

Yet slept not all — I heard the ceaseless jar
 The rattling wagons and the wheels of war
 The sounding list the marches in riled hum
 And, lost and heard by fits the lunged drum
 O'er the near bridge the thundering hoofs that trode
 And the far-distant life that thrilled along the road.
 Yes, sweet it seems across some watery dell
 To catch the music of the pealing bell
 And sweet to list, as on the beach we stray
 The ship-boy's carol in the wealthy bay
 But sweet no less, when justice points the spear
 Of martial wrath the glorious din to hear
 To catch the war note on the quivering gale,
 And bide the blood-red paths of conquest hail.
 O song of hope too long delusive strain
 And hear we now thy flattering voice again?
 But late, alas! I left thee cold and still
 Stunned by the wrath of Heaven, on Frazer's hill.
 Oh! on that hill may no kind dream renew
 The fertile rain, the sparkling summer dew

1 The hill of Frazer was the point ever continually contested in the great battle which was taken up some from the neighbouring town of Abercrombie and here the most dreadful slaughter took place both of French and Russians. The author had a few weeks before he wrote the above visited every part of this celebrated field.



Accursed of God, may those bleak summits tell
The field of anger where the mighty fell.

There youthful faith and high-born courage rest,
And, red with slaughter, Freedom's¹ humbled crest;
There Europe, soiled with blood her tresses grey,
And ancient honour's shield,—all vilely thrown away.

Thus mused my soul, as in succession drear
Rose each grim shape of wrath and doubt and fear;
Defeat and shame in grisly vision past,
And vengeance, bought with blood, and glorious death the last.

¹ It is necessary perhaps to mention that by freedom, in this and in other passages of the present poem, political liberty is understood, in opposition to the usurpation of any single European state. In the particular instance of Spain, however, it is a hope which the author has not yet seen reason to abandon, that a struggle so nobly maintained by popular energy, must terminate in the establishment not only of national independence, but of civil and religious liberty.

Then as my gaze their waving eagles met,
 And through the night each sparkling bayonet,
 Still memory told how Austria's evil hour
 Had felt on Praga's field a Frederic's power,
 And Gallia's vaunting train,¹ and Mosco's horde,
 Had dashed the maiden steel of Brunswick's sword.
 Oh! yet I deemed that faith, by justice led,
 Might wreath once more the veteran's silver head,
 That Europe's ancient pride would yet disdain
 The combrous sceptre of a single reign,
 That conscious right would tenfold strength afford,
 And Heaven assist the patriot's holy sword,
 And look in mercy through th' auspicious sky,
 To bless the saviour host of Germany

And are they dreams, these bodings, such as shed
 Their lonely comfort o'er the hermit's bed?
 And are they dreams? or can the Eternal Mind
 Care for a sparrow, yet neglect mankind?
 Why if the dubious battle own His power,
 And the red sabre, where He bids, devour,
 Why then can one the curse of worlds denide,
 And millions weep apart a single pride?

¹ The confidence and shameful blarney of the French nobles during the Seven Years War are very sarcastically noticed by Templeman

Thus sadly musing, far my footsteps strayed,
Rapt in the visions of the Aonian maid.
It was not she whose lonely voice I hear
Fall in soft whispers on my love-lorn ear;
My daily guest, who wont my steps to guide
Through the green walks of scented eventide,
Or stretched with me in noonday ease along,
To list the reaper's chant or throstle's song;
But she of loftier port, whose grave control
Rules the fierce workings of the patriot's soul;
She whose high presence, o'er the midnight oil,
With Fame's bright promise cheers the student's toil;
That same was she whose ancient lore refined
The sober hardihood of Sidney's mind.
Borne on her wing, no more I seemed to rove
By Dresden's glittering spires and linden grove;
No more the giant Elbe, all silver bright,
Spread his broad bosom to the fair moonlight,
While the still margent of his ample flood
Bore the dark image of the Saxon wood—
(Woods happy once, that heard the carols free
Of rustic love and cheerful industry;
Now dull and joyless lie their alleys green,
And silence marks the track where France has been).

Far other scenes than these my fancy viewed
Focks robed in ice, a mountain solitude,
Where on Helvetic hills, in godlike state,
Alone and awful, Europe's Angel sate
Silent and stern he sate, then, bending low,
Listened th' ascending plaints of human woe
And waving as in grief his tow'ry head,
"Not yet, not yet the day of rest," he said,
"It may not be Destruction's gory wing
Soars o'er the banners of the younger king,
Too rashly brave, who seeks with single sway
To stem the lava on its destined way
Poor glittering warriors, only want to know
The bloodless pageant of a martial show,
Nurslings of peace, for fiercer fights prepare,
And dread the stepdame sway of unaccustomed war!
They fight, they bleed!—Oh! had that blood been shed
When Charles and valour Austria's armies led,
Had these stood forth the righteous cause to shield,
When victory wavered on Moravia's field,
Then France had mourned her conquests made in vain,
Her backward beaten ranks, and countless slain,
Then had the strength of Europe's freedom stood,
And still the Rhine had rolled a German flood!"

“Oh ! nursed in many a wile, and practised long
To spoil the poor and cringe before the strong ;
To swell the victor’s state, and hovering near,
Like some base vulture in the battle’s rear,
To watch the carnage of the field, and share
Each loathsome alms the prouder eagles spare,
A curse is on thee, Brandenburgh ! the sound
Of Poland’s wailing drags thee to the ground ;
And, drunk with guilt, thy harlot lips shall know
The bitter dregs of Austria’s cup of woe.

“Enough of vengeance ! O’er the ensanguined plain
I gaze, and seek their numerous hosts in vain ;
Gone like the locust band, when whirlwinds bear
Their flimsy legions through the waste of air.
Enough of vengeance !—By the glorious dead
Who bravely fell where youthful Lewis led ;¹
By Blücher’s sword in fiercest danger tried,
And the true heart that burst when Brunswick died ;
By her whose charms the coldest zeal might warm,²
The manliest firmness in the fairest form—
Save, Europe, save the remnant !—Yet remains

¹ Prince Lewis Ferdinand of Prussia, who fell gloriously with almost the whole of his regiment.

² The Queen of Prussia ; beautiful, unfortunate, and unsubdued by the severest reverses.

One glorious path to free the world from chains.
 Why, when yon northern band in Eylau's wood
 Retreating struck, and tracked their course with blood,
 While one firm rock the floods of ruin stayed,
 Why, generous Austria, were thy wheels delayed?
 And Albion!—Darker sorrow veiled his brow—
 Friend of the friendless Albion, where art thou?
 Child of the Sea, whose wing like sails are spread,
 The covering cherub of the ocean's bed!¹
 The storm and tempest render peace to thee,
 And the wild roaring waves a stern security
 But hope not thou in Heaven's own strength to ride,
 Freedom's loved ark, o'er broad oppression's tide
 If virtue leave thee, if thy careless eye
 Glance in contempt on Europe's agony
 Alas! where now the bands who went to pour
 Their strong deliverance on the Egyptian shore?
 Wing, wing your course, a prostrate world to save,
 Triumphant squadrons of Trafalgar's wave
 "And thou, blest star of Europe's darkest hour,"
 Whose words were wisdom and whose counsels power,

1 Thou art the anointed cherub that coverest "addressed to Tyre by Ezekiel
 xxviii. 14.

* *Fit.*

Whom Earth applauded through her peopled shores !
(Alas ! whom Earth, too early lost, deplores) :—
Young without follies, without rashness bold,
And greatly poor amidst a nation's gold !
In every veering gale of faction true,
Untarnished Chatham's genuine child, adieu !
Unlike our common suns, whose gradual ray
Expands from twilight to intenser day,
Thy blaze broke forth at once in full meridian sway.
O proved in danger ! not the fiercest flame
Of discord's rage thy constant soul could tame ;
Not when, far striding, o'er thy palsied land
Gigantic treason took his bolder stand ;
Not when wild zeal, by murderous faction led,
On Wicklow's hills her grass-green banner spread ;
Or those stern conquerors of the restless wave
Defied the native soil they wont to save.—¹
Undaunted patriot ! in that dreadful hour,
When pride and genius own a sterner power ;
When the dimmed eyeball and the struggling breath,
And pain and terror, mark advancing death ;—
Still in that breast thy country held her throne,

¹ In the mutiny at the Nore —ED.

Thy toil, thy fear, thy prayer were here alone,
 Thy last faint effort here, and hers thy parting groan
 "Yes, from those lips while fainting nations drew
 Hope ever strong and courage ever new,—
 Yet, yet I deemed by that supporting hand
 Propped in her fall might Freedom's ruin stand,
 And purged by fire, and stronger from the storm,
 Degraded Justice rear her reverend form.
 Now hope, adieu — adieu the generous care
 To shield the weak and tame the proud in war!
 The golden chain of realms, when equal awe
 Poised the strong balance of impartial law,
 When rival states as federate sisters shone,
 Alike yet various, and though many, one,
 And, bright and numerous as the spangled sky,
 Beamed each fair star of Europe's galaxy,—
 All, all are gone, and after time shall trace
 One boundless rule, one undistinguished race,
 Twilight of worth, where nought remains to move
 The patriot's ardour or the subject's love
 "Behold, e'en now, while every manly lore
 And every Muse forsakes my yielding shore,
 Faint vapid fruits of slavery's sickly clime,
 Each nasal art succeeds, and harlot rhyme!

To gild the vase, to bid the purple spread
In sightly foldings o'er the Grecian bed,
Their mimic guard where sculptured gryphons keep,
And Memphian idols watch o'er beauty's sleep ;
To rouse the slumbering sparks of faint desire
With the base tinkling of the Teian lyre ;
While youth's enervate glance and gloating age
Hang o'er the mazy waltz or pageant stage ;
Each wayward wish of sickly taste to please,
The nightly revel and the noontide ease,—
These, Europe, are thy toils, thy trophies these !

“So, when wide-wasting hail or whelming rain
Have strewed the bearded hope of golden grain,
From the wet furrow struggling to the skies,
The tall rank weeds in barren splendour rise,
And strong and towering o'er the mildewed ear.
Uncomely flowers and baneful herbs appear ;
The swain's rich toils to useless poppies yield,
And Famine stalks along the purple field.

“And thou, the poet's theme, the patriot's prayer !—
Where, France, thy hopes, thy gilded promise where ?
When o'er Montpelier's vines and Jura's snows,
All goodly bright, young Freedom's planet rose ?
What boots it now (to our destruction brave),

How strong thine arm in war? a valiant slave!
 What boots it now that wide thine eagles sail,
 Fanned by the flattering breath of conquest's gale?
 What, that, high piled within yon ample dome,
 The blood bought treasures rest of Greece and Rome?
 Scourge of the Highest, bolt in vengeance hurled
 By Heaven's dread justice on a shrinking world!
 Go, vanquished victor, bend thy proud helm down
 Before thy sullen tyrant's steely crown,
 For him in Afric's sands and Poland's snows,
 Reared by thy toil the shadowy laurel grows,
 And rank in German fields the harvest springs
 Of pageant councils and obsequious kings
 Such purple slaves, of glittering fetters vain,
 Linked the wide circus of the Latian chain,
 And slaves like these shall every tyrant find
 To gild oppression and debase mankind
 "Oh! hve there yet whose hardy souls and high,
 Peace bought with shame, and tranquil bonds, defy?
 Who, driven from every shore, and lords in vain
 Of the wide prison of the lonely main,
 Cling to their country's right with freeborn zeal,
 More strong from every stroke, and patient of the steel?
 Guiltless of chains, to them hve Heaven consigned

Th' entrusted cause of Europe and mankind !
 Or hope we yet in Sweden's martial snows
 That Freedom's weary foot may find repose ?
 No ;—from yon hermit shade, yon cypress dell,
 Where faintly peals the distant matin-bell ;
 Where bigot kings and tyrant priests had shed
 Their sleepy venom o'er his dreadful head ;
 He wakes, th' avenger—hark ! the hills around
 Untamed Asturia bids her clarion sound ;
 And many an ancient rock and fleecy plain,
 And many a valiant heart returns the strain :
 Heard by that shore where Calpe's armèd steep
 Flings its long shadow o'er th' Herculean deep,
 And Lusian glades, whose hoary poplars wave
 In soft, sad murmurs over Inez' grave.¹
 They bless the call who dared the first withstand²
 The Moslem wasters of their bleeding land,
 When firm in faith, and red with slaughtered foes,

¹ Inez de Castro, the beloved mistress of the Infant Don Pedro, son of Alphonso IV. King of Portugal, and stabbed by the orders and, according to Camoens, in the presence, of that monarch. A fountain near Coimbra, the scene of their loves and misfortunes, is still pointed out by tradition, and called *Amores*.—DE LA CLEDE'S *Hist. de Portugalle*, 4to tome i. pp. 282—7; and CAMOEN'S *Lusiad*, canto vi stanza 135

² The Asturians, who, under Pelagius, first opposed the career of Mahometan success.

Thy spear-encircled crown, Asturia, rose.¹
 Nor these alone as loud the war notes swell,
 La Mancha's shepherd quits his cork built cell,
 Albama's strength is there, and those who till
 ('A hardy race') Morena's scorched hill,
 And in rude arms through wide Galicia's reign
 The swarthy vintage pours her vigorous train.

"Saw ye those tribes? not theirs the plumed boast
 The slighty trappings of a marshalled host,
 No weeping barons curse their deadly skill,
 Expert in danger and mured to kill —
 But theirs the kindling eye, the strenuous arm,
 Theirs the dark cheek, with patriot ardour warm,
 Unblanched by sluggard ease or slavish fear,
 And proud and pure the blood that mantles there.
 Theirs from the birth to the granite steep
 And heathy wild to guard the mewing sheep
 To urge the labouring mule, or bend the spear
 'Gainst the night prowling wolf or felon bear,
 The bull's hoarse rage in dreadful sport to mock,
 And meet with single sword his bellowing shock.

¹ La couronne de fer de Dom Pèlagr — cette couronne si simple mais si glorieuse dont chaque fleuron est formé de fer d'une lance arrachée aux Chevaliers Maures que ce héros avait fait tomber sous ses coups. — *Roman de Dom Rodrigue le Moine Triste* tome ix. 52.



Each martial chant they know, each manly rhyme,
 Rude, ancient lays of Spain's heroic time;¹
 Of him in Xeres' carnage fearless found²
 (His glittering brows with hostile spear-heads bound);
 Of that chaste king whose hardy mountain train

¹ See the two elegant specimens given by Bishop Percy in his "Reliques;" and the more accurate translations of Mr. Rodd, in his "Civil Wars of Granada."

² The Gothic monarchy in Spain was overthrown by the Mussulmans at the battle of Xeres, the Christian army being defeated with dreadful slaughter, and the death of their king, the unhappy and licentious Roderigo. Pelagius assembled the small band of those fugitives who despised submission amid the mountains of the Asturias, under the name of King of Oviedo.

O'erthrew the knightly race of Charlemagne,¹
 And effect him who reared his banner tall;²
 (Illustrious exile!) o'er Valencia's wall,
 Ungraced by kings whose Moonish title rose
 The toil-earned homage of his wondering foes.
 "Yes every mouldering tower and haunted wood,
 And the wild murmurs of the waving wood
 Each sandy wasc and orange-scened dell
 And red Buraba's field, and Lugo, tell³
 How their brave fathers fought how thick the invaders fell.
 "O virtue long forgot, or vainly tried
 To glut a bigot's zeal or tyrant's pride.

¹ Alonso, surnamed the Churl, with ample reason if we believe his historians who testified according to the Spanish romances and the greater authority of Mariana he was a false friend of Charlemagne and the twelve Peers of France at Roncesvalles. Bertrand or Carno the son of Alonso's sister Ximena, was his general and a traitor to Don Quixote no more competent author on such a subject than the biased Orlando of the same death as Hercules inflicted on Atalanta. His real name was the nephew of Charlemagne was exiled and lived in the south of France. He was the first to guard which he wore a waving lion's skin. He was the first to guard which he wore a waving lion's skin. He was the first to guard which he wore a waving lion's skin.

² Rodrigo Diaz, of El Cid, surnamed the Cid by the Moors.—See Mr. Courtney's *Chron. Je.*

³ Buraba, and Lugo were remarkable scenes of Spanish victories over the Moors in the reign of Ferdinand or Alfonso. Lugo's name is Latinized, Veremundus, but has since obtained a melancholy knowledge.

Condemned in distant climes to bleed and die
 'Mid the dank poisons of 'Tlascala's¹ sky ;
 Or when stern Austria stretched her lawless reign,
 And spent in northern fights the flower of Spain ;
 Or war's hoarse furies yelled on Ysell's shore,
 And Alva's ruffian sword was drunk with gore,
 Yet dared not then Tlascala's chiefs withstand
 The lofty daring of Castilia's band ;
 And weeping France her captive king² deplored,
 And cursed the deathful point of Ebro's sword.
 Now, nerved with hope, their night of slavery past,
 Each heart beats high in freedom's buxom blast ;
 Lo ! conquest calls, and, beckoning from afar,
 Uplifts his laurel wreath, and waves them on to war.
 —Woe to the usurper then, who dares defy
 The sturdy wrath of rustic loyalty !
 Woe to the hireling bands, foredoomed to feel
 How strong in labour's horny hand the steel !
 Behold e'en now, beneath yon Boetic skies³
 Another Pavia bids her trophies rise ;

¹ An extensive district of Mexico : its inhabitants were the first Indians who submitted to the Spaniards under Cortez.

² Francis I., taken prisoner at the battle of Pavia.

³ Andalusia forms part of the ancient Hispania Boëtica.

E'en now in base disguise and friendly night
 Their robber monarch¹ speeds his secret flight,
 And with new zeal the fiery Lusians rear
 (Roused by their neighbour's worth) the long neglected
 spear

"So when stern Winter chills the April showers,
 And iron frost forbids the timely flowers,
 Oh, deem not thou the vigorous herb below
 Is crushed and dead beneath th' incumbent snow
 Such tardy suns shall wealthier harvests bring
 Than all the early smiles of flattering spring

Sweet as the martial trumpet's silver swell
 On my charmed sense th' unearthly accents fell
 Me wonder held, and joy chasused by fear,
 As one who wished, yet hardly hoped, to hear
 "Spirit," I cried dread teacher yet to dare,
 In that good fight, shall Albion's arm be there?
 Can Albion, brave and wise and proud, refrain
 To hail a kindred soul, and link her fate with Spain?
 Too long her sons, estranged from war and toil,
 Have loathed the safety of the sea-girt isle,
 And chid the waves which pert their fire within,

As the stalled war-horse woos the battle's din.
 Oh ! by this throbbing heart, this patriot glow,
 Which, well I feel, each English breast shall know,
 Say, shall my country, roused from deadly sleep,
 Crowd with her hardy sons yon western steep?
 And shall once more the star of France grow pale,
 And dim its beams in Roncesvalles' vale ?¹
 Or shall foul sloth and timid doubt conspire
 To mar our zeal, and waste our manly fire ?"

Still as I gazed, his low'ring features spread,
 High rose his form, and darkness veiled his head ;
 Fast from his eyes the ruddy lightning broke,
 To heaven he reared his arm, and thus he spoke :

"Woe, trebly woe to their slow zeal who bore
 Delusive comfort to Iberia's shore !
 Who in mid conquest, vaunting, yet dismayed,
 Now gave, and now withdrew their laggard aid ;
 Who, when each bosom glowed, each heart beat high,
 Chilled the pure stream of England's energy,
 And lost in courtly forms and blind delay
 The loitered hours of glory's short-lived day.

"O peerless island, generous, bold, and free,

¹ See former note on Alonso the Chaste.

Lost, ruined Albion, Europe mourns for thee !
 Hadst thou but known the hour in mercy given
 To stay thy doom and ward the ire of Heaven ,
 Bared in the cause of man thy warrior breast,
 And crushed on yonder hills the approaching pest,
 Then had not murder sacked thy smiling plain,
 And wealth, and worth, and wisdom all been vain.

"Yet, yet awake ! while fear and wonder wait
 On the poised balance, trembling still with fate !"
 If aught their worth can plead, in battle tried,
 Who tinged with slaughter Tago's curdling tide
 (What time base truce the wheels of war could stay
 And the weak victor flung his wreath away),
 Or theirs who, doled in scanty bands afar,
 Waged without hope the disproportioned war,
 And cheerly still, and patient of distress,
 Led their forwasted files on numbers numberless !"

"Yes, through the march of many a weary day,
 As yon dark column toils it seaward way ,
 As bare, and shrinking from the inclement sky,
 The languid soldier bends him down to die ,

¹ This line is imitated from one in Mr. Roscoe's spirited verses on the commencement of the French Revolution.

He looked and saw what numbers numberless"—MILTON

As o'er those helpless limbs, by murder gored,
 The base pursuer waves his weaker sword,
 And, trod to earth, by trampling thousands pressed
 The horse-hoof glances from that mangled breast,—
 E'en in that hour his hope to England flies,
 And fame and vengeance fire his closing eyes.

“Oh! if such hope can plead, or his¹ whose bier
 Drew from his conquering host their latest tear;
 Whose skill, whose matchless valour, gilded flight;
 Entombed in foreign dust, a hasty soldier's rite;—

Oh! rouse thee yet to conquer and to save,
 And wisdom guide the sword which justice gave!

“And yet the end is not! From yonder towers,
 While one Saguntum² mocks the victor's powers;
 While one brave heart defies a servile chain,
 And one true soldier wields a lance for Spain;
 Trust not, vain tyrant, though thy spoiler band
 In tenfold myriads darken half the land
 (Vast as that power, against whose impious lord
 Bethulia's matron³ shook the nightly sword);

¹ Sir John Moore.

² The ancient siege of Saguntum has been rivalled by that of Zaragossa. The author is happy to refer his readers to the interesting narrative of his friend Mr. Vaughan.

³ Judith.

Though ruth and fear thy woundless soul defy,
 And fatal genius fire thy martial eye,
 Yet trust not here o'er yielding realms to roam,
 Or cheaply bear a bloodless laurel home

"No! by His viewless arm whose righteous care
 Defends the orphan's tear, the poor man's prayer
 Who, Lord of Nature, o'er this changeful ball
 Decrees the rise of empires, and the fall,
 Wondrous in all His ways, unseen, unknown,
 Who treads the winepress of the world alone,¹
 And robed in darkness and surrounding fears,
 Speeds on their destined road the march of years!
 No!—shall yon eagle, from the snare set free,
 Stoop to thy wist, or cower his wing for thee?
 And shall it tame despair, thy strong control,
 Or quench a nation's still reviving soul?—
 Go, bid the force of countless bands conspire
 To curb the wandering wind or grasp the fire!
 Cast thy vain fetters on the troublous sea!—
 But Spain, the brave, the virtuous, shall be free."

¹ I have trodden the winepress alone and of the people there was none to me for I will tread them in mine anger and trample them in my fury "
 ill 3

THE PASSAGE OF THE RED SEA.



THE
PASSAGE OF THE RED SEA.

WITH heat o'erlaboured and the length of way,
On Ethan's beach the bands of Israel lay.
'T was silence all, the sparkling sands along,
Save where the locust trilled her feeble song,
Or blended soft in drowsy cadence fell
The wave's low whisper or the camel's bell.—

'T was silence all—the flocks for shelter fly
Where, waving light, the acacia shadows lie,
Or where from far the flattering vapours make
The noontide semblance of a misty lake,
While the mute swain, in careless safety spread,
With arms enfolded and dejected head,
Dreams o'er his wondrous call his lineage high,
And, late revealed, his children's destiny
For not in vain, in thralldom's darkest hour,
Had sped from Amram's sons the word of power,
Nor failed the dreadful wand, whose godlike sway
Could lure the locust from her airy way,
With reptile war assail their proud abodes,
And mar the giant pomp of Egypt's gods.
O helpless gods who nought availed to shield
From fiery rain your Zoan's favoured field!—
O helpless gods! who saw the curdled blood
Taint the pure lotus of your ancient flood,
And fourfold night the wondering earth enchain,
While Memnon's orient harp was heard in vain!—
Such musings held the tribes, till now the west
With milder influence on their temples prest,
And that portentous cloud which, all the day,
Hung its dark curtain o'er their weary way

(A cloud by day, a friendly flame by night),
Rolled back its misty veil, and kindled into light !
Soft fell the eve ;—but, ere the day was done,
Tall waving banners streaked the level sun ;
And wide and dark along the horizon red
In sandy surge the rising desert spread.
“ Mark, Israel, mark ! ”—On that strange sight intent,
In breathless terror, every eye was bent ;
And busy faction’s fast-increasing hum
And female voices shriek, “ They come, they come ! ”
They come, they come ! in scintillating show
O’er the dark mass the brazen lances glow,
And sandy clouds in countless shapes combine,
As deepens or extends the long tumultuous line ;—
And fancy’s keener glance even now may trace
The threatening aspects of each mingled race :
For many a coal-black tribe and cany spear,
The hireling guards of Misraim’s throne, were there.
From distant Cush they trooped, a warrior train,
Siwah’s¹ green isle and Sennaar’s marly plain ;
On either wing their fiery coursers check
The parched and sinewy sons of Amalek ;

¹ Oasis.—Sennaar ; Meroe.

THE PASSAGE OF THE RED SEA

While close behind, inured to feast on blood,
Decked in Behemoth's spoils, the tall Shangalla¹ strode,
'Mid blazing helms and bucklers rough with gold,
Saw ye how swift the scythèd chariots rolled?
Lo! these are they whom, lords of Afric's fates,
Old Thebes hath poured through all her hundred gates,
Mother of armies!—How the emeralds² glowed,
Where, flushed with power and vengeance, Pharaoh rode!
And stoked in white, those brazen wheels before,
Oasis' ark his swarthy wizards bore,
And still responsive to the trumpet's cry
The priestly ~~astrum~~ murmured—Victory!
Why swell these shouts that rend the desert's gloom?
Whom come ye forth to combat?—warriors, whom?
These flocks and herds—this faint and weary train—
Red from the scourge and recent from the chain?
God of the poor, the poor and friendless save!
Giver and Lord of freedom, help the slave!

¹ The black tribes whom Bruce considers as the aboriginal Nubians are so called. For their gigantic stature and their custom of ornamenting themselves and their houses with the spoils of the chase see the account he gives of the person and residence of one of their chiefs, whom he visited on his departure from Ras el Feel.

² The emerald, or whatever the ancient signified by the name of emerald, is said to have been found in great quantity in the mountain now called Gebel Zumurud (the Mount of Emerald).

North, south, and west the sandy whirlwinds fly,
The circling horns of Egypt's chivalry.
On earth's last margin throng the weeping train :
Their cloudy guide moves on.—“And must we swim the
main?”

'Mid the light spray their snorting camels stood,
Nor bathed a fetlock in the nauseous flood :
He comes—their leader comes!—the man of God
O'er the wide waters lifts his mighty rod,
And onward treads.—The circling waves retreat,
In hoarse deep murmurs, from his holy feet ;
And the chased surges, inly roaring, show
The hard wet sand and coral hills below.

With limbs that falter and with hearts that swell,
Down, down they pass—a steep and slippery dell—
Around them rise, in pristine chaos hurled,
The ancient rocks, the secrets of the world ;
And flowers that blush beneath the ocean green,
And caves, the sea-calves' low-roofed haunt, are seen.
Down, safely down the narrow pass they tread :
The beetling waters storm above their head,
While far behind retires the sinking day,
And fades on Edom's hills its latest ray.

Yet not from Israel fled the friendly light,

Or dark to them, or cheerless, came the night,
Still in their van, along that dreadful road,
Blazed broad and fierce the brandished torch of God.
Its meteor glare a tenfold lustre gave
On the long mirror of the rosy wave
While its blest beams a sunlike heat supply
Warm every cheek, and dance in every eye
To them alone—for Misraim's wizard train
Invoke for light their monster gods in vain
Clouds heaped on clouds their struggling sight confine,
And tenfold darkness broods above their line
Yet on they fire, by reckless vengeance led,
And range unconscious through the ocean's bed,
Till midway now—that strange and fiery form
Showed his dread visage lightening through the storm,
With withering splendour blasted all that night,
And brake their chariot wheels, and marred their coursers' flight.

"Fly, Misraim, fly!"—The ravenous floods they see,
And, fiercer than the floods, the Deity

"Fly, Misraim, fly!"—From Edom's coral strand
Again the prophet stretched his dreadful wand—
With one wild crash the thundering waters sweep,
And all is waves—a dark and lonely deep,

Yet o'er those lonely waves such murmurs past,
As mortal wailing swelled the nightly blast ;
And strange and sad the whispering breezes bore
The groans of Egypt to Arabia's shore.

Oh ! welcome came the morn, where Israel stood
In trustless wonder by the avenging flood !

Oh ! welcome came the cheerful morn, to show
The drifted wreck of Zoan's pride below :

The mangled limbs of men—the broken car—
A few sad relics of a nation's war :

Alas, how few !—Then, soft as Elim's well,¹

The precious tears of new-born freedom fell.

And he, whose hardened heart alike had borne

The house of bondage and the oppressor's scorn,

The stubborn slave, by hope's new beams subdued,

In faltering accents sobbed his gratitude ;

Till kindling into warmer zeal, around

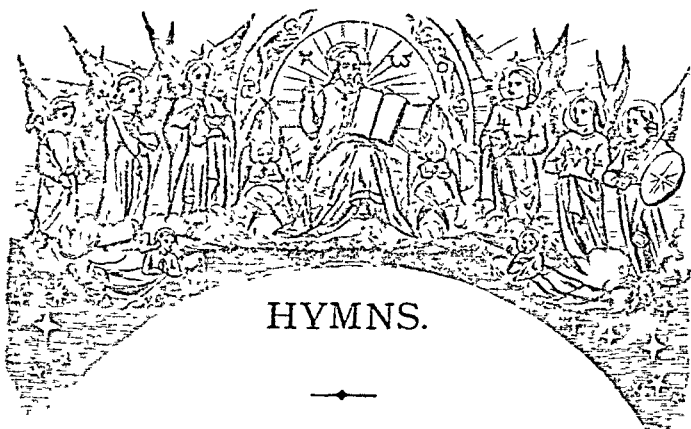
The virgin timbrel waked its silver sound ;

And in fierce joy, no more by doubt suppress,

The struggling spirit throbbed in Miriam's breast.

She, with bare arms, and fixing on the sky

¹ It is interesting to observe with what pleasure and minuteness Moses, amid the Arabian wilderness, enumerates the "twelve wells of water," and the "threescore and ten palm-trees," of Elim.



HYMNS.

ADVENT SUNDAY.

HOSANNA to the living Lord !
Hosanna to the incarnate Word !
To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,
Let earth, let heaven, Hosanna sing !
Hosanna ! Lord ! Hosanna in the highest !

Hosanna, Lord ! Thine angels cry ;
Hosanna, Lord ! Thy saints reply ;
Above, beneath us, and around,
The dead and living swell the sound ;
Hosanna ! Lord ! Hosanna in the highest !

O Saviour ! with protecting care
Return to this Thy house of prayer !

Assembled in Thy sacred name,
Where we Thy parting promise claim!
Hosanna Lord Hosanna in the highest!

But, due est, in our cleans'd breast,
Ferna! to Thy e'er rest,
And make our secret soul to be
A temple place and worthy Thee!
Hosanna Lord Hosanna in the highest!

So in the last and dreadful day
When earth and heaven shall melt away
Thy flock redeemed from awful stain,
Shall swell the sound of praise again.
Hosanna Lord Hosanna in the highest!



SECOND SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

No. I.

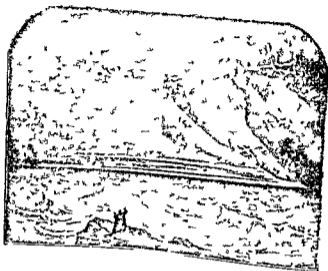
THE Lord will come ! the earth shall quake,
The hills their fixèd seat forsake ;
And, withering, from the vault of night
The stars withdraw their feeble light.

The Lord will come ! but not the same
As once in lowly form He came,
A silent Lamb to slaughter led,
The bruised, the suffering, and the dead.

The Lord will come ! a dreadful form,
With wreath of flame and robe of storm,
On cherub wings and wings of wind,
Anointed Judge of human kind.

Can this be He who wont to stray
A pilgrim on the world's highway,
By power oppressed, and mocked by pride ?
O God ! is this the Crucified ?

Go, tyrants ! to the rocks complain !
Go, seek the mountain's cleft in vain !
But faith, victorious o'er the tomb,
Shall sing for joy—the Lord is come !



SECOND SUNDAY IN ADVENT

\ II

In the sun and moon and stars
Signs and wonders there shall be,
Earth shall quake with inward wars
Nations with perplexity
Soon shall oceans hoary deep
Tossed with stronger tempests, rise,
Darker storms the mountain sweep
Redder lightning rend the skies

Evil thoughts shall shake the proud,
Racking doubt and restless fear;
And amid the thunder-cloud
Shall the Judge of men appear.

But though from that awful face
Heaven shall fade and earth shall fly,
Fear not ye, His chosen race,—
Your redemption draweth nigh!



THIRD SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

O SAVIOUR, is Thy promise fled?
Nor longer might Thy grace endure
To heal the sick and raise the dead,
And preach Thy Gospel to the poor.

Come, Jesus ! come ! return again ,
 With brighter beam Thy servants bless,
 Who long to feel Thy perfect reign,
 And share Thy kingdom's happiness !

A feeble race, by passion driven,
 In darkness and in doubt we roam,
 And lift our anxious eyes to heaven,
 Our hope, our harbour, and our home !

Yet 'mid the wild and wintry gale,
 When Death rides darkly o'er the sea,
 And strength and earthly daring fail,
 Our prayers, Redeemer ! rest on Thee

Come, Jesus ! come ! and, as of yore
 The prophet went to clear Thy way,
 A harlinger Thy feet before,
 A dawning to Thy brighter day ,

So now may grace with heavenly shower
 Our stony hearts for truth prepare ,
 Sow in our souls the seed of power,
 Then come and reap Thy harvest there !

FOURTH SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

THE world is grown old, and her pleasures are past ;
The world is grown old, and her form may not last ;
The world is grown old, and trembles for fear ;
For sorrows abound, and judgment is near !

The sun in the heaven is languid and pale,
And feeble and few are the fruits of the vale ;
And the hearts of the nations fail them for fear,
For the world is grown old, and judgment is near !

The king on his throne, the bride in her bower,
The children of pleasure all feel the sad hour ;
The roses are faded, and tasteless the cheer,
For the world is grown old, and judgment is near !

The world is grown old !—but should we complain,
Who have tried her and know that her promise is vain ?
Our heart is in heaven, our home is not here,
And we look for our crown when judgment is near !





CHRISTMAS DAY

O SAVIOUR, whom this holy morn
 Gave to our world below,
 To mortal want and labour born
 And more than mortal woe.

Incarnate Word ! by every grief
 By each temptation tried,

Who lived to yield our ills relief,
And to redeem us, died !

If gaily clothed and proudly fed,
In dangerous wealth we dwell,
Remind us of Thy manger bed
And lowly cottage cell !

If, prest by poverty severe,
In envious want we pine,
Oh, may the Spirit whisper near
How poor a lot was Thine !

Through fickle fortune's various scene
From sin preserve us free !
Like us Thou hast a mourner been,—
May we rejoice with Thee !



ST STEPHEN'S DAY

THE Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain
His blood red banner streams afar,
Who follows in His train?

Who best can drink His cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bears His cross below,
He follows in His train!

The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave,
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on Him to save

Like Him, with pardon on his tongue
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong
Who follows in his train?

A glorious band, the chosen few
On whom the Spirit came,
Twelve valiant saints,—their hope they knew,
And mocked the cross and flame

They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane ;
They bowed their necks the death to feel :
Who follows in their train ?

A noble army—men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed.

They climbed the steep ascent of heaven
Through peril, toil, and pain :
O God ! to us may grace be given
To follow in their train !



ST JOHN THE EVANGELIST'S DAY

O God ! who gav'st Thy servant grace,
Amid the storms of life distress,
To look on Thine incarnate face,
And lean on Thy protecting breast,

To see the light that dimly shone,
Eclipsed for us in sorrow pale,
Pure image of the Eternal One !
Through shadows of Thy mortal veil !

Be ours, O King of Mercy ! still
To feel Thy presence from above,
And in Thy Word and in Thy will
To hear Thy voice and know Thy love.

And when the toils of life are done
And nature waits Thy dread decree,
To find our rest beneath Thy throne,
And look, in humble hope, to Thee



INNOCENTS' DAY.

OH, weep not o'er thy children's tomb,

O Rachel, weep not so !

The bud is cropt by martyrdom,

The flower in heaven shall blow.

Firstlings of faith ! the murderer's knife

Has missed its deadliest aim :

The God for whom they gave their life,

For them to suffer came.

Though feeble were their days and few,

Baptized in blood and pain,

He knows them, whom they never knew,

And they shall live again.

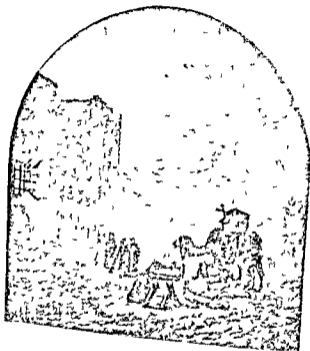
Then weep not o'er thy children's tomb,

O Rachel, weep not so :

The bud is cropt by martyrdom,

The flower in heaven shall blow.





EPIPHANY

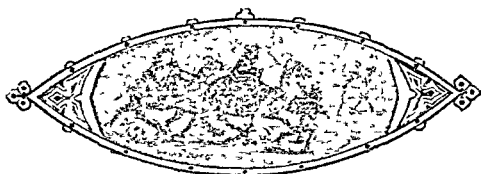
BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning !
 Dawn on our darkness and lend us Thine aid !
 Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid

Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall ;
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all !

Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom and off'rings divine ?
Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest or gold from the mine ?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation ;
Vainly with gold would His favour secure :
Richer by far is the heart's adoration ;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning !
Dawn on our darkness and lend us Thine aid !
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.





FIRST SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY

No. 1

ABASHED be all the boast of age !
 Be hoary learn'ng dumb !
 Expounder of the mystic page,
 Behold an Infant come !

O Wisdom whose unfad'ng power
 Des de the Eternal stood

To frame, in nature's earliest hour,
The land, the sky, the flood :

Yet didst not Thou disdain awhile
An infant form to wear ;
To bless Thy mother with a smile,
And lisp Thy faltered prayer.

But, in Thy Father's own abode,
With Israel's elders round,
Conversing high with Israel's God,
Thy chiefest joy was found.

So may our youth adore Thy name !
And, Saviour, deign to bless
With fostering grace the timid flame
Of early holiness !



FIRST SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY

• II

By cool Siloam's shady rill

How sweet the lily grows !

How sweet the breath beneath the hill

(Of Sharon's dew) rose !

Lo ! such the child whose early feet

The paths of peace have trod ,

Whose secret heart with influence sweet,

Is upward drawn to God !

By cool Siloam's shady rill

The lily must decay ,

The rose that blooms beneath the hill

Must shortly fade away

And soon too soon the wintry hour

Of man's maturer age

Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,

And stormy passion's rage.

O Thou whose infant feet were found

Within Thy Father's shrine !

Whose years, with changeless virtue crowned,
Were all alike divine ;

Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,
We seek Thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
'To keep us still Thine own !



SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

No. I.

O HAND of bounty, largely spread,
By whom our every want is fed,
Whate'er we touch, or taste, or see,
We owe them all, O Lord ! to Thee ;
Thè corn, the oil, the purple wine,
Are all Thy gifts, and only Thine.

The stream Thy word to nectar dyed,



The broad l y bl ss n g n l t pl ed
 The stormy nd the whelm n g flood,
 That s l n a Thy man l k stood
 Ho well they k r v l h y vo c e d vine
 Who orks the were and o ly T t me !

Thoug' no no more on earth we trace
 Thy footsteps of celestial grace
 Obed ent to Thy Word and w ll
 We seek Thy da ly mercy st ll
 Its blessed beams around us sh ne
 And T t ne we are and o ly T t ne !

SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

No II.

INCARNATE Word, who, wont to dwell
In lowly shape and cottage cell,
Didst not refuse a guest to be,
At Cana's poor festivity ;

Oh, when our soul from care is free,
Then, Saviour, may we think on Thee,
And, seated at the festal board,
In fancy's eye behold the Lord.

Then may we seem, in fancy's ear,
Thy manna-dropping tongue to hear,
And think,—Even now Thy searching gaze
Each secret of our soul surveys !

So may such joy, chastised and pure,
Beyond the bounds of earth endure ;
Nor pleasure in the wounded mind
Shall leave a rankling sting behind.





SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY

No. III

When on her Maker's bosom
The new-born earth was laid,
And Nature's opening blossom
Its fairest bloom displayed,

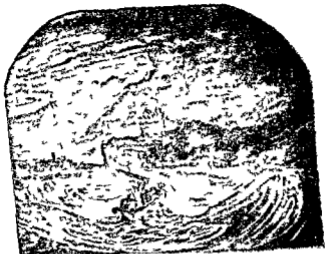
When all with fruit and flowers
The laughing soil was drest,
And Eden's fragrant bowers
Received their human guest ;

No sin his face defiling,
The heir of nature stood,
And God, benignly smiling,
Beheld that all was good.

Yet in that hour of blessing,
A single want was known,—
A wish the heart distressing,—
For Adam was alone !

O God of pure affection !
By men and saints adored,
Who gavest Thy protection
To Cana's nuptial board ;

May such Thy bounties ever
To wedded love be shown,
And no rude hand dis sever
Whom Thou hast linked in one !



FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY ¹

No. 11

THE winds were howling o'er the deep
 Each wave a watery hill
 The Saviour wakened from His sleep,—
 He spake, and all was still

¹ Composed by the author when in great sorrow for the loss of his brother Thomas who died March 27, 1816. The original M.S. contained the following stanza —

He called me by a brother's name
 As down I knelt to prayer
 But ah! through sorrow shed the tear
 Repentance was not there."

Life of Hider vol. I. p. 437—Edr

The madman in a tomb had made
His mansion of despair :
Woe to the traveller who strayed
With heedless footstep there !

The chains hung broken from his arm,
Such strength can hell supply,
And fiendish hate and fierce alarm
Flashed from his hollow eye.

He met that glance so thrilling sweet,
He heard those accents mild,
And, melting at Messiah's feet,
Wept like a weanèd child.

Oh, madder than the raving man !
Oh, deafer than the sea ;
How long the time since Christ began
To call in vain on me ?

He called me when my thoughtless prime
Was early ripe to ill ;
I passed from folly on to crime,
And yet He called me still.

He called me in the time of dread,
When death was full in view,
I trembled on my feverish bed,
And rose to sin anew !

Yet could I hear Him once again,
As I have heard of old
Methinks He should not call in vain
His wanderer to the fold

O Thou that every thought canst know, &
And answer every prayer
Oh give me sickness, wart or woe,
But snatch me from despair !

My strugglings will by grace control
Renew my broken vow
What blessed light breaks on my soul ?
O God I hear Thee now



SEPTUAGESIMA SUNDAY.

THE God of Glory walks His round
From day to day, from year to year,
And warns us each with awful sound,
“No longer stand ye idle here!

“Ye whose young cheeks are rosy bright,
Whose hands are strong, whose hearts are clear,
Waste not of hope the morning light.
Ah, fools! why stand ye idle here?

“Oh! as the griefs ye would assuage
That wait on life's declining year,
Secure a blessing for your age,
And work your Maker's business here.

“And ye whose locks of scanty grey
Foretell your latest travail near,



How swiftly fades your worthless day !
And stand ye yet so idle here ?

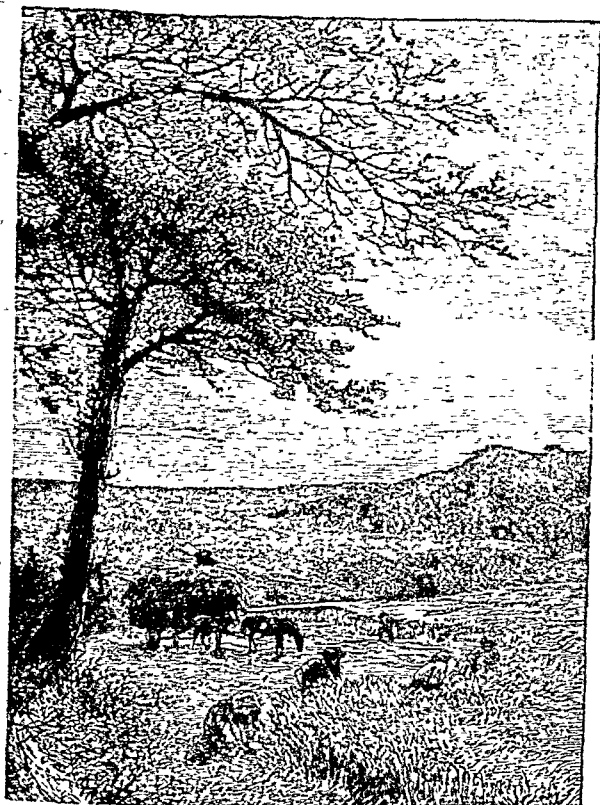
" One hour remains, there is but one !
But many a shnek and many a tear
Through endless years the guilt must moan
Of moments lost and wasted here "

O Thou, by all Thy works adored,
To whom the sinner's soul is dear,
Recall us to Thy vineyard, Lord,
And grant us grace to please Thee here !



SEXAGESIMA SUNDAY

O God ! by whom the seed is given,
By whom the harvest blest,
Whose word, like manna showered from heaven,
Is planted in our breast,



Preserve it from the passing feet,
And plunderers of the air ;
The sultry sun's intenser heat,
And weeds of worldly care.

Though buried deep or thinly strewn,
 Do Thou Thy grace supply,
 The hope in earthly furrows sown
 Shall ripen in the sky !



QUINQUAGESIMA

Lord of mercy and of might,
 Of mankind the life and light,
 Maker, Teacher infinite,
 Jesus, hear and save !

Who, when sin's primeval doom
 Gave creation to the tomb,

Didst not scorn a Virgin's womb,
Jesus, hear and save !

Strong Creator, Saviour mild,
Humbled to a mortal child,
Captive, beaten, bound, reviled,
Jesus, hear and save !

Throned above celestial things,
Borne aloft on angels' wings,
Lord of lords and King of kings,
Jesus, hear and save !



Soon to come to earth again,
Judge of angels and of men,
Hear us now, and hear us then,
Jesus, hear and save !



THIRD SUNDAY IN LENT

VIRGIN BORN ! we bow before Thee !
Blessèd was the womb that bore Thee !
Mary, mother meek and mild,
Blessèd was she in her Child !

Blessèd was the breast that fed Thee !
Blessèd was the hand that led Thee !
Blessèd was the parent's eye
That watched Thy slumbering infancy !

Blessèd she by all creation
Who brought forth the world's Salvation !
And blessèd they, for ever blest,
Who love Thee most and serve Thee best !

Virgin-born ! we bow before Thee !
 Blessèd was the womb that bore Thee !
 Mary, mother meek and mild,
 Blessèd was she in her Child !



FOURTH SUNDAY IN LENT.

O KING of earth and air and sea !
 The hungry ravens cry to Thee ;
 To Thee the scaly tribes that sweep
 The bosom of the boundless deep ;

 To Thee the lions roaring call,
 The common Father, kind to all !
 Then grant Thy servants, Lord, we pray,
 Our daily bread from day to day.

 The fishes may for food complain,
 The ravens spread their wings in vain ;

The roaring lions lack and pine,
But, God Thou carest still for Thine



Thy bounteous hand with food can bless
The bleak and lonely wilderness
And Thou hast taught us Lord to pray
For daily bread from day to day

And oh ! when through the wilds we roam
 That part us from our heavenly home ;
 When lost in danger, want, and woe,
 Our faithless tears begin to flow ,

Do Thou Thy gracious comfort give,
 By which alone the soul may live ,
 And grant Thy servants, Lord, we pray,
 The bread of life from day to day.



FIFTH SUNDAY IN LENT.

O THOU whom neither time nor space
 Can circle in,—unseen, unknown,—
 Nor faith in boldest flight can trace,
 Save through Thy Spirit and Thy Son !

And Thou that from Thy bright abode,
 To us in mortal weakness shown,

Didst graft the manhood into God,
Eternal, co-eternal Son !

And Thou whose unction from on high
Thy comfort, light, and love is known !
Who with the Parent Deity
Dread Spirit art for ever one !

Great First and Last Thy blessing give !
And grant us faith Thy gift alone,
To love and praise Thee while we live,
And do whatever Thou wouldst have done !



SIXTH SUNDAY IN LENT.

THE Lord of might, from Sinai's brow,
Gave forth His voice of thunder ;
And Israel lay on earth below,
Outstretched in fear and wonder.
Beneath His feet was pitchy night,
And, at His left hand and His right,
The rocks were rent asunder !

THE Lord of Love, on Calvary,
A meek and suffering stranger,
Upraised to heaven His languid eye,
In Nature's hour of danger.
For us He bore the weight of woe,
For us He gave His blood to flow,
And met His Father's anger.

THE Lord of Love, the Lord of Might,
The King of all created,
Shall back return to claim His right
On clouds of glory seated ;
With trumpet-sound and angel-song,
And hallelujahs loud and long
O'er death and hell defeated !



GOOD FRIDAY

O MORE than mortal whose bounty gave
 Thy guiltless self to glaze the greedy grave !
 Whose heart was rent to pay Thy people's price
 The great High Priest at once and sacrifice !
 Help Savour by Thy cross and crimson stain
 Nor let Thy glorious blood be spilt in vain

When sun with flowery garland hides her dart
 When tyrant force would daunt the sinking heart,

When fleshly lust assails, or worldly care,
Or the soul flutters in the fowler's snare,—
Help, Saviour, by Thy cross and crimson stain,
Nor let Thy glorious blood be spilt in vain !

And, chiefest then, when Nature yields the strife,
And mortal darkness wraps the gate of life ;
When the poor spirit, from the tomb set free,
Sinks at Thy feet and lifts its hope to Thee,—
Help, Saviour, by Thy cross and crimson stain,
Nor let Thy glorious blood be spilt in vain.



EASTER DAY

God is gone up with a merry noise
Of saints that sing on high
With His own right hand and His holy arm
He hath won the victory !

Now empty are the courts of Death
And crushed thy sting, Despair,
And roses bloom in the desert tomb,
For Jesus hath been there !

And He hath tamed the strength of Hell,
And dragged him through the sky
And captive behind His chariot wheel
He hath bound Captivity

God is gone up with a merry noise
Of saints that sing on high,
With His own right hand and His holy arm
He hath won the victory !





FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

LIFE nor Death shall us dis sever
 From His love who reigns for ever :
 Will He fail us? Never ! never !
 When to Him we cry.

Sin may seek to snare us
Fury Pass on tear us
Doubt and Fear and grim Despair
The r fangs against us try

But His might shall still defend us
And His blessed Son befrend us,
And His Holy Spirit send us
Comfort ere we die



ASCENSION DAY AND SUNDAY AFTER

"Sit Thou on my right hand my Son saith the Lord
Sit Thou on my right hand my Son!

Till in the fatal hour
Of my wrath and my power
Thy foes shall be a footstool to Thy throne.

Prayer shall be made to Thee my Son saith the Lord
"Prayer shall be made to Thee my Son!

From earth and air and sea
And all that in them be
Which Thou for Thine heritage hast won.



"Daily be Thou praised, my Son," saith the Lord.

"Daily be Thou praised, my Son!

And all that live and move,

Let them bless Thy bleeding love,

And the work which Thy worthiness hath done."



WHITSUNDAY

SPIRIT of Truth! on this Thy day
To Thee for help we cry,
To guide us through the dreary way
Of dark mortality

We ask not, Lord Thy cloven flame,
Or tongues of various tone,
But long Thy praises to proclaim
With fervour in our own.

We mourn not that prophetic skill
Is found on earth no more ;
Enough for us to trace Thy will
In Scripture's sacred lore.



We neither have nor seek the power
Ill demons to control ;
But Thou, in dark temptation's hour,
Shalt chase them from the soul.

No heavenly harpings soothe our ear,
No mystic dreams we share ;
Yet hope to feel Thy comfort near,
And bless Thee in our prayer.

When tongues shall cease and power decay,
 And knowledge empty prove,
 Do Thou Thy trembling servants stay
 With Faith, with Hope, with Love!



TRINITY SUNDAY

Holy, holy holy, Lord God Almighty!
 Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee,
 Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty!
 God in three persons, bless'd Trinity!

Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore Thee
 Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea,

Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be !

Holy, holy, holy ! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
Only Thou art holy, there is none beside Thee,
Perfect in power, in love, and purity !

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty !
All Thy works shall praise Thy name in earth, and sky,
and sea.

Holy, holy, holy ! merciful and mighty !
God in three Persons, blessed Trinity !



FIRST SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

No. I.

Room for the proud ! Ye sons of clay,
From far his sweeping pomp survey,
Nor, rashly curious, clog the way
His chariot-wheels before !

Lo ! with what scorn his lofty eye
Glances o'er age and poverty,
And bids intruding conscience fly
Far from his palace door !



Room for the proud ! But slow the feet
That bear his coffin down the street,
And dismal seems his winding-sheet
Who purple lately wore

Ah ! where must now his spirit fly
In naked, trembling agony ?
Or how shall he for mercy cry
Who showed it not before ?

Room for the proud ! In ghastly state
The lords of hell his coming wait,
And flinging wide the dreadful gate
That to ope no more,

“Lo, here with us the seat,” they cry,
“For him who mocked at poverty,
And bade intruding conscience fly
Far from his palace door.”



FIRST SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

No. II

THE feeble pulse, the gasping breath,
The clenched teeth, the glazed eye,
Are these thy sting, thou dreadful Death?
O Grave, are these thy victory?

The mourners by our parting bed,
The wife, the children weeping nigh,
The dismal pageant of the dead,—
These, these are not thy victory!

But, from the much-loved world to part,
Our lust untamed, our spirit high,
All nature struggling at the heart,
Which, dying, feels it dare not die!

To dream through life a gaudy dream
Of pride and pomp and luxury,
Till wakened by the nearer gleam
Of burning boundless agony,

To meet o'er soon our angry King
Whose love we passed unheeded by,
Lo, this, O Death, thy deadliest sting!
O Grave, and this thy victory!

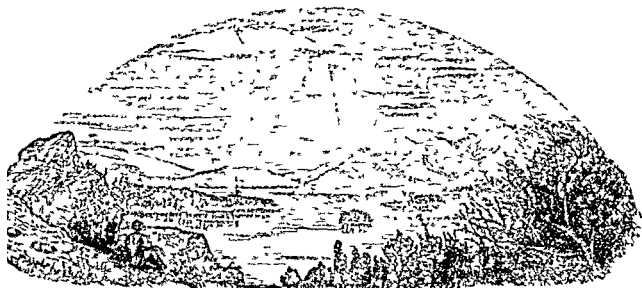
O Searcher of the secret heart,
Who deigned for sinful man to die,
Restore us ere the spirit part,
Nor give to hell the victory!



SECOND SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

FORTH from the dark and stormy sky,
Lord to Thine altar's shade we fly,
Forth from the world, its hope and fear,
Saviour, we seek Thy shelter here
Wearied and weak, Thy grace we pray
Turn not, O Lord, Thy guests away!

Long have we roamed in want and pain,
Long have we sought Thy rest in vain ;
'Wildered in doubt, in darkness lost,
Long have our souls been tempest-tost ;
Low at Thy feet our sins we lay,
Turn not, O Lord, Thy guests away !



THIRD SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

THERE was joy in heaven !
THERE was joy in heaven !
When this goodly world to frame
The Lord of might and mercy came :
Shouts of joy were heard on high,
And the stars sang from the sky—
“Glory to God in heaven !”



There was joy in heaven !
 There was joy in heaven !
 When the billows, heaving dark,
 Rave around the stranded ark,
 And the rainbow's watery span
 Spoke of merry hope to man,
 And peace with God in heaven.

There was joy in heaven
 There was joy in heaven !
 When of love the midnight beam
 Dawned on the towers of Bethlehem,
 And along the echoing hill

Angels sang—"On earth goodwill,
And glory in the heaven!"

There is joy in heaven!
There is joy in heaven!
When the sheep that went astray
Turns again to virtue's way;
When the soul, by grace subdued,
Sobs its prayer of gratitude,
Then is there joy in heaven!



FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

I PRAISED the earth, in beauty seen
With garlands gay of various green;
I praised the sea, whose ample field
Shone glorious as a silver shield;

And earth and ocean seemed to say
"Our beauties are but for a day !"

I praised the sun, whose chariot rolled
On wheels of amber and of gold ,
I praised the moon, whose softer eye
Gleamed sweetly through the summer sky !
And moon and sun in answer said,
"Our days of light are numbered !"

O God ! O Good beyond compare !
If thus Thy meaner works are fair,
If thus Thy bounties gild the span
Of ruined earth and sinful man,
How glorious must the mansion be
Where Thy redeemed shall dwell with Thee !





SEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

When spring unlocks the flowers to paint the laughing soil,
 When summer's balmy showers refresh the mower's toil,
 When winter binds in frosty chains the fallow and the flood,
 In God the earth rejoiceth still, and owns her Maker good.

The birds that wake the morning, and those that love the shade,
 The winds that sweep the mountain or lull the drowsy glade,
 The sun that from his amber tower rejoiceth on his way,
 The moon and stars, their Master's name in silent pomp display

Shall man, the lord of nature, expectant of the sky,
 Shall man, alone unthankful, his little praise deny?

Then had the tribes of all the world gone up the pomp to see,
And glory dwelt within thy gates, and all thy sons been free -



"And who art thou that mourest me?" replied the ruin grey,

"And fearst not rather that thyself may prove a castaway?

I am a dried and abject branch my place is given to thee,

But woe to every barren graft of thy wild olive-tree!

"Our day of grace is sunk in night, our time of mercy spent,

For heavy was my children's crime, and strange their punishment,

Yet gaze not idly on our fall, but, sinner warned be

Who spared not His chosen seed may send His wrath on thee!

"From blest old Sion's holy land,
By folly led, I came!"

"What ruffian hand hath stript thee bare?
Whose fury laid thee low?"—

"Sin for my footsteps twined her snare,
And death has dealt the blow!"



"Can art no medicine for thy wound,
Nor nature strength, supply?"—

"They saw me bleeding on the ground,
And passed in silence by!"

"But, sufferer! is no comfort near
Thy terrors to remove?"—

"Say, with richer crimson glows
The kingly mantle than the rose?
Say, have kings more wholesome fare
Than we poor citizens of air?
Barns nor hoarded grain have we,
Yet we carol merrily
Mortal, fly from doubt and sorrow
God provideth for the morrow !

"One there lives whose guardian eye
Guides our humble destiny,
One there lives who, Lord of all,
Keeps our feathers lest they fall
Pass we blithely, then, the time,
Fearless of the snare and lime,
Free from doubt and faithless sorrow
God provideth for the morrow !"





SIXTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

WAKE! not, O mother! sounds of lamentation!
Weep not, O widow! weep not hopelessly!
Strong is His arm, the Bringer of Salvation,
Strong is the Word of God to succour thee.

Bear forth the cold corpse—slowly, slowly bear him;
Hide his pale features with the sable pall;
Chide not the sad one wildly weeping near him:
Widowed and childless, she has lost her all!

And sweet was the voice of the First-born of Heaven
(Though poor His apparel, though earthly His form)
Who said to the mourner, "Thy sins are forgiven!"
"Be whole!" to the sick, and "Be still!" to the storm.

O Judge of the world! when, arrayed in Thy glory,
Thy summons again shall be heard from on high,
While Nature stands trembling and naked before Thee,
And waits on Thy sentence to live or to die;

When the heaven shall fly fast from the sound of Thy thunder,
And the sun in Thy lightnings grow languid and pale,
And the sea yield her dead, and the tomb cleave asunder,
In the hour of Thy terrors, let mercy prevail!





TWENTY FIRST SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

THE sound of war? In earth and air
The volleying thunders roll
Their fiery darts the fiends prepare,
And dig the pit and spread the snare
Against the Christian's soul
The tyrant's sword, the rack, the flame,
The scorner's serpent tone,
Of bitter doubt the barbed aim,
All, all conspire his heart to tame

Force, fraud, and hellish fires assail
The rivets of his heavenly mail,
Amidst his foes alone.

Gods of the world ! ye warrior host
Of darkness and of air !
In vain is all your impious boast,
In vain each missile lightning tost,
In vain the tempter's snare !
Though fast and far your arrows fly,
Though mortal nerve and bone
Shrink in convulsive agony,
The Christian can your rage defy :
Towers o'er his head Salvation's crest,
Faith like a buckler guards his breast,—
Undaunted, though alone.

'Tis past ! 'tis o'er ! in foul defeat
The demon hosts are fled !
Before the Saviour's mercy-seat
(His livelong work of faith complete)
Their conqueror bends his head.
"The spoils Thyself hast gainèd, Lord,
I lay before Thy throne :

Thou wert my Rock, my Shield, my Sword,
My trust was in Thy name and Word,
'Twas in Thy strength my heart was strong,
Thy Spirit went with mine along,
How was I, then alone?"



TWENTY SECOND SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

O God! my sins are manifold —against my life they cry,
And all my guilty deeds foregone up to Thy temple fly
Wilt Thou release my trembling soul, that to despair is driven?
"Forgive!" a blessed voice replied, "and thou shalt be forgiven."

My foemen, Lord, are fierce and fell, they spurn me in their
pride,

They render evil for my good, my patience they denude,
Arise, O King, and be the proud to righteous ruin driven!
"Forgive!" an awful answer came, "as thou wouldst be for
given!"



Seven times, O Lord, I pardoned them, seven times they
sinned again :

They practise still to work me woe, they triumph in my pain;
But let them dread my vengeance now, to just resentment
driven !

“Forgive !” the voice of thunder spake, “or never be forgiven !”

TWENTY THIRD SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

From foes that would the land devour,
From guilty pride and lust of power,
From wild seditious lawless hour,
From yoke of slavery,
From blinded zeal by faction led,
From giddy change by fancy bred,
From poisonous error's serpent head,
Good Lord, preserve us free!

Defend O God with guardian hand
The laws and ruler of our land
And grant our Church Thy grace to stand
In faith and unity
The Spirit's help of Thee we crave
That Thou whose blood was shed to save,
Mayest at Thy second coming have
A flock to welcome Thee.



TWENTY-FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

To conquer and to save, the Son of God
Came to His own in great humility,
Who wont to ride on cherub wings abroad,
And round Him wrap the mantle of the sky.
The mountains bent their necks to form His road ;
The clouds dropt down their fatness from on high ;
Beneath His feet the wild waves softly flowed,
And the winds kissed His garment tremblingly.

The Grave unbolted half his grisly door
(For darkness and the deep had heard His fame,
Nor longer might their ancient rule endure) ;
The mightiest of mankind stood hushed and tame :
And trooping on strong wing, His angels came
To work His will, and kingdom to secure :
No strength He needed save His Father's name ;
Babes were His heralds, and His friends the poor !



FOR ST JAMES'S DAY

THOUGH sorrows rise, and dangers roll
 In waves of darkness o'er my soul,
 Though friends are false and love decays,
 And few and evil are my days,
 Though conscience fiercest of my foes,
 Swells with remembered guilt my woes,
 Yet even in nature's utmost ill,
 I love Thee Lord! I love Thee still!

Though Sin's curse in thunder dread,
 Peals o'er mine unprotected head,
 And memory points with busy pain,
 To grace and mercy given in vain,
 Till nature shrinking in the strife,
 Would fly to hell to scape from life
 Though every thought has power to kill,
 I love Thee, Lord! I love Thee still!

Oh! by the pangs Thyself hast borne,
 The ruffian's blow, the tyrant's scorn
 By Sin's curse, whose dreadful doom
 Was buried in Thy guiltless tomb,

By these my pangs, whose healing smart,
Thy grace hath planted in my heart ;
I know, I feel Thy bounteous will !
Thou lov'st me, Lord, Thou lov'st me still !



MICHAELMAS DAY.

O CAPTAIN of God's host, whose dreadful might
Led forth to war the armèd seraphim,
And from the starry height,
Subdued in burning fight,
Cast down that ancient dragon dark and grim !

Thine angels, Christ ! we laud in solemn lays,
 Our elder brethren of the crystal sky,
 Who 'mid Thy glory's glare
 The ceaseless anthem raise,
 And gird Thy Throne in faithful ministry



We celebrate their love whose viewless wings
 Hath left for us so oft their mansion high,
 The mercies of their King
 To mortal saints to bring,
 Iard the couch of slumbering infancy
 I l,

Ther the First and Last, we glorify,
 Oh ! by Thy world was sunk in death and sin,
 The ruffia Thine hierarchy
 By Sinas as of the sky,
 Was buried Thine own arm the battle win,
 But

Alone didst pass the dark and dismal shore,
Alone didst tread the winepress, and alone,
All glorious in Thy gore,
Didst light and life restore
To us who lay in darkness and undone.

Therefore, with angels and archangels we
To Thy dear love our thankful chorus raise,
And tune our songs to Thee
Who art, and art to be,
And, endless as Thy mercies, sound Thy praise!



IN TIMES OF DISTRESS AND DANGER.

O God that madest earth and sky, the darkness and the day,
 Give ear to th's Thy family, and help us when we pray,
 For wide the waves of bitterness around our vessel roar
 And heavy grows the pilot's heart to view the rocky shore.

The cross our Master bore for us, for Him we fain would bear
But mortal strength to weakness turns and courage to despair
Then mercy on our failings, Lord! our sinking faith renew,
And when Thy sorrows visit us oh! send Thy patience too



BEFORE A COLLECTION MADE FOR THE SOCIETY
 FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE GOSPEL¹

FROM Greenland's icy mountains

FROM India's coral strand

¹ First sung in Wrexham Church North Wales — EDIT



Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand ;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,

Though every prospect pleases,
 And only man is vile,
 In vain with lavish kindness
 The gifts of God are strown,
 The heathen in his blindness
 Bows down to wood and stone !

Can we, whose souls are lighted
 With wisdom from on high,
 Can we to men benighted
 The lamp of life deny ?
 Salvation ! oh, Salvation !
 The joyful sound proclaim,
 Till each remotest nation
 Has learned Messiah's name !

Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
 And you, ye waters, roll,
 Till like a sea of glory
 It spreads from pole to pole !
 Till o'er our ransomed nature
 The Lamb for sinners slain,—
 Redeemer King Creator,—
 In bliss returns to reign !



BEFORE THE SACRAMENT.

BREAD of the world, in mercy broken !
Wine of the soul, in mercy shed !
By whom the words of life were spoken,
And in whose death our sins are dead ;
Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed,
And be Thy feast to us the token
That by Thy grace our souls are fed !



EVENING HYMN.

God, that madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light ;
Who for the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night ;

May Thine angel guards defend us,
Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This hvelong night !



AT A FUNERAL.

BENEATH our feet and o'er our head
Is equal warning given ,
Beneath us lie the countless dead,
Above us is the heaven.

Their names are graven on the stone,
Their bones are in the clay ,
And ere another day is gone
Ourselves may be as they

Death rides on every passing breeze
He lurks in e'ry flower ,



Each season has its own disease,
Its peril every hour.

Our eyes have seen the rosy light
Of youth's soft cheek decay,
And Fate descend in sudden night
On manhood's middle day ;

Our eyes have seen the steps of age
 Halt feebly t'wards the tomb !
 And yet shall earth our hearts engage,
 And dreams of days to come ?

Turn, mortal, turn ! thy danger know,
 Where'er thy foot can tread
 The earth rings hollow from below,
 And warns thee of her dead !

Turn, Christian, turn ! thy soul apply
 To truths divinely given,
 The bones that underneath thee lie,
 Shall live for hell or heaven.



AN INTROIT, TO BE SUNG BETWEEN THE LITANY AND COMMUNION SERVICE.

O most merciful !
 O most bountiful !
 God the Father Almighty !
 By the Redeemer's
 Sweet intercession
 Hear us, help us when we cry !

ON RECOVERY FROM SICKNESS.

O SAVIOUR of the faithful dead,
With whom Thy servants dwell,
Though cold and green the turf is spread
Above their narrow cell,—

No more we cling to mortal clay,
We doubt and fear no more,
Nor shrink to tread the darksome way
Which Thou hast trod before.

'Twas hard from those I loved to go,
Who knelt around my bed,
Whose tears bedewed my burning brow,
Whose arms upheld my head !

As, fading from my dizzy view,
I sought their forms in vain,
The bitterness of death I knew,
And groaned to live again.

'Twas dreadful when the accuser's power
Assailed my sinking heart,
Recounting every wasted hour,
And each unworthy part.

But Jesus! in that mortal fray,
Thy blessed comfort stole,
Like sunshine in a stormy day,
Across my darkened soul.

When soon or late this feeble breath
No more to Thee shall pray,
Support me through the vale of death,
And in the darksome way

When clothed in fleshly weeds again,
I wait Thy dread decree,
Judge of the world! bethink Thee then
That Thou hast died for me.



AT A FUNERAL.¹

THOU art gone to the grave ! but we will not deplore thee,
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb ;
Thy Saviour has passed through its portal before thee,
And the lamp of His love is thy guide through the gloom !

¹ Written shortly after the loss of the author's infant, and then only child.—
See Heber's *Life*.

Thou art gone to the grave ' we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy side,
But the wide arms of Mercy are spread to enfold thee,
And sinners may die, for the DIVINE has died !

Thou art gone to the grave ' and, its mansion forsaking,
Perchance thy weak spirit in fear lingered long
But the mild rays of Paradise beamed on thy waking,
And the sound which thou heardst was the seraphim's song

Thou art gone to the grave ' but we will not deplore thee,
Whose God was thy Ransom thy Guardian, and Guide,
He gave thee, He took thee, and He will restore thee,
And death has no sting for the Saviour has died !



FRAGMENT OF A POEM
ON THE
WORLD BEFORE THE FLOOD.



The sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair,
—*Gen.* vi. 2.

THE WORLD BEFORE THE FLOOD

Those reverend features with a darker shade),
Of suntly seeming — yet no suntly mood,
No heavenward musing fixed that steadfast eye,
Gods enemy and tyrant of mankind
To whom that demon herald from the wing
Abighting spake “Thus saith the prince of air,
Whose star flames brightest in the van of night,
Whom gods and heroes worship all who sweep
On sounding wing the arch of nether heaven,
Or walk in mail the earth — Thy prayers are heard,
And the rich fragrance of thy sacrifice
Hath not been wafted on the winds in vain.
Have I not seen thy child that she is fair?
Give me thine Ada, thy beloved one
And she shall be my queen and from her womb
Shall giants spring to rule the seed of Cain,
And sit on Jared's throne — Then Jared rose,
And spread his hands before the Evil Power
And lifted up his voice and laughed for joy
Say to my Lord, thus saith the king of men —
Thou art my god — thy servant I — my child
Is as thine handmaid! — Nay abide awhile
To taste the banquet of an earthly hall
And leave behind thy blessing ” But, in trust,

And like a vision from a wakened man,
The cloudy messenger dissolved away,
There melting where the moonbeam brightest fell.
Then Jared turned, and from the turret top
Called on his daughter,—“Haste, my beautiful !
Mine Ada, my beloved ! bind with flowers
Thy coal-black hair, and heap the sacred pile
With freshest odours, and provoke the dance
With harp and gilded organ, for this night
We have found favour in immortal eyes,
And the great gods have blessed us.” Thus he spake,
Nor spake unheeded : in the ample hall
His daughter heard, where, by the cedar fire,
Amidst her maidens, o’er the ivory loom
She passed the threads of gold. They hushed the song
Which, wafted on the fragrant breeze of night,
Swept o’er the city like the ringdove’s call ;
And forth with all her damsels Ada came,
As ’mid the stars the silver-mantled moon,
In stature thus and form pre-eminent,
Fairest of mortal maids. Her father saw
That perfect comeliness, and his proud heart
In purer bliss expanded. Long he gazed,
Nor wonder deemed that such should win the love

Of genius or of angel, such the cheek
Glossy with purple youth, such the large eye,
Whose broad black mirror, through its silken fringe,
Glistened with softer brightness, as a star
That nightly twinkles o'er a mountain well,
Such the long locks, whose raven mantle fell
Athwart her ivory shoulders, and overspread
Down to the heel her riment's filmy fold
She, bending first in meekness, rose to meet
Her sire's embrace, than him alone less tall,
Whom, since primeval Cain the sons of men
Beheld unvalled then, with rosy smile,
"What seeks," she said, "my father? Why remain
On thy lone tower, when from the odorous hearth
The sparkles rise within, and Ada's hand
Hath decked thy banquet?" But the king replied,—
"O fairest, happiest, best of mortal maids!
My prayer is heard, and from yon western star
Its lord hath looked upon thee as I sat
Watching the heavens, a heavenly spirit came
From him whom chiefest of the host of heaven
Our fathers honoured,—whom we nightly serve
(Since first Jehovah scorned such sacrifice)
With frankincense and flowers and oil and corn,

Our bloodless offering; him whose secret strength
Hath girded us to war, and given the world
To bow beneath our sceptre. He hath seen
My child that she is fair, and from her womb
Shall giants spring to rule the seed of Cain,
And sit on Jared's throne. What, silent!—nay,
Kneel not to me; in loud thanksgiving kneel
To him whose choice——Now by the glorious stars
She weeps, she turns away! Unhappy child!
And lingers yet thy mother's boding lore
So deeply in thy soul? Curse on the hour
That ever Jared bore a bride away
From western Eden! Have I trained thy youth
Untouched by mortal love, by mortal eyes
Seen and adored far off, and in the shrine
Of solemn majesty reserved a flower
Of guarded Paradise, whom men should praise,
But angels only gather? Have I toiled
To swell thy greatness, till our brazen chain
From farthest Ararat to ocean's stream
Hath bound the nations? And when all my vows
At length are crowned, and heav'n with earth conspires
To yield thee worship, dost thou then rebel,
And hate thy happiness? Bethink thee, maid,

Ere yet thine answer not to be recalled,
Hath passed those ivory gates—bethink thee well
Who shall recount the blessings which our gods
Have richly lavished on the seed of Cain?
And who if stung by thine ingratitude,
Can meet their vengeance? Then the maiden rose,
And folding on her breast her ivory arms,
“Father she said, thou deemst thy warrior gods
Are mighty—One above is mightier
Name Him they tremble. Kind thou callst them,
Lavish of blessings. Is that blessedness
To sin with them? to hold a hideous rule,
Watered with widows tears and blood of men,
O'er those who curse our name? Thy bands went forth,
And brought back captives from the palmy side
Of far Euphrates. One thou gavest me,
A woman for mine handmaid, I have heard
Her mournful songs as in the strangers land
She wept and plied the loom. I questioned her
Oh what a tale she told! And are they good,
The gods whose work these are? They are not good—
And if not good, not gods. But there is One
I know I feel a god, a Holy One,
The God who fills my heart when with glad tears,

I think upon my mother ; when I strive
To be like her, like her to soothe thy cares
With perfect tenderness. O father, king,
Most honoured, most beloved ! than Him alone
Who gives us all less worshipped ! at thy feet
I lowly cast me down ; I clasp thy knees,
And, in her name who most of womankind
Thy soul hath blessèd, by whose bed of death
In short-lived penitence thy sorrow vowed
To serve her God alone,—forgive me now
If I resemble her !” But in fierce wrath
The king replied,—“ And knowest thou not, weak girl,
Thy God hath cast us off ? hath scorned of old
Our fathers’ offering, driven us from His face,
And marked us for destruction ? Can thy prayer
Pierce through the curse of Cain—thy duty please
That terrible One, whose angels are not free
From sin before Him ?” Then the maiden spake :
“ Alas ! I know mine own unworthiness,
Our hapless race I know. Yet God is good ;
Yet is He merciful : the sire of Cain
Forgiveness found, and Cain himself, though steeped
In brother’s blood, had found it, if his pride
Hath not disdained the needful sacrifice,

And turned to other masters. One shall be,
In after times, my mother wont to tell,
Whose blood shall help the guilty When my soul
Is sick to death this comfort lingers here
This hope survives within me for His sake
Whose name I know not, God will hear my prayer,
And though He slay me I will trust in Him."
Here Ada ceased for from her father's eye
The fire flashed fast and on his curling lip
The white foam trembled Gone he cried all gone!
My heart's desire the labour of my youth
Nine ages solace gone! Degenerate child,
Enemy of our gods, chief enemy
To thine own glory! what torb do my foot
To spurn thy life out or th's dreadful hand
To cast thee from the tower a sacrifice
To those whom thou hast scorned? Accursed be thou
Of Him thou seekest in vain! accurs'd He
Whose hated worship hath enticed thy feet
From the bright altars of the host of heaven!
I curse Him—mark me well—I curse Him Ada!
And lo! He smiteth not! But Ada bowed
Her head to earth, and hid her face and wept
In agony of prayer Yea cried the king

“Yea, let Him smite me now, for what hath life
Left worth the keeping? Yet, I thank the stars,
Vengeance may yet be mine! Look up and hear
Thy monarch, not thy father! Till this hour
I have spared thy mother’s people, they have prayed
And hymned, and have blasphemed the prince of air;
And, as thou saidest, they have cursed my reign,
And I have spared them! But no longer—no!
Thyself hast lit the fire, nor Lucifer
Shall longer tax my sword for tardy zeal,
And thou shalt live to see it!” From his path
He spurned his prostrate child, and groaning, wrapt
The mantle round his face, and passed away
Unheard of her whom, stretched in seeming death,
Her maidens tended. Oh that in this hour
Her soul had fled indeed, nor waked again
To keener suffering! Yet shall man refuse
The bitter cup whose dregs are blessedness?
Or shall we hate the friendly hand which guides
To nobler triumph through severer woe?
Thus Ada murmured, thus within her spake
(In answer to such impious murmurings)
A spirit not her own. Stretched on her couch
She silent lay. The maidens had retired.

Observant of her rest. Her nurse alone,
Shaking and muttering with a parent's fear,
Knelt by her side, and watched her painful breath,
And the wild horror of her fixed eye,
And longed to hear her voice "Peninnah! thou'
My mother, is it thou? the princess cried,
And that old woman kissed her feet and wept
In rapturous fondness. 'Oh, my child! my child!
The blessing of thy mother's mighty God
Rest on thine innocent head, and 'quite thy love
For those kind accents. All, my lovely one,
All may be well Thy father dotes on thee,
And, when his wrath is spent, his love, be sure,
Will grant thee all thy will Oh, lamps of heaven!
Can ye behold her thus nor pity her?
Is this your love, ye gods?"—"Name not the gods,"
The princess cried, "the wretched gods of Cain
My mother's God be mine, they are no gods
Whose fleshly fancy doats on mortal clay,
Whose love is ruin! Thinkest thou thus right
I have first withstood their tempting?—first have proved
Their utter weakness?"—"Have the angels, then,
Visited thee of old?" the nurse inquired,
"Or hath thy father told thee of their love,

And thou hast kept it from me?" As she spake,
A bright and bitter glance of lofty scorn
Shot from the virgin's eyes. A mantling blush
Of hallowed courage darkened on her cheek;
She waved her arm as one whose kingly state
Repels intrusion from his privacy,
And answered, with a calm but painful smile:
'They are beside us now! Nay, quake not thus,—
I fear them not; yet they are terrible;
But they are past—resist them and they flee,
And all is peace again; yet have I groaned
Beneath such visitation, till my faith
In Him I serve hath almost passed away."
With that she rose, and wrapt in silent thought,
Gazed through the portal long,—then paced awhile
The marble pavement, now from side to side
Tossing her restless arms, now clasping close
Her hands in supplication, lifting now
Her eloquent eyes to heaven.—then sought again
Her lowly couch, and, by the nurse's side,
Resumed the wondrous tale. "O friend," she cried,
"And only mother now, yon silver moon
Has twenty times renewed her course in heaven,
Since, as my bosom o'er its girlish zone



With painful tightness rose, I bade thee change
The imprisoning cincture Canst thou yet recall
Thy playful words of pruse—thy prophecies
Of one to loose ere long that golden clasp,

A royal bridegroom? Strange to me, thy words
Sunk in my soul, and busy fancy strove
To picture forth that unknown visitant,
His form and bearing. Musing thus, and lost
In troubled contemplation, o'er my soul
A heavy slumber fell, I sank not down :
I saw, I heard, I moved ; the spell was laid
Within me, and from forth my secret heart
A stranger's accents came - ' O blessed maid !
Most beautiful, most honoured ! not for thee
Be mortal marriage, nor the feeble love
Of those whose beauty is a morning dream,
Whose age a shadow. What is man, whose day,
In the poor circuit of a thousand years,
Reverts again to dust ? Thee, maiden ! thee
The gods have seen : the never-dying stars
Gaze on thy loveliness, and thou shalt reign
A new Astarte. Bind thy flowing hair,
Brace on thy sandals, seek the myrtle grove
West of the city, and the cavern well,
Whose clear black waters from their silent spring
Ripple with ceaseless stir ; thy lover there
Waits thee in secret, and thy soul shall learn
The raptures of a god ! But cast away

THE WORLD BEFORE THE FLOOD

That peevish babble which thy mother gave,
Her hated talisman.' That word recalled
My straggling senses, and her dying prayer
Passed through my soul like fire,—the tempter fell
Abashed before it and a living voice
Of most true consolation o'er me came
Nor love nor fear them, Ada, love not them
Who hate thy mother's memory, fear not them
Who fear thy mother's God, for this she gave,
Prophetic of this hour, that graven gold,
Which bears the title of the Eternal One,
And binds thee to His service guard it well,
And guard the faith it teaches—safer so,
Than girt around by brazen walls and gates
Of sevenfold cedar' Since that hour, my heart
Hath kept its covenant, nor shrunk beneath
The spurs of evil yet, not so repelled,
They watch me in my walls, spy out my ways,
And still with fighly whispers vex my soul,
To seek the myrtle thicket. Bolder now
They speak of duty—of a father's will,
Now first unkind—a father's kingly power,
Tremendous when opposed. My God, they say,
Lads me revere my parent, will He guard

A rebel daughter? Wiser to comply,
Ere force compels me to my happiness,
And to my lover yield that sacrifice
Which else my foe may seize. O God ! great God !
Of whom I am, and whom I serve alone,
Be Thou my strength in weakness—Thou my guide,
And save me from this hour !” Thus, as she spake,
With naked feet and silent, in the cloud
Of a long mantle wrapt, as one who shuns
The busy eyes and babbling tongues of men,
A warrior entered ;—o’er his helm
The casque was drawn



MORTE D'ARTHUR.



A FRAGMENT.

Whom genius, moody guide I has led astray,

And pride has mocked, and want with chilling fears,
Quenched of each youthful hope the timid ray,
Yet envy not the great, yet envy not the gay!

II

Say, can the silken bed refreshment bring,

When from the restless spirit sleep retires,
Or, the sharp fever of the serpent's sting,
Pains it less shrewdly for his burnished spires?

Oh worthless is the bliss the world admires,
And helpless whom the vulgar mightiest deem,
Tasteless fruition, impotent desires
Pomp, pleasure, pride, how valueless ye seem
When the poor soul awakes, and finds its life a dream!

III

And those, if such may ponder o'er my song,
Whose light heart bounds to pleasure's minstrelsy,
To whom the fairy realms of love belong,
And the gay motley of young prosperity
Dance in thy sunshine and obscure thine eye,
Suspect of earthly good the gilded snare,
When sorrow wreathes her brow with revelry,

And friendship's hollow smiles thy wreck prepare !
Alas ! that demon forms should boast a mask so fair !

IV.

See'st thou yon flutterer in the summer sky,
Wild as thy glance and graceful as thy form ?
Yet, lady, know, yon beauteous butterfly
Is parent of the loathsome canker-worm,
Whose restless tooth, worse than December's storm,
Shall mar thy woodbine bower with greedy rage.—
Fair was her face as thine, her heart as warm,
Whose antique story marks my simple page ;
Yet luckless youth was hers, and sorrowful old age !

V.

'T was merry in the streets of Carduel,
When Pentecost renewed her festive call,
And the loud trumpet's clang and louder bell
The moss-grown abbey shook and bannered wall ;
And still, from bower to mass, from mass to hall,
A sea of heads throughout the city flowed ;
And, robed in fur, in purple, and in pall,
Of knights and dames the gaudy pageant yode,
And conquering Arthur last and young Ganora rode.

VI

Still as they passed, from many a scaffold high
 And window lattice scattered roses flew,
 And maidens, leaning from the balcony,
 Bent their white necks the stranger bride to view,
 Whom that same morn, or ere the sparkling dew
 Had from his city's herb-strewn pavement fled,
 A village maid, who rank nor splendour knew,
 To Mary's ash the conqueror's hand had led,
 To deck her monarch's throne, to bless her monarch's bed.

VII

Who then was joyful but the Lognan king?
 Not that his hand a fivefold sceptre bore,¹
 Not that the Scandian riven's robber wing
 Stooped to his dragon banner, and the shore
 Of peopled Gallia, and where ocean hour
 Girds with his silver ring the island green
 Of saints and heroes, not that paynim gore
 Clung to his blade, and, first in danger seen,
 In many a forward fight his golden shield had been

¹ King Arthur according to his historian Sir Thomas Malory reigned in Britain about the beginning of the sixth century. He conquered Ireland, France, Denmark, and Norway, and was victorious in several expeditions against the

VIII.

Nor warrior fame it was, nor kingly state

That swelled his heart, though in that thoughtful eye
And brow that might not, even in mirth, abate

Its regal care and wonted majesty,

Unlike to love, a something seemed to lie ;
Yet love's ascendant planet ruled the hour.

And as he gazed with lover's ecstasy
And blended pride upon that beauteous flower,
Could fame, could empire vie with such a paramour?

IX.

For many a melting eye of deepest blue,

And many a form of goodliest mould were there,
And ivory necks and lips of coral hue,

And many an auburn braid of glossy hair.

But ill might all those gorgeous dames compare
With her in flowers and bridal white arrayed ;

Was none so stately form nor face so fair

Saracens, many of whom he forcibly converted to Christianity. He instituted the Order of the Round Table, made by Merlin, "in token of the roundness of the world."—*Hist of Prince Arthur*, part 2, chap 50.

Traditionary traces of King Arthur, the loves of his Queen Guenever (or Ganore) and Sir Lancelot, with the adventures of the Knights of the Round Table, are still to be found in Wales and in parts of Shropshire.

As hers, whose eyes as mournful or afraid
Were big with heavy tears, the trembling village maid.

XL

Yet whoso list her dark and lucid eye,
And the pure witness of her cheek to read,
Might written mark in nature's registry,
That this fair rustic was not such indeed,
But high born offspring of some ancient seed
And sooth, she was the heir of Carmelide,
And old Ladugan's blood, whose daring deed
With rebel gore Lancastrian meadows dyed,
Or e'er that Uther's son his mightier aid supplied.

XLI

But, when the murderous Ryence's¹ archer band
With broad destruction swept the Ribble side
Ladugan forth from that devoted land
His daughter sent a smiling babe to bide
Where Derwent's lonely mirror dark and wide
Reflects the dappled heaven and purple steep
Unhonoured there, untowned and undescried,

¹ King of North Wales — EDIT

Till fate compelled her from her tended sheep,
In Arthur's kingly bower to wear a crown, and weep.

XII.

There are who teach such crystal drops express
(So near is each extreme of joy or woe)
Alike the burst of painful happiness,
And the still smart of misery's inward throe.
From man's perturbed soul alike they flow,
Where bitter doubt and recollected sorrow
Blend with the cup of bliss, and none can know
From human grief how short a space to borrow,
Or how the fairest eve may bring the darkest morrow.

XIII.

Say, fared it thus with young Ganore's heart?
Did hope, did Hymen call the rapturous tear?
Or mourned perchance the village maid to part
From all the kumble joys her heart held dear?
And, turning from that kingly front severe,
Roamed her sad memory o'er each milder grace
Of him, her earliest love, the forestere?
Ah, lost for ever now! yet sweet to trace
The silver studded horn, green garb, and beardless face.

XIV

The chanted anthem's heaven-ascending sound
Her spirit moved not with its sacred swell,
And all in vain, from twenty steeples round
Crashed with sonorous din the festive bell,
Upon her tranced ear in vain it fell !
As little marked she that the monarch's tongue
Would oft of love in courtly whisper tell,
While from the castle bridge a minstrel throng
To many a gilded harp attuned the nuptial song

XV

"Ah ! see,"—'t was thus began the lovely lay,—
"The warrior god hath laid his armour by,
And doth his deadly sword, awhile to play
In the dark radiance of Dione's eye,
Snared in her raven locks behold him lie,
And on her lap his dreadful head reclined
May every knight such silken fetters try,
Such mutual bands may every lady bind !
How blest the soldier's life if love were always kind !

XVI.

“O goddess of the soul-entrancing zone,
Look down and mark a fairer Venus here,
Called from her hamlet to an empire's throne,
As meet of womankind the crown to wear,
And of a nobler Mars the consort dear !
O fairest, mildest, best, by Heaven designed
With soothing smiles his kingly toil to cheer,
Still may thy dulcet chain the conqueror bind :
Sure earth itself were heaven if love were always kind !”

XVII.

So sang they till the gaudy train had past
The sullen entrance of that ancient tower,
Which o'er the trembling wave its shadow cast,
Grim monument of Rome's departed power.
That same, in Albion's tributary hour,
The Latian lords of earth had edified,
Which, all unharmed in many a martial stour,
Might endless as the steadfast hills abide,
Or as the eternal stream that crept its base beside.

XVIII.

And Arthur here had fixed his kingly see,
And hither had he borne his destined bride,
Amid those civil storms secure to be
That rocked the troublous land on every side.
For not the fell balista, bristling wide
With barbèd death, or whirling rocks afar,
Nor aught by that Trinacrian artist¹ tried
To save his leagured town, such strength could mar,
How easy then to mock the barbarous Saxon war¹

XIX.

Austere and stern, a warrior front it wore,
The long dim entrance to that palace pile,
And crispèd moss, and lichen ever hoar,
Trailed their moist tresses in the portal aisle.
But, past the gate, like some rude veteran's smile,
Kindly, through dark, a milder grace it showed,
And music shool the courts, and all the while
Fair strolling youths along the steepy road,
Fresh flowers before their feet and myrtle branches strowed

¹ Archimedes in defence of Syracuse — EDIT

XX.

By them they pass, and now the giant hall
 Bids to the train its oaken valves unfold,
 From whose high raftered roof and archèd wall
 Five hundred pennons, prize of war, unrolled,
 In various silk displayed and waving gold,
 The armories of many a conquered knight ;
 And some of Arthur's sword the fortune told,
 Of Gawain some, but most were redde aright,
 "These Lancelot du Lake achieved in open fight."

XXI.

Here I might sing (what many a bard has sung)
 Each gorgeous usage of that kingly hall ;
 How harp, and voice, and clashing goblet rung,
 Of page and herald, bard and seneschal.
 But antique times were rude and homely all ;
 And ill might Arthur's nuptial banquet vie,
 With theirs who nature's kindly fruits forestall,
 And brave the seas for frantic gluttony,
 And every various bane of every clime supply.

XXII

Not cared the king, a soldier tried and true,
 For such vain pampering of impure delight
 His toys, his guards, were all of manlier hue,—
 Swift steeds, keen dogs, sharp swords, and armour bright,
 Yet wanted nought that well became a knight
 Of seemly pomp the floor with rushes green,
 And smooth bright board with plenteous vands dight,
 That scant the load might bear, though well beseen
 With ribs and rafters strong, and ponderous oak between.

XXIII

And shame it were to pass the warrior state
 Of those, the favoured few, whose table round,
 Fast by their sovereign and his beauteous mate,
 Apart from all the subject train, was crowned,
 Whose manly locks with laurel wreaths were bound,
 And armine wrapt their limbs, yet on the wall
 Their helms, and spears, and painted shields, were found,
 And mails, and gilded greaves, at danger's call
 Aye prompt for needful use, whatever chance might fall.

XXIV.

And bounded high the monarch's heart of pride,
Who gazed exulting on that noble crew ;
And leaning to his silent spouse, he cried,
"Seest thou, Ganore, thy band of liegemen true ?
Lo, these are they whose fame the liquid blue
Of upper air transcends ; nor lives there one
Of all who gaze on Phoebus' golden hue,
From earth's cold circle to the burning zone,
To whom of Arthur's knights the toil remains unknown.

XXV.

"Yes, mark him well, the chief whose auburn hair
So crisply curls above his hazel eye,
And parted leaves the manly forehead bare.
That same is Gawain, flower of courtesy ;
Yet few with him in listed field may vie.
Gahriet the next, in blood the next and might ;
And Carados, whose lady's loyalty¹
The mantle gained and horn of silver bright ;
And stout Sir Kay, stout heart, but not so strong in fight.

¹ Sir Carados was the only knight of the Round Table who possessed a wife of fidelity sufficient to enable her to wear the enchanted mantle, and to wind the horn brought by a fairy to King Arthur's court.

XXVI

"But he, the best of all and bravest peer
That drinks this hour the crystal air of day,
The most renowned and to me most dear,
As ill befalls, is journeyed far away,
A strange and stern adventure to essay,
Whom Heaven defend, and to his friend's embrace
Again restless Lancelot convey!"
So spake the king, and, more his words to grace,
An unsuspected tear stole down his manly face.

XXVII

To whom with faltering voice Ganora spake,
"O happy knights of such a king" she said,
"And happy king for whose revered sake
So valiant knights unsheathe the deadly blade!
And worthless I, an untaught village maid,
In Arthur's court to fill the envied throne,
Who meetest far, in russet weeds arrayed,
Hast fed my flock on Skiddaw's summit lone,
Unknowing of mankind and by mankind unknown."

XXVIII.

The monarch smiled, a proud protecting smile,
That spoke her lovelier for her lowliness ;
And, bending from his loftier seat the while,
Hung o'er her heaving form, yet ill could guess
What terror strove within, what deep distress
Rose in her painful throat, while struggling there,
A stronger awe the sob would fain repress ;
Nor other cause he sought than maiden fear
To chill the shrinking hand, to call the trickling tear.

XXIX.

"Mine own Ganore !" he said, "my gentle maid !
Oh, deem not of thyself unworthily ;
By charms like thine a king were well repaid
Who yielded up for love his royalty.
And heroes old, and they that rule the sky,
Have sought in lowly cot, as fables tell,
A purer love than gems or gold can buy,
And beauty oftener found in mountain cell,
Than with the lofty dames in regal court who dwell.

XXX

"Go, ask the noblest of my knightly power,
Ask of Sir Lancelot, what secret pain
So oft hath drawn him forth at twilight hour,
To woods and wilds his absent love to plain,
Whom many a courtly fair hath sought in vain.
Oh, he will tell thee that the greenwood tree
Reliveth the hour of happier youth again,
When blithe he went to range the forest free,
With her, his earliest choice, the maid of low degree."

XXXI

He ceased, to whom the maiden nought replied,
But in the patience of her misery
Possessed her secret soul, and inly sighed
"Why ponder thus on what no more may be?
Why think on him who never thinks on thee?
For now seven autumns have with changing hue
Embrowned the verdure of our trysting tree,
Since that shrill horn the wonted signal blew,
Or that swift foot was heard brushing the twilight dew

XXXII.

"Then rouse thee yet thy silent griefs to bear,
And rein the troublous thoughts so far that rove :
Faithless or dead, he little needs thy care ;
And ill such thoughts a wedded wife behove ;
Then turn to him who claims thy plighted love ;
Nor weeping thus thine inward shame confess,
Whom knightly worth nor regal state may move ;
Nor he whom Albion's sister-islands bless
Can tame thy stubborn grief and minion frowardness !"

XXXIII.

So sadly passed the festal eve away,
While at each courteous word her bosom bled,
And every glance her heart could ill repay,
Through the chill conscience like a dagger sped.
Yet still with secret prayer her soul she fed,
And burst with holier thoughts each inward snare,
Which in that withered heart, where hope was dead.
Yet hopeless passion wove, and darkest there,
The dreadful whisper crept of comfortless despair.

XXXIV

And softer seemed her silent grief to flow,
And sweeter far her unrestrained tear,
While soft and sweet, a tale of tender woe
Iolo wove, the bard whose harp to hear
Even the rude warrior, leaning on his spear,
Pressed to the farther door and squire, and knight,
And lingering pages on those accents dear
Paused round the unserved board, and ladies bright,
Breathless, with lips unclosed, drank in the wild delight.

XXXV

A strange and melancholy tale it was,
"Of one who, for a tyrant uncle's right,
Lay b'eeding breathless, on the crimson grass,
All vainly victor in th' unequal fight.
And who is she whose hands of lily white,
Too beautiful leech ' his fest'ring hurt would bind?
Ah, fly thee princess, from the Cornish knight,¹
Who now preserved, a sorer fate must find,
By guilt, and late remorse, and hopeless passion pined.

¹ Tristan.

XXXVI.

"Yet pleasant was the dawn of early love,
And sweet the faery bowl of magic power!¹
But following mists the early heat reprove,
And April frosts abash the timid flower.
Behold him now at midnight's harmful hour,
His pale cheek pillowed on his trembling knees,
Whose frantic brain rejects the shelt'ring bower,
Whose parchèd bosom woos th' autumnal breeze,
And whose poor broken heart sighs with the sighing trees.

XXXVII.

"Ah! sweet it seemed when, through the livelong day,
'Mid tall Iërne's forest dark and wide,
In hunter garb he took his tireless way,

¹ Sir Tristan, being wounded in battle with Sir Marhans of Ireland, who had unjustly demanded *truage* from his uncle Sir Mark of Cornwall, was carried to Ireland, and there nursed by La beale Isonde (or Yseult), daughter to the king of that island. Some time after, Sir Mark, who was jealous of his nephew, sent him on what was considered a dangerous embassy, to demand Isonde in marriage of her father. Sir Tristan successfully accomplished his mission, and set off with his uncle's destined bride to return to Cornwall. On their voyage they unfortunately drank of a love potion prepared by Isonde's mother to be given to Sir Mark on their wedding day. The consequence was, "that by that their drink they loved each other so well as that their love never departed from them for weal or woe."—*Hist. of Prince Arthur*, part i. chap. 24.

Love in his breast and Yseult at his side !
Gone are those days ! 'O Yseult,' oft he cried,
'Relentless Yseult, beauteous enemy !
May happier fate thy gentle life betide,
Nor ever may'st thou waste a tear on me,
Nor guess the nameless tomb of him who pined for thee !'

XXXVIII

"'And Lancelot !' (for, lordings, well ye know
How Tnstan aye to Lancelot was dear)
Sur Lancelot ! he sang, of all below
The best, the bravest, and the worthiest peer !
'To thee my helm I leave, and shield and spear,
That not from harm their wretched lord might save
Yet, noblest friend, my last petition hear,
By thine own secret love a boon I crave,—
Defend mine Yseult's fame when I am laid in grave !'"

XXXIX

Here ceased the harp, but o'er its trembling chord
In silent grief the minstrel's sorrow fell,
And silence hushed the throng where all deplored
The recent woes of knight who loved so well,

And most had known the heir of Lionelle ;
And sweet it seemed for others' woe to weep
To her whose secret anguish none could tell ;
Yet nigh such strain could lull her pangs to sleep ;
And now the star of eve beamed o'er the twilight deep.

XL.

When, in that sober light and sadness still,
Arose a maddening hubbub hoarse and rude,
Like hunters on the brow of dewy hill,
And panting deer by nearer hounds pursued ;
And a cold shudder thrilled the multitude,
As, at the breath of that mysterious horn,
Each with inquiring gaze his neighbour viewed,
For never peal on woodland echoes borne,
So ghastly and so shrill awoke the spangled morn.

XLI.

At once the steely bars in twain were rent ;
At once the oaken valves asunder flew ;
And warrior breasts, in iron corslets pent,
Their tightened breath with painful effort drew ;

For louder, louder far the tumult grew,
That earth's firm planet quaked at the din,
And the thick air assumed a browner hue,
Such as on Nilus' bank hath whilom bin
When Amram's mighty son rebuked the tyrant's sin.

XLII

And through the portal arch that opened wide
(How came she or from whence no thought could tell)
The wedding guests with fearful wonder eyed
A hind of loveliest mould, whose snowy fell
Was dyed, alas ! with dolorous vermeil
For down her ruffled flank the current red
From many a wound issued in fatal well,
As staggering faint with feeble haste she sped,
And on Ganora's lap reclined her piteous head.

XLIII

With claws of molten brass, and eyes of flame,
A grisly troop of hell hounds thronging near,
And on her foamy steed a damsel came,
A damsel fair to see, whose maiden cheer

But ill beseemèd the ruthless hunting spear ;
Whose golden locks in silken net were twined,
And pure as heaving snow her bosom dear ;
Yet ceased she not that dreadful horn to wind,
And strained a quivering dart, for fatal use designed.

XLIV.

Reckless of loathèd life, and free from stain
Of deep transgression, could Ganora fear ?
Forlorn herself, she felt for others' pain,
And cast her sheltering robe around the deer.
To whom that magic maid with brow severe
And glaring eye, " Oh, doomed to lasting woe,
Waste not, unhappy queen, thy pity here,
Nor bid my righteous rage its prey forego,
Who keener pangs thyself, Ganora, soon shalt know !

XLV.

" Poor withered heart, that hid'st from human eye
The bitter secret of thine inward wound !
Go, doff the cumbrous garb of royalty,
And seek betimes the cloister's sacred bound.

Ah, warned in vain ! I hear the claron sound,
 Rings to the chargers tread the shadowy glen,
 For thee for thee the guarded list is crowned,
 For thee dark treason quits her snaky den,
 The battle's roar resounds for thee, and groans of mangled
 men !

XLVI.

"Heap high the wood, and bid the flames aspire !
 Bind her long tresses to the accursèd tree !
 A queen a queen must feed the funeral fire !"
 Ah ! hope not thou, though love shall set thee free,
 With that restorèd love in peace to be
 And shall my country bend her awful head
 To lick the bitter dust of slavery ?
 Illustrious isle ' is all thy glory fled ?
 How soon thy knightly boast is numbered with the dead !

¹ Queen Guinevere (or Ganora) was twice brought to the stake for treason towards the latter end of Arthur's reign and twice delivered by Sir Lancelot du Lac who on the second occasion carried her off to his castle of Joyous Gard. Thither Arthur pursued her and though Lancelot tried to persuade him to "take his queen into his good grace for that she was both fair and just and true" he would not receive her again till after the shewing of much knightly blood the Pope issued a bull commanding him upon pain of interdicting of all England that he take his queen dame Guinevere to him again, and accord with Sir Lancelot. — *Hist. of Prince Arthur* part II. chap. 154.

XLVII.

"Yet art thou safe, and Arthur's throne may stand."

(Down from the lofty saddle bending low,
The dart she proffered to Ganora's hand.)

"Nay, shrink not, maiden, from the needful blow,
Nor spare, in yonder hind, thy fiercest foe,
Whose secret hate from forth her dark recess
Besets thy guiltless life with snares of woe.
Take, take the steel ! thy wrongs and mine redress ;
Mercy were impious here !—be strong, be merciless !"

XLVIII.

Giddy and faint, unknowing where she was,
Or if, indeed, were sooth that ghastly view,
Pale as some wintry lake, whose frozen glass
Steals from the snow-clad heaven a paler hue,
Ganora sate ; but still to pity true,
Her milk-white arms around the quarry spread,
Then raised to heaven her eyes of mildest blue,

On Arthur's death, Guenever retired into a nunnery at Almesbury, and Lancelot into a hermitage near Glastonbury.

And to her cheek returned a dawning red,
As, with collected soul, she bowed herself, and said —

XLIX.

“And I can suffer! let the storm descend,
Let on this helpless head the thunder break,
Yet exercised in grief, yet, God to friend,
I can endure the worst for mercy's sake
No, wretched suppliant!” (to the hind she spake
That licked her hand, and with large tearful eye
Dwelt on her gentle face) “thy fears forsake!
Be thou my friend, I doom thee not to die,
And thy mute love shall cheer my joyless royalty”

L.

“Have then thy wish!” the spectre damsel cried,
And called her dogs, and wheeled her courser round,
And with the javelin smote his quivering side,
When, swifter than the rocket's fiery bound,
Aloft they sprang, huntress, and horse, and hound,
And, dimly mixing with the horizon grey,
Fled like a winged dream, yet traces found

Of gore and talons told their recent way ;
And still before the queen that wounded quarry lay.

LI.

How fares the knightly court of Carduel ?

How fare the wedding guests and warrior throng,
Where all conspired the nuptial mirth to swell,
The dance, the feast, the laugh, the wine, the song ?
Oh, they are silent all ! the nimble tongue
Of him whose craft, by motley kirtle known,
Had graver wits with seeming folly stung ;
The vaunting soldier and the simpering crone,
And breathed in beauty's ear the sighs of softest tone.

LII.

As one who, stretched upon a battle-field,
Looks to the foeman's hand who laid him low,
And with faint effort rears his broken shield,
And dreads, where needeth none, a second blow ;
Or likest him who, where the surges' flow
Bares the bleak surface of some wave-beat steep,
A shipwrecked man, expects in breathless woe,

Till the returning wave, with giant sweep,
Unlock his desperate hold, and overwhelm him in the deep.

LIII

So blended fears, the future and the past,
The past yet seen by terror's glazed eye,
That, tearless still and wild, those phantoms traced,
Peopling the twilight's dismal vacancy
With fancied shapes and shades of fiendish dye,
The future wildest, darkest, unexpressed,
Danger untrod, unfancied agony,
In the mute language of dismay confest,
Thrilled in the bristling hair, throbbed in th' expanded breast.

LIV

Sternly the monarch rose, and o'er his brow
A horrent pang of dark anxiety
Shot like the stormy shadow, scudding low
Along the surface of the purple sea.
A smile succeeded. Not to mine, or me,
Be that portentous smile of hate and scorn,
Which each strong furrow, stronger made to be

By toil, and care, and ruthless passion worn,
And recollected guilt of youth's tempestuous morn !

LV.

"Sister !" he spake (half uttered, half repress,
From his shut teeth the sullen accents stole) ;
"And deem'st thou, sister, that thine arts unblest
Can tame the settled bent of Arthur's soul ?
No ; let the stars their fiery circles roll ;
Let dreams of woe disturb the prophet's breast :
Can these, or those, the warrior's will control ?
'Tis chance, 'tis error all !—Oh, trusted best !
Be thou mine omen, sword ! I reck not of the rest !"

LVI.

The wedded pair are to their chamber gone,
While minstrel sounds of breath, and beat, and string
Pour on the dewy breeze their blended tone ;
And wreathèd maidens, linked in jocund ring,
"Hymen !" around them, "Io, Hymen !" sing.
So, trampling roses in their path, they sped,
The veiled bride and the triumphant king,

MORT D'ARTHUR

A festal glare while hundred torches shed,
Tinging the cheek of night with all unwonted red.





CANTO II.

I.

BLEST is the midnight of the cradled boy,
Along whose dimply cheek in slumbers mild
The warm smile basks of visionary joy ;
And blest is she who by her sleeping child
Has the long hours in watchful love beguiled ;

And blest the weary man whose wistful eyes
From his tall frigate scan the ocean wild,
When the fair beacon paints the ruddy skies,
And on his tearful heart the thoughts of home arise,

II.

And dear to faithful love that lovely hour,
And dear to him beyond the beam of day,
Who tracks the footsteps of Eternal Power,
Where the broad heavens their starry map display
Guilt, only guilt, detests the silent ray
Of that soul searching moon, whose lustric sad
Restores neglected conscience to her sway,
And latter memory of all things bad,
In crowds forgotten erst, or drowned in revel mad.

III.

The hall was silent, and the tapers light
Had faded from the walls of Carduel,
Which late, through many a window's latticed height,
On the dark wave in fitful lustre fell,
And far and faintly pealed the drowsy bell

That wakes the convent to unwilling prayer :

When she, that seeming hind of snowy fell,
Erect upstarted from her secret lair,
Erect, in awful grace, a woman goodly fair.

IV.

Dark o'er her neck the glossy curls descending
Half hid and half revealed her ivory breast ;
And dark those eyes, where pride with sorrow blending,
Of hate and ruth a mingled tale confest.
Her wreath was nightshade, and her sable vest,
All spangled o'er with magic imagery,
In tighter fold her stately form exprest,
As when the empress of the silent sky
Explores her sleeping love on Latmos' summit high ;

V.

Or likest her whose melancholy feet
In Stygian valleys wander lonelily,
Singing sad airs, and culling flowers sweet,
(Yet sweeter flowers in Enna wont to be)
Daughter of Ceres, sad Persephone !

Oh ! not of hell the adamantine throne
Nor golden bough from Acherusan tree,
Can for the balmy breeze of heaven atone
Or match the common light of earth's supernal zone !

VI.

So sad, so beautiful, so sternly bright
Slipping the silent air with magic tread,
And fairer seen beneath the fair moonlight,
That elfin lady stood by Arthur's bed
A tear, in spite of strong disdain, she shed,
One little tear, as o'er the sleeping twain
Her dark eye glanced then, with averted head,
"Ye whom I serve, forgive this transient pain,
I little thought," she sighed, "that Morgue would weep
again."

VII

Again she gazed, again a softer dew
Dimmed of her lucid eye the fiery ray,
As sad remembrance wakened at the view
Of those who wept in dewy slumber lay
Nor could the Chuan's mimic art display

A goodlier pair ; yet did Ganora's cheek
A hectic flush unlike to joy display ;
And from her half-closed lips, in accent weak,
Would ever and anon a mournful murmur break.

VIII.

"O brother once most dear," the faëry said,
"A little while sleep on, a little while
On that warm breast pillow thy careless head,
And bless thy waking eyes with beauty's smile.
But danger hovers near, and thorny guile,
And jealous love that borders close on hate,
And angry doubt in impotent turmoil,
Whose murderous purpose not for proof shall wait,
With following sorrow joined, and penitence too late !

IX.

"And thou, poor victim of another's crime,
Hell knows I hate not thee,—thy simple breast
Sought not to so sad eminence to climb ;
Yet can I bear to see Ganora blest,
Who blesses him my foe ? Oh, dire unrest !

O Morgue, condemned with frustrate hope to groan !
I sought to lure her from her cottage nest ,
I sought to plant her on an empire's throne ,
I sought and I obtained would it were all undone !

X.

"For this alas ! I watched those opening charms
In the cool covert of her native grove,
And with a mother's hope, for Modred's arms
Foredoomed Ganora's crown-compelling love !
Now shall that spellbound life a bulwark prove
To Arthur's reign ! Ah me ! whose feeble power
In fate's perplexing maze with Merlin strove,
And with my rival of the watery bower,
Of that too potent Mage the elfin paramour !

XI

"What yet remains ?—to blast with muttered spell
The budding promise of their nuptial bed ,
Of jealous doubt to wake the inward hell,
And evil hopes of wandering fancy bred !'
She spake, and from her dewy chaplet shed

Pernicious moisture o'er each dewy limb,
And such strange words of imprecation said,
That Heaven's own ever-burning lamp grew dim,
And shudd'ring, ceased awhile the saints' triumphal hymn.

XII.

But all in vain o'er young Ganora's breast,
Guarded by prayer, the demon whisper stole ;
Sorrow, not sin, disturbed that tranquil rest ;
Yet 'gan her teeth to grind and eyes to roll,
As troublous visions shook her sleeping soul ;
And scalding drops of agony bedewed
Her feverish brow more hot than burning coal.
Whom with malignant smile the faery viewed,
And through the unopened door her nightly track pursued,

XIII.

Like as that evil dame whose sullen spell,
To love dire omen, and to love's delight
(If all be sooth that ancient rabbins tell),
With death and danger haunts the nuptial night,
Since Adam first her airy charms could slight ;

Her Judah's daughters scare with thrilling cry,
"Lalith! fell Lalith!"¹ from her viewless flight,
What time with flowers their jetty locks they tie,
And swell the midnight dance with amorous harmony

XIV

With slope flight winnowing the winds of heaven,
So sped King Uther's child, till her dark eye
Glanced on a stately knight, whose steps uneven
And folded arms might inward grief imply,
Or love's wild sting, or cankered jealousy,
Above whose lucid mail and shoulders strong,
The furred mantle flowed of royalty,
And, coiled around his crest, a dragon long
Upwreathed its golden spires the wavy plumes among.

XV

Alone he paced, from all the band afar
Who kept with equal watch their sovereign's bower

¹ The Jews have a tradition that, before the creation of Eve Adam was married to an aerial being named Lalith to revenge his deserting her for an earthly rival, she is supposed to hover round the habitation of new-married persons, showering down imprecations on their heads. The attendants on the bride spend the night in going round the house and uttering loud screams to frighten her away

Alone with gloomy mien and visage bare,
 Courting the cool breeze of that early hour.
Of sterner eye than Arthur's, and the flower
Of youth as yet on his dark features glowed ;
 Yet seemed like Arthur's brows his brows to lower ;
The same of giant height his stature showed,
His raven locks the same, but not with silver strowed.

XVI.

"Modred !" in accent low and bending near,
 "Modred, my son !" the beauteous faery said,
"Ah ! wherefore at my voice that glance severe,
 And that dear cheek suffused with angry red ?
 Yes, I deserve thy frown ; thy mother's head,
Child of my pangs, thy keenest curse shall bear,
 Who with warm hope thy young ambition fed,
And weaved the secret spell with nightly care,
Vain hopes and empty spells to win thy promised fair !

XVII.

'And com'st thou yet, mother unfortunate !
 To mock with dreams of transport and of power

My gloomy path, whom, with a common hate,
Since first thy shame disgraced my natal hour,
Of Heaven the curses, and of hell, devour?
What spellbound virgin may thy charms pursue?
What hovering diadems in golden shower
Shall mock mine oft-defeated hopes anew?"
He ceased, and o'er his eyes his hollow beaver drew

XVIII

To whom, deep sighing, Uther's daughter spake
"Ah! never mote may mother hope to find,
Who weeps and watches for her infant's sake,
The boy obedient, or the warrior kind
Our toil, our hope is theirs, our heart, our mind,
For them we meditate, for them we pray,
The soul for them in sinful chain we bind,
And for their weal we cast our own away,
Yet when did filial love a parent's grief repay?"

XIX

"O thou, for whom of mortal things alone,
Unthankful as thou art, yet ever dear,

My soul bends downwards from its cloudy zone,
And on mine elfin cheek a mortal tear
Warm lingering, tells me of the times that were !
Accursèd for whose sake, my restless wing
And more than mother's pangs condemned to bear,
(Till time and fate mine hour of torment bring),
Circles the arch of heaven in melancholy ring !

XX.

"My son ! by all I feel, by all I dread,
If either parent's fate thy sorrow move
(A father slain, a mother worse than dead),
Grudge not the little payment of thy love,
Nor scorn my power ! though spell unfaithful prove,
Though Merlin's mightier skill my hope have crost,
Yet not the fiends below, nor saints above,
Nor elfin tribes in airy tempests tost,
Can tame my steadfast will. All, Modred, is not lost !"

XXI.

"Then tell me," cried the youth, "who was my sire,
And wherefore thou, estranged from mortal clay,

Bearest so dark a doom of penal fire,
A wretched wanderer on the heavens' highway,
Once Albion's princess, now an elfin grey?
Too long thou trest with boding saws my breast,
Mocking thy son with phantoms of dismay,
Whose ardent soul, by feverish doubt opprest,
Burns o'er the unfinished tale, and longs to hear the rest."

XXII

The fiëry grasped his mailed hand, and led
Where the deep waters, rolling silently,
Beneath the western gate their murmur spread,
And on the giant walls and arches high
A lonely horror sate continually
No warder there with beacon flaming bright
Needed with weary pace his watch to ply,
Put cold and calm the sinking stars of night
Played on the rippling wave with ineffectual light.

XXIII

There, where adown the solitary steep,
With foxglove twined, and mosses silver grey,

A trickling runnel seemed the fate to weep
Of one whose rustic tomb beside it lay,
That lovely sorceress bent her mournful way ;
And gathering strength,—“ Behold the honours here
Bestowed by Arthur on thy parent’s clay !
Behold ! forgive, my boy, this coward tear ;
Blood, blood alone should soothe the ghost who wanders
near !

XXIV.

“He, when of downy youth the vernal light
Played on thy mother’s cheek now wan with care,
And many a peer of fame, and many a knight,
To Britain’s princess poured the tender prayer,
He, only he, the valiant and the fair,
To this weak heart an easy entrance found ;
An humble squire ; but not an empire’s heir
Could vie with Paladore on listed ground ;
With every manly grace and every virtue crowned.

XXV.

“Oh, days of bliss ; oh, hope chastised by fear !
When on my lap reclined the careless boy,

Chid my faint sighs, and kissed my falling tear !
He knew not, he, what bitter doubts annoy
Of unpermitted love the trembling joy
He knew not till my brother's thirsty blade
Flashed o'er his head, unpetuous to destroy
I clasped the tyrant's knees I wept, I prayed
O God, on Arthur's soul be all my griefs repaid !

XXVI

"When from a trance of senseless agony
I woke to keener pangs, by frenzy stung,
Reckless of Arthur's late repentant cry,
Fire in my brain and curses on my tongue,
From yonder cliff my wretched frame I flung,
Alas ! the enchanted wind my weight upbore,
While in mine ears an elvish chorus rung,—
'Come, kindred spirit, to our cloudy shore !
With lays, thyself a lay, come wander evermore !'

XXVII

"Since, on the rolling clouds or ocean blue,
Or 'twixt the secrets of our nether sphere,

The goblin leader of a goblin crew,
I wander wide ; but ill may mortal ear
Of faëry land the mystic revels hear.
Short be my tale ! One earthly thing alone,
One helpless infant to my heart was dear,
Bright in whose eyes his either parent shone,
Reared by their pitying foe,—my son, my blessed son !”

XXVIII.

She ceased, and round his linkèd hauberk threw
Her mother's arms, and on his iron breast
(The rough mail moistening with tender dew)
A kiss, the seal of bitter love, imprest.
He, stern and dark, no kindly glow confest,
With face averted and with frozen eye,
Where softer passion never dared to rest,
But cunning seemed with sullen pride to vie,
Calm, calculating hate, and damnèd cruelty.

XXIX.

“How I have trained thee, with what potent charms
My magic càre thy tender frame imbued,

How nursed thy youth for empire and for arms,
And how in Derwent's mountain solitude
I reared thy destined bride," the fay pursued,
"And what strange chance o'erthrew mine airy skill,
Alas! thou knowest it all, yet to delude
The force we cannot stem is triumph still,
And from reluctant fate t' extort our good or ill.

XXX

"O earth! how many wonders wonderful
In thy large lap and parent bosom lie,
Which whoso knows (few knew them all) to cull,
May drag the struggling planets from on high,
And turn the land to sea, the sea to dry,
Yea, not man's will, by God created free,
Can match their strange mysterious potency,
Nor love nor hate so firmly fixed be
But love must yield, and hate, to magic's dark decree.

XXXI

"A ring there is of perfect diamond stone,
Such as no mining slave is trained to seek,

Nor Soldan numbers on his orient throne,
Nor diving Ethiop from his sultry creek
Has borne so rich a prize ; for who shall speak
What unseen virtues in its orbit dwell ?
Press it, the fiends attend in homage meek ;
Turn it, the bearer walks invisible ;
Ah ! who the hidden force of smallest things may tell ?

XXXII.

“That same to one of regal race I lent,
Who now perforce must render back the prize,
For of his stars the danger imminent,
And guiltless blood loud crying to the skies
Alarm all hell : do thou as I desire ;
This selfsame morn depart for Scottish land,
There Urgan seek, King Pellea’s uncle wise,
And bid him yield to thy deputed hand
That ring of diamond stone, for such is Morgue’s command.

XXXIII.

“Have we not heard how shepherd Gyges bare,
By like deceit, from old Candaule’s bed,

In naked beauty seen, the Lydian fair,
And kingly circle from his dotard head,
Thenceforth himself a king? "1—" No more!" he said—
"Mother, no more! or ere the sun's bright round
Have tinged yon eastern cloud with lively red,
My fiery steed shall paw the spangled ground,
And on the Cattaeth's side my clashing arms resound."

XXXIV

Like as the hawk from hidden durance free
Springs from the falconer's wrist, the eager knight,
His dark cheek warm with savage ecstasy,
Burst from his parent's hold. She with delight
His warrior mien beheld and giant height,
Awhile beheld, then, rapt in mist away,
Back to the bridal turret bent her flight,
There closely couched amid the rushes grey,—
O power of wicked spells!—a seeming hind she lay

1 It is related of Gyges that he descended into the earth where he discovered a large horse made of brass and within it the body of a man of gigantic stature on whose finger was a brazen ring. This ring possessed the power of making its wearer invisible and with its assistance he gained access into the palace, murdered the king, whose throne he afterwards occupied and married the queen.

XXXV.

By this the fiery-wheeled charioteer
Had raised above the fringed hills his head,
And o'er the skies in molten amber clear
A flood of life and liquid beauty shed,
When sun-like rising from his fragrant bed,
All glorious in his bliss, the bridegroom king
Passed to the common hall, and with him led,
Blushing and beauteous as that morn of spring,
The fair foredoomed cause of Albion's sorrowing.

XXXVI.

The mass was ended, and the silver tone
Of shawm and trumpet bade the courtier crew
In martial pastime round their monarch's throne
That livelong day their mimic strife pursue,
As each the thirst of various pleasure drew :
Some launched the glossy bowl in alleys green,
Some the stiff bar with sturdy sinews threw,
Some in bright arms and wavy plumage seen,
Wielded the quivering lance the guarded lists between.

XXXIX.

Like as that lovely month to lovers dear,
 Unlocks the green bud on the scented spray,
And laps in freshest flowers the tender year,
 And tunes the songs of nature,—blessèd May;
 Such was the joy this damsel to survey.
But that deceitful hind who by the bride,
 Licking her hand, in treacherous fondness lay,
Arose, and skulking to the farther side,
In guilty darkness sought her harmful head to hide.

XL.

Alighting from her steed, some little space
 Propt on that antique sword the maiden leant;
While silence gave her blushing cheek more grace,
 And her warm tears, touchingly eloquent,
 Through warrior hearts a pleasing anguish sent.
Then with collected voice she told her grief,
 Of bitter wrong and treason imminent,
Done to her kindred by a Scottish chief,
'Gainst whom at Arthur's court she, suppliant, sought
 relief.

XLI.

Her lands he wasted, and with tortuous wrong
Herself had banished from her native right,
A felon warrior neither bold nor strong,
But safe and reckless of all human might
By charms impregnable and magic sleight.
' For as some evil thought, he walks unseen
Scattering around in murderous despoil
From viewless bow his arrows deadly keen,
That strength and courage fail to oppose so fatal teen.'

XLI.

"Alas!" said Arthur, ' and can mortal wight
With trenchant steel a viewless life invade,
Or probe with dagger point his pall of night?"
' Who," she replied can draw this charmed blade
Worn by my sire on him my doom is laid.
But now seven years through many a distant land,
Patient of ill, my weary course has strayed,
Nor knight is found so brave whose stainless hand
Can from its burnished sheath unlock my fatal brand."

XLIII.

She ceased, and through the crowded fort there spread
A deep hoarse murmur, as th' autumnal sound
In hazel bower, when Sherwood's rustling head
Shakes in the blast, and o'er the dusty ground
And in mid sky the falling leaves abound.
Beneath her bramble screen the crouching hare
Erects her ears, and quaking as astound,
Shrinks from the breath of that inclement air,
And the fast driving sleet that strips the branches bare.

XLIV.

Then sudden from a hundred tongues arose
Harsh words and high, and hand to hilt was laid,
And taunt and threat portended deadly blows,
Each claiming for himself that charmed blade,
And envied guidance of the noble maid.
But Arthur, rising from his gilded throne,
"Back, O ye your lives, presumptuous subjects!" said,
"For this I resign to none,
Not Lancelot : myself, of knights the paragon!"

XLV.

Awed, yet reluctant, back the crowd withdrew
While Arthur from the maid her sword required,
And poising in his hands, with curious view,
Its antique frame and massy weight admired.
Then bending low, with grapple might desired
Forth from its silver sheath the blade to strain,
Which, following for a space, again retired,
Mocking with magic sleight his fruitless pain,
Seven times the king essayed,—seven times essayed in vain.

XLVI.

As some stout churl by sinewy toil embrowned,
Foiled by a stranger in the wrestler's play,
Arises, mourning, from the plashy ground,
His battered limbs and face deformed with clay,
And cursing oft that luckless holiday,
So Arthur back the charmed steel restored,
And turned with sullen scowl his eyes away,
As many a knight of fame and warlike lord
In long succession strove to drag that fatal sword.

XLVII.

But not, Sir Carados, thine iron arm,
Nor Kay's stout heart and vaunted pedigree,
Nor Gahriet's youthful grace could break the charm,
Nor Gawain's force and faith and courage free ;
Though when he strove, the knight of courtesy,
The conscious sword awhile his hand obeyed,
That men a span's length of its edge might see,
As sunbeam radiant and with gold inlaid ;
Yet would not all suffice to bare that stubborn blade.

XLVIII.

Whereat the damsel made exceeding moan,
Shedding salt tears ; nor did her sorrow spare
Her breast more lovely white than marble stone,
Nor the long radiance of her sunny hair ;
That not the rudest groom such sight could bear :
But sudden murmur through the palace spread,
" Alas the while, that Lancelot were there !
Then had not Arthur's court been shamed," they said,
" Nor those love-darting eyes so bitter fountains shed."

XLIX.

A knight there was, whose erring hardihood
And fiery soul that insult ill could bear,
Had bathed his falchion in Cucullin's blood,
Who yearly made to Britain's court repair
(Haughty Cucullin, Erin's haughty heir),
Condemned for this (such vengeance Arthur vowed)
To the chill dungeon's damp and stony bar,
Through the close-grated loop he called aloud,
And what that tumult meant besought the passing crowd.

L

Which when he heard, so strangely confident,
With such warm hope he craved his chance to try,
That through the court a louder murmur went,
As pity kindled into mutiny,
And Arthur, yielding to his people's cry,
"Let him come forth"—his doom in sooth was hard;
A soldier's fault!" he muttered carelessly,
"And knight so long in listless prison barred
Has well such fault atoned—Go, bring him hitherward."

LI.

So was Sir Balin brought before the throne,
A gaunt and meagre man, of hue forlorn ;
For forty months of lingering care were gone
Since on his flinty couch the smile of morn
Had rested, or, on dewy pinions borne,
The fragrant summer blest his solitude.
His limbs were with the linkèd iron worn,
And his long raven hair in tresses rude
Hung o'er his hollow cheeks, with prison damps embued.

LII.

Around him wildly gazing (for his sight
Shrank from th' unwonted beam of perfect day,
And those embattled guards, whose armour bright
Flashed in the sunshine like the torch's ray),
He to the stranger damsel bent his way.
And, "Lady, scorn me not ! the time has been
Or ere this bondage," he began to say,
"That gayer robes, and knights of statelier mien,
Have felt mine arm as strong, my lance as deadly keen."

LIII

"I pray thee give the sword!"—the sword she gave;
"Long, very long it seems," the captive cried,
"Since these poor hands have felt a battle glove!"
Yet as the pommel's wieldy grasp he tried,
Dawned on his hollow cheek a martial pride,
And the dark smile of warrior ecstasy
Across his careworn visage seemed to glide,
And, flashing like a meteor to the sky,
Forth sprang the charmed blade, the blade of victory!

LIV

Say, have ye marked what winged moments fall
Between the distant cannon's flash and roar?
Such was the pause ensued, and such the swell
Of following rapture shook the ocean shore.
Rung every vaulted gate and turret hoar,
Rung the far abbey spires and cloistered bound,
While, as they sailed the moss grown rampart o'er,
The sea bird reeled on giddy pinions round,
And the wood fringed rocks returned a hollow sound.

LV.

When all was hushed, the not unmindful king
From Balin bade the guard unloose his chain,
While robes of knightly blue the pages bring,
And furrèd mantle of majestic train.
He, with a settled smile of calm disdain,
Received the gifts ; but when his well-known mail,
And shield, and rusted helm were brought again,
Quaked his dark lip, and voice began to fail,
And the fast-falling tear bedewed his features pale.

LVI.

So when the feast was ended in the hall,
Nor longer would remain th' impatient maid,
Though Arthur much, and much his nobles all,
But most her presence young Ganora prayed ;
To each with courtly smile her thanks she paid,
And graceful on that docile palfrey sprung ;
While close beside, in wonted steel arrayed,
Victorious Balin's clashing armour rung,
Whom many a knight beheld, with serpent envy stung.

LXI

And think'st thou, man, thy secret wish to shroud

In the close bosom's callèd sepulchre?

Or, wrapt in saintly mantle from the crowd,

To hug thy darling sin that none may see?

A thousand thousand eyes are bent on thee,

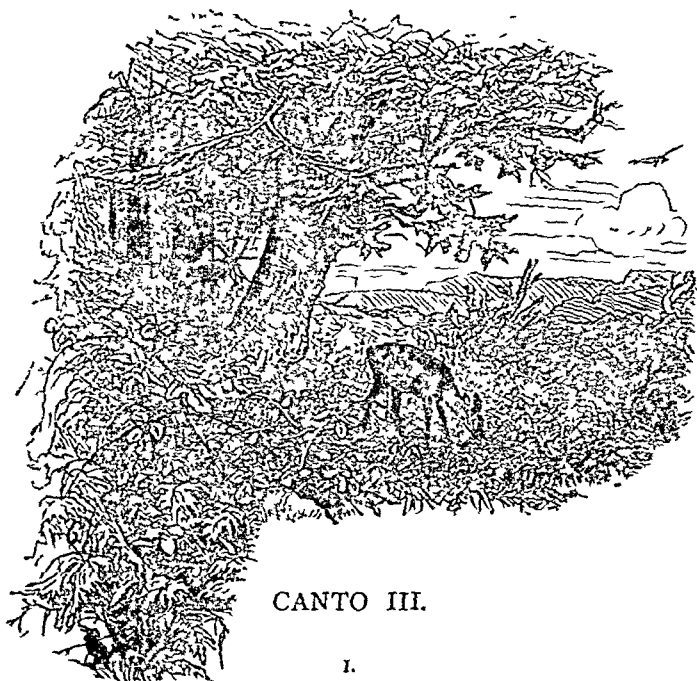
And where thy bolts the babbling world exclude,

And in the darkness where thou lov'st to be,

A thousand thousand busy sprites intrude

Earth, air, and heaven are full,—there is no solitude.





CANTO III.

I.

WHEN I rehearse each gorgeous festival,
And knightly pomp of Arthur's elder day,
And muse upon these Celtic glories all,
Which, save some remnant of the minstrel's lay,
Are melted in oblivious stream away
(So deadly bit the Saxon blade and sore),
Perforce I rue such perilous decay,
And, reckless of my race, almost deplore
That ever northern keel deflowered the Logrian shore.

II

O thou the ancient genius of the land,
Who wont on old Belusium's sunny steep,
And nigh the holy mount, with armed hand,
In vision dimly seen, thy watch to keep,
Our angel guard, whose eagle pinions sweep
In circling flight around his rock built nest,
Now soaring high, now dark'ning half the deep,
The broad wave bursting with his shadowy breast,
Oh, did not his lament foreshow the nearer pest?

III

Say, did not he, when Hengist ploughed the main,
With gathering mist the conqueror's track dismay,
And smite his radiant brows in parent pain
And sadly rend his samplure wreath away?
No, brighter beamed his prescient eye that day,
And as the proud bark swept the waters free,
He bade the rustling waves around it play,
While softly stole across the sunny sea
From many a twisted shell the mermaids' harmony

IV.

Now forty times the golden-haired dawn
Had sprung from old Tithonus' dewy bed,
And forty times across the fading lawn
Had summer eve her filmy mantle spread,
Since young Ganore to Mary's aisle was led
A pensive bride ; and yet, I wot not why,
But those who best could read her blushes said,
Not now so much she drooped the timid eye,
Nor paid her Arthur's warmth with so cold courtesy.

V.

She was his wife ! for this she strove to bear
Of that portentous eye the tawny glow ;
And those deep indents of ambitious care
That mapped his dark and melancholy brow.
She was beloved ; for well the fair might know
How that stern heart was fixed on her alone,
When, melted all in love's delirious flow,
The vanquished victor at her feet was thrown ;
And she was inly vain to feel such power her own.

VI

So was she pleased herself who sought to please,
Till on a day when all the court would ride
To drink in Cattraeth's woods the cooler breeze,
And rouse the dun deer from Terwathlm's side,
It chanced the queen within her bower to hide,
As one in boisterous pastime rarely seen,
Who little loved the hunter's cruel pride,
Or maddening shout that rends the forest green,
Or their poor quarry's groan the bugle notes between.

VII

Loth was her lord to miss that livelong day
Her soft sweet glances and her converse sweet,
Yet cared he not to cross her purposed stay,
And forth he fared, but still with lingering feet
And backward look, and "Oh! when lovers meet
How blest," he thought "the evening's tranquil hour,
From care and cumbrous pomp a glad retreat."
Not since his youth first quaffed the cup of power
Had Arthur praised before the calm sequestered bower

VIII.

And forth he fared ; while from her turret high
That smiling form beheld his hunter crew ;
Pleased she beheld, whose unacquainted eye
Found in each varying scene a pleasure new.
Nor yet had pomp fatigued her sated view,
Nor custom palled the gloss of royalty.
Like some gay child a simple bliss she drew
From every gaud of feudal pageantry,
And every broidered garb that swept in order by.

IX.

And, sooth, it was a brave and antic sight,
Where plume, and crest, and tassel wildly blending,
And bended bow, and javelin flashing bright,
Marked the gay squadron through the copse descending ;
The greyhound, with his silken leash contending,
Wreathed the lithe neck ; and on the falconer's hand,
With restless perch and pinions broad depending,
Each hooded goshawk kept her eager stand,
And to the courser's tramp loud rang the hollow land.

X.

And over all, in accents sadly sweet,
The mellow bugle poured its plaintive tone,
That echo joyed such numbers to repeat,
Who, from dark glade or rock of pumice-stone,
Sent to the woodland nymphs a softer moan,
While listening far from forth some fallow brown,
The swinked ploughman left his work undone,
And the glad schoolboy from the neighbouring town
Sprang o'er each prisoning rail, nor recked his master's frown.

XI.

Her warm cheek pillowed on her ivory hand,
Her long hair waving o'er the battlement,
In silent thought Ganota kept her stand
Though feebly now the distant bugle sent
Its fading sound, and on the brown hill's bent,
Nor horse, nor hound, nor hunter's pomp was seen.
Yet still she gazed on empty space intent,
As one who, spellbound on some haunted green,
Beholds a fairy show the twilight elms between.

XII.

That plaintive bugle's well-remembered tone
 Could search her inmost heart with magic sway;
To her it spoke of pleasures past and gone,
 And village hopes, and friends far, far away,
While busy memory's scintillating play
Mocked her weak heart with visions sadly dear,
 The shining lakelet and the mountain grey,
And who is he, the youth of merriest cheer,
Who waves his eagle plume and grasps his hunting spear?

XIII.

As from a feverish dream of pleasant sin,
 She started, trembling, and her mantle blue
With golden border bright, and silver pin,
 Round her wet cheek and heaving bosom drew;
Yet still with heavy cheer and downcast view,
From room to room she wandered to and fro,
 Till chance or choice her careless glances threw
Upon an iron door, whose archway low,
And valves half open flung, a gorgeous sight might show.

XIV

It was a hall of costliest garniture,
With arras hung in many a purple fold,
Whose glistening roof was part of silver pure,
And silken part, and part of twisted gold,
With arms embroidered and achievements old,
Where that rich metal caught reflected day,
As in the hours of harvest men behold
Amid their sheaves a lurking adder play,⁶
Whose burnished back peeps forth amid the stubble grey⁷

XV

And, in the midst, an altar richly dight
With ever burning lamps of silver pale,
And silver cross, and chalice heavenly bright,
Before whose beam a sinful heart might quail,
And sinful eye to bear its beauty fail
It was I ween that gracious implement
Of heavenly love, the three-times hallowed Grail¹

¹ The Grail or Sangreal according to the original romance was a vessel of gold said to contain some of the blood of our Saviour carried about by a fair maiden. Besides its healing virtues, it possessed the property into whatever castle it was brought of fulfilling the hall with great odours and every knight

To Britain's realm awhile in mercy lent,
Till sin defiled the land, and lust incontinent.

XVI.

Strange things of that time-honoured urn were told,
For youth it wont in agèd limbs renew,
And kindle life in corpses deadly cold ;
Yea, palsy warmth, and fever coolness drew,
While faith knelt gazing on its heavenly hue.
For not with day's reflected beam it shone,
Nor fiery radiance of the taper's blue,
But from its hollow rim around was thrown
A soft and sunny light, eternal and its own.

XVII.

And many a riven helm around was hung,
And many a shield reversed, and shivered spear,

had such meat and drink as he best loved in the world." It was invisible, as well as the damsel who bore it, to all but the "perfect man." The Knights of the Round Table made quest to find it out ; but Sir Galahad, son of Sir Lancelot, was the only one of sufficient purity of life to be allowed to see it ; "after which he kneeled down and made his prayers, and then suddenly his soul departed unto Jesus Christ, and a great multitude of angels bare his soul up to heaven, that his two fellows might behold it ; also his two fellows saw come down from heaven a hand, but they saw not the body, and then it came right to the vessel and took it, and so bare it up to heaven. Sithence was there never no man so hardy for to say that he had seen the Sancgreal."—*Hist. of Prince Arthur*, part ii. c. 103.

And armour to the passing footsteps rung,
And crowns that paynim kings were wont to wear,
Rich crowns, strange arms, but shattered all and rare
Lo! this the chapel of that Table Round,
And shrine of Arthur and his warriors dear,
Where vent'rous knights by secret oaths were bound,
And blest by potent prayers their foemen to confound.

XVIII.

Nor less the scene such solemn use became,
Whose every wall in freshest colours dight,
Display'd in form, in feature, and in name,
The lively deeds of many a faithful knight,
And told of many a hardly foughten fight
Against the heathen host in gory field,
Of those who reap renown with falchion bright,
Or list in war the ponderous axe to wield,
Or press the courser's flank with spear and shield.

XIX.

The stripling conqueror of a giant foe,
Beloved of Heaven, was David there to see,

And wallowing wide the headless bulk below ;
And there the self-devoted Maccabee,
Content in death to leave his Israel free,
Sustain'd unmoved the towered elephant,
With javelin planted firm, and bended knee ;
And grimly smiling on the monster's vaunt,
Slaying, was nobly slain, a martyr militant.

XX.

There too, she marked, in blood-red colours writ,
The Christian conqueror of British line,
Who seemed aloft in golden car to sit,
Raised on the ruins of an idol shrine,
Lord of the earth, resistless Constantine !
And, blazing high above his chosen head,
The meteor cross shed forth its light divine ;
That that great dragon shook with guilty dread,
And all his countless host from forth the heaven fled,

XXI.

Nor less her own paternal Carmelide,
With arms begirt, and warrior faces round ;

Nor less the queen with greedy wonder eyed
The giant form, whose uncouth mantle, bound
With beards of captive monarchs, swept the ground.
Vain glorious Ryence !¹ him the Christian host
With plunging spears in Mercy's current drowned,
Who, wading through the river depths, almost
Had stemmed th' indignant wave, and reached the farther
coast.

XXII

But oh ! what rage of war, what ghastly blows,
Where silver Avon ran with sanguine hue,
And fierce in fight the youth of Denmark rose,
And Arthur's strength his deadly falchion drew !
Her own brave lord Ganora there might view,
As 'mid the meaner trees a kingly oak ,
How fast the fire sparks from his armour flew !
How from his courser's panting side the smoke ,
How high he bare his targe, how rose at every stroke !

XXIII.

Around the king, behind him and before,
Red ran the tide of death, and dark the throng ,

¹ He adorned his mantle with the beards of captive kings. Ryence was King or Prince of North Wales.

And Merlin there his dragon standard bore,
Scattering dismay the mailèd ranks among ;
A living standard, whose biforkèd tongue
Hissed with strange magic, and its brazen eye
Darted pernicious rays of poison strong ;
Als were its threatful spires uplifted high,
And wings of molten brass outspread in air to fly.

XXIV.

Strange was it to behold the enchanter's mien,
Whose robe of various colours wildly rolled,
And naked limbs, in battle seldom seen,
And magic girdle all of graven gold,
In uncouth wise his prophet frenzy told.
Swart was his visage, and his raven hair
Hung loose and long in many a tangled fold ;
And his large eyeballs, with unearthly stare,
Flashed on the withering host a wild portentous glare.

XXV.

Fast by that fiend-born sire was Gawain placed,
Gawain the gentlest of the knightly throng,

With ladies' love and minstrel honour graced,
The good, the brave, the beautiful, the strong,
And, breathing fury, Modred spurred along,
Sir Modred, sternest of the Table Round,
Injunious chief, who recked not right nor wrong,
Yet forward in his suzerain's service found,
And next to Arthur's self for princely lineage crowned.

XXVI

But who is he—the chief whose single might
Girt by the Saxon host in desperate ring,
With slender lance redeems the reeling fight,
While death and conquest poised on dubious wing
Hang o'er the strife his valour witnessing?
Cleft is his helmet, and his sanguine cheer
And beardless cheeks betoken manhood's spring
Ah, well known glance! ah, form to memory dear!
It is the nameless youth! it is the forester!

XXVII.

Was it a dream? her unassured eye
Paused on the form awhile—an hile withdrew,

She chafes her lids their perfect sense to try ;—
It was no dream : alas ! too well she knew
The locks of auburn and the eyes of blue,
And, her own work, the scarf and brodered vest !
And her ears tingled, and a death-like dew
Through her cold marrow thrilled and quivering breast,
And suffocating sobs the abortive shriek suppress.

XXVIII.

When overpast was that strong agony,
And doubt and fear resumed their blended reign,
She on that arras bent her frenzied eye,
And line retraced, and well-known line again.
“ His locks were auburn, these a darker grain ;
Fair is yon knight. yet sure than him less fair ;
Yon shield, yon crownnet mark a princely strain,
And sterner seems that brow.” Ah, fruitless care !
That lip ! those eyes ! that scarf ! his pictured self is there !

XXIX.

“ And art thou he ? ”—for o’er his conquering head
In Gothic letters all of silver bright,

That chieftain's woven name *Ganora* read,—

“And art thou he, thy sovereign's darling knight,

The wise in court, the matchless in the fight,

Strength of our Logrian land in danger's hour?

O Lancelot! (if thus I read aright

Thy lordly style), 'mid pomp, and wealth, and power

Full soon hast thou forgot thy humble village flower!”

XXX

“Yet Arthur culled that flower!” (a female ire

Flushed in her cheek, and sparkled in her eye),

“Yet Albion's lord could this poor form desire,

And thou shalt view thy rustic Emily

In pomp of queenly state enthroned high!

Then, Cadwal, shall thy soul new pangs endure,

And in each slighted charm new grace descry,

And scorned in turn—Ah, passion hard to cure!

Break, break, my tempted heart, while yet my will is pure”

XXXI

Thus raved she long, till from her throbbing breast

Exhausted passion loosed his iron sway,

And holier thoughts her struggling soul possest,
And that pure chalice with its saintly ray,
And that still chapel, turned her heart to pray.
So prostrate at the marble altar's base
With floating locks and folded hands she lay ;
And moistening with her tears the sacred place,
Clung to the silver cross with Magdalen embrace.

XXXII.

So by that heavenly toil recomforted,
She, slowly rising from the sacred ground,
Dried her moist eye, with streaming anguish red,
And those loose locks in decent fillet bound,
And cast, in matron guise, her mantle round,
And forth she went ; yet ere the morrow's light,
She of her maidens fit occasion found
To ask the lineage of "that absent knight,
Who now in Albion's war fought for his suzerain's right ;

XXXIII.

"He of the Lake, whose empty seat was placed
And in the hall his banner waving wide,

A golden hound with chequered collar graced,
And the broad field with seeming verdure dyed?"
To whom the young Ygwerna swift replied
With arched brows and finger pointing shy,
"Oh, who shall dare to praise that chief of pride,
Who, when the jealous Gwendolen is nigh,
Whose proffered love he meets with so cold courtesy?"

XXXII

"Peevish Ygwerna! Gwendolen rejoined,
"By forged tales to shroud thy secret care!
Who more than thou the myrtle branch has twined,
And ringed with flowery wreath his auburn hair?
Ah, wooing vainly spent! some absent fair
Has o'er the warrior hung her silken chain,
Witness the purple scarf he loves to wear,
Witness his wanderings o'er the nightly plain,
Witness Ygwerna's love and Lancelot's disdain!"

XXXV

Ganora sighed, but all unmarked the sigh
As Gwendolen pursued her eager word:

O lady mine, long were the history
To reckon up the praise of that young lord,
In Logris and in distant Gaul adored,
And sprung from elder kings of Brutus' race ;
But changeful fate, and war with ruthless sword
Could ancient Tribles' goodly towers deface,
And poppies wave the head in the tall banner's place.

XXXVI.

“When bloody Claudas sacked th' Armoric shore,
The sire of Lancelot its sceptre held,
For wealth renowned, for virtuous wisdom more,
And the fair peace of honourable eld.
But the base rabble from his rule rebelled,
And ancient Ban, no longer prompt to bear
(As when at Carohaise the foe he quelled)
The conquering falchion and the pennoned spear,
Fled from his dangerous throne to wood and desert drear.

XXXVII.

“There, wretched sire ! by daily wrath pursued,
Himself, his infant heir, and beauteous dame,

A shelter seeking in the solitude,
To a wild cave with painful travel came,
Where toil and grief oppress his hoary frame
A little space with arms to Heaven spread,
A little space, on cities wrapt in flame
And ravaged fields he gazed, but nothing said,
Then in his Helen's arms sank down his dying head.

XXXVIII

"She, chafing his cold brows, and with her tears
Moistening in vain the breast was ever true,
Nor space nor leisure found for other fears,
But when her much loved lord deceased she knew,
All wildly frantic through the desert flew,
Reckless of him who, 'mid the bushes laid,
Her sleeping babe, a faery's pity drew,
Who haply wandering through the twilight glade
Stooped from her phantom steed, and home the prize
conveyed.

XXXIX

"Beneath the hollow waters is her home,
Upbuilt with arched waves of crystal cold,

Where never wight of mortal seed should come.
Yet did she there the beauteous infant hold,
And trained in knightly lore and pastimes bold ;
But luckless Helen, dame disconsolate,
When late her loss returning reason told,
Sought the sad shelter of a convent grate,
And wept with livelong grief her boy's untimely fate."

XL.

"Him, when his vigorous youth was ripe for war,
And downy cheek was clothed in darker shade,
On airy wheels and dragon-yokèd car
To Arthur's court his elfin nurse conveyed,
In polished arms of maiden white arrayed,
And silver shield, as princely youth became ;
Who since untamed, unrivalled, undismayed
In tourney strife and war's illustrious game,
Has borne from every knight the foremost meed of fame."

XLI.

"All otherwise I deem," Ganora cried,
"Nor him account the best and bravest knight

Who, wrapt in sordid gain or warrior pride,
Is dead to ladies' pain and love's delight."
"Ah! who," said Gwendolen, "shall read aright
The close kept secret of a hero's love?
Yet some have said, in magic beauty bright,
His elfin dame has power his mind to move,
And urge his pensive steps along the twilight grove."

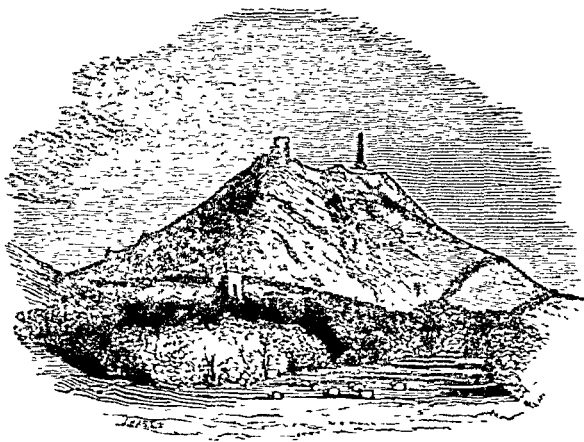
XLII

A livid blush the queen's pale face o'erspread,
"Yet, yet ahead, where is that fairy's won?"
"Ah, who shall tell her haunt," the maiden said,
"Who in the desert water dwells alone,
Or under hollow hill or caverned stone?
Yet beauteous Derwent claims her chiefest grace."
Ganort heard, but answer made she none,
And with her kerchief shrouding close her face,
Broke from th' unfinished tale and sadly left the place.

• • • • •
• • • • •



FRAGMENTS
OF
THE MASQUE OF GWENDOLEN.



FRAGMENTS
OF
THE MASQUE OF GWENDOLEN.
1816.

Enter two Goblins bearing a casket.

GWENDOLEN.



HAT forms are these?

GOBLIN.

Spirits of nether earth
Are we, and servants to the mighty Merlin,

From whom we bear these treasures to his bride.
Or ere the raven twice hath flap't her wing
He will himself be here.

GWENDOLEN

Good angels guard me !

Enter two Sylphs and two Sea Nymphs

SONG

Nymphs of air and ancient sea,
Bridal gifts we bring to thee !
Lo these plumes of rich device,
Plucked from birds of Paradise !
Lo these drops of essence rare,
Shook from a wandring meteor's hair !
Nymphs of air and ancient sea,
Such the gifts we bring to thee !

Take these shells, approach them near
And they shall murmur in thine ear
Tunes that hush the slumbering sea
More than mermaid's harmony !
Take these pearls, no diving slave
Drags their like from ocean cave,—
Nymphs of air and ancient sea,
Such can only bring to thee.

THE MASQUE OF GWENDOLEN.

Enter two Genii of Fire, with a vase.

FIRST GENIUS.

Loveliest of mortal mould ! distant we kneel,
Lest our hot breath should mar thy snowy skin
Or scorch thy raven locks. We are of fire
The swarthy ministers, whose active heat
Is as the soul of earth, and sea, and air ;
Who sow the seeds of gold, who give the diamond
Its eye of flame, and wake the carbuncle
To rival day. Of such strange alchemy
We bring thee tokens ; and before thy feet
Bow down our crispèd heads, and in the dust
Abase our terrors '

* * * * *

MERLIN.

Am I proud, who lay
Mine empire at thy feet ? All thou hast seen
Are but the least of wonders. ~~Telling fables~~
Shall sweat to work thy bidding, ~~and their lives~~
Rend from the greedy earth ~~in hidden treasures~~
And drag the deep for thee. ~~The eyes of air~~

To see the powers of magic taxed for —
And the strong features of a face
Relaxing in my presence. This '
My last request ! Nay, look not on me.
Nor press my hand ! I may not dally longer.

• • • • •

MERLIN.

Ah ! do not raise the fiend within my soul,
Nor arm, sweet petulance, against thyself
My worser nature ! In this rugged breast
The heart which throbs is Etna's earthly fire,
Which unprovoked and slumbering in its strength,
Rejoiceth Ceres, and with fresher flowers
To Enna's valley lures back Proserpine ;
But, if it burst its bounds, hath hellish mettle
Which is most dangerous ! I was not made
To soothe a lady's scorn, or woo her lattice,
What time the cold moon on her garden bower
Flickers in silver whiteness, and the winds
Blend with mine amorous harp's sad lullaby.
My love or vengeance must be gratified.—
Wherefore, proud dame, I say to thee, Be wise !

In love unmatched, in hate unmatchable,
 I have done that ere now which mine own eyes
 Have wept to look upon. My father's spirit
 Is blent with mine, and schools me to such horrors!
 Wherefore I charge thee as thou lov'st thyself
 Be timely wise! One little moment more,
 I feel the demon rush into my soul,
 And prayer will then be vain! Be wise! be wise!

CWENDOLEN

Oh, horror horror! Oh for leprosy
 To scathe this fatal form! oh that the veil
 Wherewith I shroud me from thy dreaded glance
 Were some wild thicket, some brake-tangled wood
 Where this poor head might shelter—where no foot
 Of man approacheth, that myself were made
 A thing of loathing and of natural horror,
 Such as is pain to look on!—better so
 Than thus to tempt thy wooing take me, throw me
 To the wild boar or where the lioness
 Seeks for her bristled young their human banquet,
 Yea rather marry me to death and make
 My bridal bed within the sepulchre
 Than bid me mount with thee thy guilty throne!

MERLIN.

Thy wish be on thine head, and thine own curse
Feed on thee till it waste thee ! Exquisite maid !
E'en in the bitterness of my revenge
I love thy graceful passion. But my sire,
Whose flames now burn within me, goads my purpose
To wittier malice ! Shroud thee in thy veil,
O my fair enemy ;—for that withdrawn,
Thy face shall never win a suitor more.
Hear, spirits, hear !—

[Thunder.]

I fix on thee

Curses, curses, one, two, three !

Fouler than a grandame ape
Be thy features and thy shape ;
Be thy face, so fresh and fair,
Worse than those of furies are ;
Be thy snowy forehead dark,
And rougher than the maple bark ;
In the greenwood range alone,
Thy disastrous lot to moan ;
Lion wild and bristly boar,
Let them fly thy face before ;
And the wolves that round thee prowl,
More from fear than hunger howl ;

As a thing most scorned and hated,
 And with demons only rated,
 Every kindly creature shun thee
 And this burden be upon thee,—
 Till a youth of form divine,
 Sprung from Brutus ancient line,
 Of beauty careless and delight,
 Shall woo thee to the nuptial rite,
 Shall his arms around thee twine,
 Shall his warm lips press to thine,
 And sign thee with the holy sign—

[Thunder Merlin nods

• • • • •
 • • • • •

[GWENDOLEN a leap as transformed by MERLIN
 These flowers strewn of flowers and leaves over her

SONG.

Rest thee on this mossy pillow
 Till the morning light
 Vile wave this whispering willow
 Ever thy bed to-night
 As our mortal grief forsake thee
 Nought yowry spells o'er take thee
 Till the sun blessed sleep awake thee
 Morning light

THE MASQUE OF GIVENDOLEN.

Enter TITANIA.

TITANIA.

Spirits, well done ! for not of ruthless mood
Are we, the rangers of the nightly wood.
Where found ye this sad maid ?

FIRST FAIRY.

Down in yon dell
We found her, where the moonbeams brightest fell ;
For Cynthia marked her with benignant eye,
And mourned, methought, a virgin's misery.
We marked her, too, with what intense despair
She scattered on the winds her raven hair,
Invoking death : then with accurst intent
Of wilder madness, to the lake she went ;
But, bending o'er its mirror, shrieked to spy
In that wild glass her own deformity,
And fled apace. Anon, amid the brakes,
Like some pursued fawn, a lair she makes,
And shrouding with her furry gown those eyes
Which not the curse of Merlin could disguise,
As at herself she trembled, till her grief
Found in a flood of gracious tears relief.

TITANIA.

Poor wretch ! ye soothed her then ?

FIRST FAIRY

Her tears we dried,
plucked the brambles from her bleeding side,
O'er her hot brow a grateful vapour threw,
And sprinkled every limb with drowsy dew,
Then bore her slumbering to this green retreat,
And with star jelly cooled her blistered feet,
And scattered every flower of purple dye,
And fanned her rest with owlets' plumery

TITANIA

Well have ye done ! Sleep on, poor Gwendolen.
The hour of retribution is arrived,
And Merlin hath no longer power to harm.

FIRST FAIRY

Is Merlin dead ?

TITANIA

E'en now I heard the yell
Of ghastly merriment, in upper air
The fiends keep holiday I knew their song,

A song of triumph : "Merlin is no more !
Merlin, the mighty one ! Haste, haste to meet him,
Ye rulers of the damned, and open wide
Your everlasting gates, to entertain
The master of the spell ! Such charms no more
Shall tax our labours till the final doom !"

FIRST FAIRY.

How died he ? Say—

TITANIA.

By female wiles he fell.

She of the Lake, his elfin paramour,
Jealous of his late wanderings,—in a tomb
(First having won by sugared blandishment
From his dark soul the unutterable name
Which all things fear in hell, in earth, and heaven),
Enclosed the struggling wizard. Nine long nights
Within the rock the fairies heard him moan,
The tenth was silence !

FIRST FAIRY.

May the merciless

Such fate meet ever ! But, our Gwendolen,
Is she now free ?

TITANIA.

The fates their course must have,
 And Merlin's spells have power beyond the grave
 But Heaven, and those bright stars whose golden eyes
 Behold the link of mortal destinies,
 An equal lot of weal and woe prepare
 To Harlech's virgin and to Albion's heir
 For thus I came to shed a soft control
 Of heavenly wisdom o'er her sleeping soul,
 And bring to mind whate'er of secret lore
 She from her wizard lover learnt before
 But soft, she stirs —our potent pharmacy
 Has roused her dream, and oped her sealed eye
 Vanish, kind fays—our forms she must not spy

[GWENDOLEN *starts*]

GWENDOLEN

Oh, sacred hour of retribution !
 Foredoomed to dry the wretch's tear,
 And rectify this dark confusion
 Of earthly sin and shame and fear,
 And art thou then a fond delusion
 Around our slumber hovering near,
 Of heavenly bliss a blest infusion
 Too holy to be tasted here ?

Oh, in my dreams I feel them, see them !
The days of bliss return again,
As victor angels tread beneath them,
The snare of fiends, the rage of men !
And evermore a sweet delusion
Above my slumber hovers near ;
And tells of holy retribution,
And chides my doubt and soothes my fear ;
I wake—and all is dark and drear.
The oak wood rustles overhead ;
The aspen sheds its foliage sere
Upon my wild and dewy bed ;
Before the melancholy blast
Autumnal clouds are driving fast ;
For canopy of state I see
The white moon glimmering through the tree ;
I tremble as with woman fear
The wolf's approaching howl I hear ;
In sickening doubt I turn mine eyes
From mine own self thus hideous grown ;
And, ranging in this goblin guise,
The thorny brake, unseen, unknown,
I curse my sleep, whose magic power
Hath mocked with bliss my hopeless heart,

And trebly curse my waking hour,
 Which bade that fancied bliss depart,
 And doubt, so quick the changes seem,
 If this or that were all a dream.
 Alas ! how know we which is true,
 The night or day the sun or shade ?
 The forms which glide in long review
 Before our eyes in slumber laid,
 Or those our waking scenes renew ?
 Was it a dream that Harlech's hall
 Received my wandering steps again,
 As throbbed my heart at rapture's call,
 More rapturous from remembered pain ?
 On my cold cheek in joyful thrill,
 My brother's tear, I feel it still,
 And, closer to my heart than he,
 The youth's warm kiss who set me free !
 Was this a dream ? or dream I now
 Of mourning weeds and desert wild,
 Of whistling wind in hawthorn bough,
 Of form by magic curse defiled ?
 Come, pitying death, dissolve the strife,
 And wake me from the trance of life !
 —A footstep in the wood ! an armed man

And hither bound ! Retire thee, Gwendolen.
Yet, what hast thou to fear ? Thine altered form
Is safe from the worst danger, and thy life,
Not worth the keeping, mocks his cruelty.—
Yet must I hide me :—lend me your shade, kind boughs,
To shade this hideous face from earth and heaven !

* * * * *

SCENE, THE COURT.

ARTHUR *on his throne*, LLEWELLYN *in chains*, Guards, &c., &c.

ARTHUR.

How wears the time ?

KAY.

The sun hath wellnigh scaled
The pinnacle of heaven.

ARTHUR.

Oh, say not so !
Is it indeed so late ?—Where art thou, Gawain,
Too slow to save thy friend ! Ah, cursed oath !
Which stops the mouth of mercy, and but leaves
A barren grief to after penitence,

That I might now recall thee ! Yet again
Be it proclaimed,—if that mortal tongue
Can solve our oracle, and solving, save
Yon gallant gentleman, our kingdom's power
Is taxed for their reward. Still, still ?—all still !
O good Llewellyn, when the headsman's blow
Redeems mine oath, my hoary hairs shall follow
(Believe it) to the grave. Oh that thy wrath
Had cooled beumes, or mine ! Pardon, oh, pardon !
As I forgive thee thine unruly brow
Triumphant o'er mine age, thy words of fire
And looks of mutiny, such as no king
Can brook without resistance,—pardon thou
The rashness of mine oath, which sends thy youth
Untimely to the tomb

LLEWELLIN

My parting prayer
Waits on your silver locks. Be brief, good king, ~
Dismiss a soul which on its tiptoe stands
Knocking at heaven's high gates I have met death
In uglier shapes before, nor find I now,
Save in this tardiness, his teeth or sting
Have with you, headsman.

ARTHUR.

Stay, I charge ye, stay !—
A noise—I hear it well,—a horse's tread
As one in speed,—and hark that shout : O Heaven !
Run, some of ye, and learn.
[Cry without.
“Long live Earl Gawain !”

* * * * *

ARTHUR.

Welcome, brave nephew,
Now more than ever welcome. Have ye sped ?
Is mine oath cancelled ?—is the prisoner free ?
Hath Merlin told his secret ?

GAWAIN.

He hath borne
That secret to the land of secresy,
Nor can Llewellyn claim a further sentence
Than Heaven hath past on Merlin. O my liege,
Strange things have chanced, which at fitting season
I shall unfold. Now to my chiefest care.
Unlock these rivets, jailor, for thy charge
By Arthur's oath is free ;—Arthur hath sought
What women mostly crave ;—my answer follows.

Power is their passion. From the lordly dame
 To the brown maid that tends the harvest field,
 They prize it most. Wherefore is pleasure scorned
 But to increase their sway?—why riches lavished,
 But as an argument of queenly state?
 Wherefore is virtue scorned? why vice thought comely?
 But for the pride of taming him whose wiles
 Have ruined many, why is beauty marred
 By ceruse or by corset?—wherefore love
 Led like a blithe and perfumed sacrifice
 To Phœbus altar, but in hope to reign?—
 Ye have mine answer

ARTHUR.

Loose Llewellyn's chain!
 Gawain, thou hast thine earldom. Valiant friends,
 This day be peace to all. Let me embrace you
 With penitent fondness. Ah! what ghastly spectre
 Troubles our happiness?—Can this be human?
 She kneels, she holds a ring——

GWENDOLEN

A boon, a boon
 From Arthur and from Gawain! What I am,
 What I have done, he knows.—What he hath sworn,

This ring be witness.

GAWAIN.

I acknowledge all,
And nobly will repay thee. Come to-morrow,—
To-day,—this even,—only scare not now
This royal presence.

* * * * *

GWENDOLEN.

I saved thy friend,
I brought thine earldom back; my wisdom sounded
The craft of Merlin; and the grateful Gawain
(For he was grateful then) sware by his sword,—
This ring his sponsor,—to reward my pains
With whatsoe'er I asked. I ask it now
Before the king,—my hire, my righteous hire,
Such as a knight must pay.

GAWAIN.

Ask and receive!
I own my oath,—and though my colder blood
Thrills to its fountain at thy gaze, and nature
Forebodes of something monstrous in thy soul,
Which I may shrink to answer,—I have sworn;

And bid me tame the bruddled pard, or keep
 Mine unarmed vigil in a dragon's den,
 Be the king witness, and this Table Round,
 I will perform thy bidding speak and obtain.

GWENDOLEN

Give me thyself,—be thou mine husband, Gawain!
 What ' scared already?—hast thou sworn in vain?
 Am I so monstrous?—Oh, I feel I am!
 Yet have I saved thy friend.

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GAWAIN

So we are married. Rule thou in my house,
 Govern my treasure, prank thee in my jewels,
 All, all is thine. For me, I mount my steed
 And ramble forth to-night, an errant warrior,
 To see thy face no more.

GWENDOLEN

Alas for me!

Is this a marriage?—thus did Gawain swear,
 To mock me with himself,—to leave me thus,
 His lawful partner, to the scoffs of men,

And the constructions of a peevish world,
Weak and defenceless, childless, husbandless?
Oh, my good lord, shall it be said this face
Has robbed my country of its bravest knight?
And shall the Saxon and the ruthless Dane,
Triumphant in your absence, thank the foulness
Of Gawain's countess for their victory?
Far be such curse from me! If I am loathed,
Beyond endurance loathed, command me hence,
And I forsake your roof;—I know my duty;
And your poor wife, from forth her wilderness,
Shall bless and pray for Gawain.

GAWAIN.

Nay, not so;
For I have sworn to shield thee: rest thee here.
And e'en in absence shall mine eye behold
Thy comforts and thy safety. Weep not, dame,
I am thy guardian, and will well discharge
A guardian's office. Friendship may be ours,
Thy form forbids not that. What, weeping still?
I will not leave thee;—with a brother's zeal
For thy past service done I will watch over thee.
Be of good courage,—come, one kiss of peace

To seal our bargain.—Hateful ! horrible !
And dost thou cling around me, cursèd fiend,
To drag me to perdition ? Out, aroint !
For in God's name I charge thee set me free,
And by this holy sign !

GWENDOLEN

Oh, blessed be thou !—

Turn, Gawain, turn !—

(Loud thunders)

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MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.



THE PROPHECY OF ISHMAEL.

Written at the age of fifteen in a school exercise

1798



WHEN Bonaparte led his weary train
Through the parched sands of Egypt's thirsty
plain,

Where erst around the Delta's fertile isle
Flowed the seven daughters of the silver Nile;

Now choked with sand, their ancient glory fled,
 But four surviving mourn their sisters dead,
 Where even Fancy's eye can hardly trace
 The fallen splendour of the Coptic race,
 Where prostrate lies mid tangled brakes of thorn
 The harp that once spontaneous hailed the morn,<¹
 Where Setekh's obelisk and Isis' bust
 In mingled ruin moulder into dust,
 Where still the Pyramids, from far descried,
 Remain the monuments of regal pride,
 While through these scenes the Gallic squadron sped,
 And marched o'er heaps of valiant Arabs dead,
 While yet with recent victory elate,
 Onward they moved in military state,
 From the rough rocks that border Barca's land
 A voice unearthly hailed the affrighted band
 High on a hill that veiled its murky brow
 In clouds and frowned upon the plain below,
 Still fondly watchful o'er his children's good,
 The shade of Mecca's mighty founder stood
 Confessed he stood, known by his dauntless air
 His brow his fillet and his length of hair

¹ Minomon's statue which gave forth musical sounds when touched by the sun's rays.

And, "Stay, ye fools," he cried, "ye madmen, stay!
Nor farther prosecute your venturous way.
Of Syria's sons full many a numerous host
Their lives amid my burning sands have lost :
There, led by Persia's tyrant, millions fell,
Nor one survived the dismal tale to tell ;
There first was checked the Macedonian might,
Repulsed and baffled in th' unequal fight ;
My sons a barrier set to Roman pride,
And many a legion by their arrows died ;
And now shall Gaul with conqu'ring armies come ?
Gaul,—but a province of defeated Rome !
Shall she expel, though far renowned in fight,
The sons of Ishmael from their ancient right ?
No, no ! from me, ye robbers, learn your fate,
Lament and die ! return is now too late.
Far, far from Gaul, full many a soldier brave
Shall, 'mid these rocks, unpitied find a grave.
Still man by man shall perish all your power,
And what the sword shall spare the plague devour.

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FRAGMENT ON ALCHEMY

It is written on the back of one of Reginald Heber's early College exercises

1801

SO FARES the sage, whose mystic labours try
The thorny paths of fabled alchemy
Time, toil, and prayer, to aid the work conspire,
And the keen jaws of dross-devouring fire.
In one dim pile discordant embers blaze,
And stars of adverse influence join their rays,
Till every rite performed, and labour sped,
When the clear furnace dawns with sacred red,
From forth the genial warmth and teeming mould
The bright winged radiance bursts of infant gold.



IMITATION OF A SONG,

Said to have been composed by Robert Duke of Normandy during his confinement in Cardiff Castle addressed to an oak which grew in an ancient encampment within sight of his windows

OAK, that stately and alone
On the war worn mound hast grown,
Thy blood of man thy sapling fed,
And dyed thy tender root in red,

Woe to the feast where foes combine,
Woe to the strife of words and wine !

Oak, thou hast sprung for many a year
'Mid whisp'ring rye-grass tall and sear.
The coarse rank herb, which seems to show
That bones unblessed are laid below ;
Woe to the sword that hates its sheath,
Woe to th' unholy trade of death !

Oak, from the mountain's airy brow
Thou view'st the subject woods below,
And merchants hail the well-known tree,
Returning o'er the Severn sea.
Woe, woe to him whose birth is high,
For peril waits on royalty !

Now storms have bent thee to the ground,
And envious ivy clips thee round ;
And shepherd hinds in wanton play
Have stripped thy needful bark away.
Woe to the man whose foes are strong.
Thrice woe to him who lives too long !



HONOUR ITS OWN REWARD¹

1803.

SWELL, swell the shrill trumpet, clear sounding afar,
Our sabres flash splendour around,
For Freedom has summoned her sons to the war,
Nor Britain has shrunk from the sound.

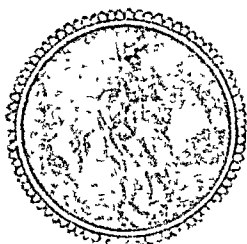
Let plunder's vile thirst the invaders inflame,
Let slaves for their wages be bold,
Shall valour the harvest of avarice claim?
Shall Britons be bartered for gold?

No! free be our aid, independent our might,
Proud honour our guerdon alone,
Unbired be the hand we raise in the fight,
The sword that we brandish our own.

Still all that we love to our thoughts shall succeed,
Their image each labour shall cheer,
For them we will conquer—for them we will bleed,
And our pay be a smile or a tear!

¹ Written in the family circle at the request of Mr Dod of Edge who had just raised a body of volunteers. It was sung at their meeting the next day —ED.

And oh ! if returning triumphant we move,
Or sink on the land that we save,
Oh, blest by his country, his kindred, his love,
How vast the reward of the brave !



TRANSLATION OF
A FRAGMENT OF A DANISH SONG.

1805.

KING CHRISTIAN stood beside the mast,
In smoky night ;
His falchion fell like hammer fist,
And brains and helms asunder brast ;
Then sank each hostile hull and mast
In smoky night.
“ Fly, fly ! ” they shrieked ; “ what mortal man
Can strive with Denmark’s Christian
In fight ? ”

Niels Juell raised a warrior cry,

"Now now's the day!"

He hoisted up the red flag high,

And dashed amidst the enemy

With blow on blow, and cry on cry,

"Now, now's the day!"

And still they shrieked, "Fly, Sweden, fly!"

When Juell comes, what strength shall try

The fray?"

• • • • •



TO

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR ROWLAND HILL, K.B.

HILL! whose high daring with renewed success

Hath cheered our tardy war, what time the cloud

Of expectation, dark and comfortless,

Hung on the mountains, and on factious crowd

Blasphemed their country's valour, babbling loud!

Then was thine arm revealed, to whose young might,

Py Toulon's languered wall the fiercest bowed,

Whom Egypt honoured, and the dubious fight
Of sad Corunna's winter, and more bright
Douro, and Talavera's gory bays ;
Wise, modest, brave, in danger foremost found.—
So still, young warrior, may thy toil-earned praise,
With England's love and England's honour crowned,
Gild with delight thy father's latter days !



LINES

SPOKEN IN THE THEATRE, OXFORD,

ON LORD GRENVILLE'S INSTALLATION AS CHANCELLOR.

YE viewless guardians of these sacred shades,¹
Dear dreams of early song, Aonian maids !
And you, illustrious dead ! whose spirits speak
In each warm flush that tints the student's cheek,

¹ These lines were spoken (as is the custom of the university on the installation of a new Chancellor) by a young nobleman, whose diffidence induced him to content himself with the composition of another. Of this diffidence his friends have reason to complain, as it suppressed some elegant lines of his own on the same occasion.

As, weaned with the world he seeks again
 The page of better times and greater men,
 If with pure worship we your steps pursue,
 And youth and health, and rest forget for you
 (Whom most we serve to whom our lamp burns bright
 Through the long toils of not ingrateful night)
 Yet, yet be present — Let the worldly train
 Mock our cheap joys, and hate our useless strain,
 Intent on freighted wealth, or proud to rear
 The sleek Iberian or the pampered steer
 Let sterner science with unwearied eye
 Explore the circling spheres and map the sky;
 His long drawn mole let lordly commerce scan,
 And of his iron arch the rainbow span
 Yet while in burning characters impress,
 The poet's lesson stamps the youthful breast —
 Bids the rapt boy o'er suffering virtue bleed,
 Adore a brave or bless a gentle deed,
 And in warm feeling from the storied page
 Arise the saint, the hero or the sage —
 Such be our toil! Nor doubt we to explore
 The thorny maze of dialectic lore
 To climb the chariot of the gods or scan
 The secret workings of the soul of man

Upborne aloft on Plato's eagle flight,
Or the slow pinion of the Stagyrite ;
And those grey spoils of Herculean pride,
If aught of yet untasted sweets they hide,—
If Padua's sage be there, or art have power
To wake Menander from his secret bower.
Such be our toil ! Nor vain the labour proves,
Which Oxford honours, and which Grenville loves.
—On, eloquent and firm !—whose warning high
Rebuked the rising surge of anarchy,
When, like those brethren stars to seamen known¹
In kindred splendour Pitt and Grenville shone ;—
On in thy glorious course ! not yet the wave
Has ceased to lash the shore, nor storm forgot to rave.
Go on ! and oh ! while adverse factions raise
To thy pure worth involuntary praise ;
While Gambia's swarthy tribes thy mercies bless,
And from thy counsels date their happiness ;
Say (for thine Isis yet recalls with pride
Thy youthful triumphs by her leafy side),
Say, hast thou scorned, 'mid pomp, and wealth, and power,
The sober transports of a studious hour?—

¹ The Gemini, said to be favourable to mariners.—Ed.

No, statesman, no —thy patriot fire was fed
 From the warm embers of the mighty dead,
 And thy strong spirit's patient grasp combined
 The souls of ages in a single mind
 —By arts like these amidst a world of foes,
 Eye of the earth, th' Athenian glory rose,
 Thus last and best of Romans law us shone,
 Our Somers thus and thus our Clarendon,
 Such Coltham was —such Grenville, long be thou,
 Our boast before —our chief and champion now!



EPITAPH ON A YOUNG NAVAL OFFICER

Des gne^t f ra Tomb in a Sepulch^r Tree in North West

SAILOR! if vigour nerve thy frame
 If to high deeds thy soul is strung
 Revere this stone that gives to fame
 The brave the virtuous, and the young!¹

¹ Captain Conway Shipley third son to the Dean of St Asaph perished in an attempt to cut out an enemy's vessel from the Tagus with the boats of His Majesty's frigate *La Vengeance* April 2nd, 1803 in the twenty-sixth year of his age and

For manly beauty decked his form,
His bright eye beamed with mental power ;
Resistless as the winter storm,
Yet mild as summer's mildest shower.

In war's hoarse rage, in ocean's strife,
For skill, for force, for mercy known ;
Still prompt to shield a comrade's life.
And greatly careless of his own.

Yet, youthful seaman, mourn not thou
The fate these artless lines recall :
No, Cambrian ! no ; be thine the vow,
Like him to live, like him to fall !

But hast thou known a father's care,
Who sorrowing sent thee forth to sea,
Poured for thy weal th' unceasing prayer,
And thought the sleepless night on thee ?

Has e'er thy tender fancy flown,
When winds were strong and waves were high,

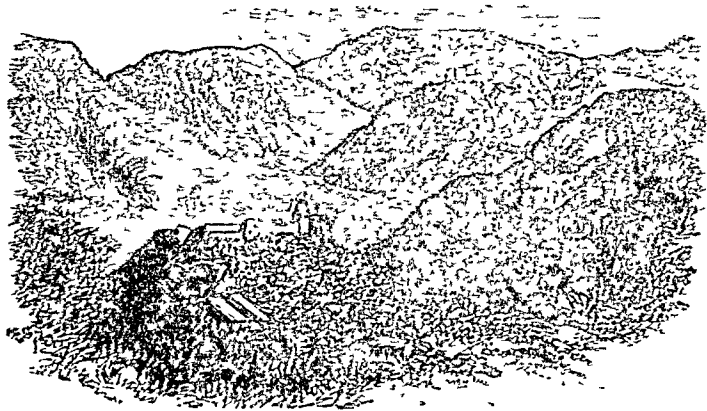
after nearly sixteen years of active service ; distinguished by every quality both of heart and head which could adorn a man or an officer. Admiral Sir Charles Cotton, and the captains of his fleet, have since erected a monument to his memory in the neighbourhood of Fort St. Julian.

Where, listening to the tempest's moan,
Thy sisters heaved the anxious sigh?

Or in the darkest hour of dread,
Mid war's wild din and ocean's swell,
Hast mourned a hero brother dead?
And did that brother love thee well?

Then pity those whose sorrows flow
In vain o'er Clipleigh's empty grave
—Sailor, thou weep'st—indulge thy woe,
Such tears will not disgrace the brave!





TRANSLATION OF
AN INSCRIPTION ON A MONUMENT IN NORWAY,

*Intended to perpetuate the Memory of the Friendship of two Persons
who were living when it was written*

1805.

“MAY every light-winged moment bear
A blessing to this noble pair ;
Long may they love the rural ease
Of these fair scenes, and scenes like these,—
The pine’s dark shade, the mountain tall.
And the deep-dashing waterfall.
And when each hallowed spirit flies
To seek a better Paradise,

Beneath this turf their ashes drew
 Shall drink their country's grateful tear,
 In death and life alike possessing
 The rich man's love, the poor man's blessing



VER. 1 AT 407

THE SPEECH OF GHOUGIN TO BEYUN

(FROM A CHINESE POEM)

115

SEEST thou yon sheltered vale of various dye
 Refreshing prospect to the warriors eye?
 Yon dusky grove yon garden blossoming fair,
 The turf of velvet, and of musk the air?
 Surcharged with sweets the languid river glides,
 The lilies bending o'er its silver tides
 While through the copse in bashful beauty grows
 The dark luxuriance of the lurking rose
 Now seen, now lost, amid the flowery maze
 With slender foot the nimble pheasant strays

The ringdove's murmur lulls the cypress dell,
And richest notes of tranced Philomel.
Still, still the same, through every circling year,
Unwearied Spring renews an Eden here.
And mark, my friend, where many a sylph-like maid
Weaves the lithe dance beneath the citron's shade !
Where, chief, of Touran's king the matchless child
Beams like a sun-ray through this scented wild ;
Sitara next, her sister, beauteous queen !
Than rose or fairest jasmine fairer seen ;
And last their Turkish maids, whose sleepy eyes
Laugh from beneath each envious veil's disguise ;
Whose length of locks the coal-black musk disclose,
Their forms the cypress, and their cheeks the rose,
While on their sugared lips the grape's rich water glows.
How blest the traveller not forbid to stay
In such sweet bowers the scorching summer's day !
How famed the knight whose dauntless arm should bear
To great Khi-Kusroo's court a Turkish fair !



FROM THE MOALLAKAH OF HARETH

1816.

And, Asma, lovely sojourner ' wilt thou forsake our land,
 Forgetful of the plighted vows on Shamma's glittering sand?
 No more in Shoreb's rugged dell I see thee by my side,
 No more in Katha's mead of green where vocal waters glide!
 In Ayla and in Shobrithan all lonely must I go,
 And therefore sleep has fled my soul and fast my sorrows flow
 Yet am I loved, and yet my eyes behold the beacon light
 Which Hinda kindles on her hill, to lure me through the night,



Broad as the dawn from Akik's brow its ruddy embers shine,
But Hinda's heart may never meet an answering glow in mine !
And I must seek a nobler aid against consuming care,
Where all the brethren of my tribe the battle bow prepare.

My camel with the mother-bird in swiftness well may vie,
Tall as a tent, 'mid desert sands that rears her progeny,
That lists the murmur of the breeze, the hunter's lightest sound
With stealthy foot at twilight fall soft gliding o'er the ground



But not the ostrich speed of fire my camel can excel,
Whose footstep leaves so light a mark we guess not where it
fell ;

Now up, now down, like withered leaves that flit before the
wind,

On her I stem the burning noon that strikes the valiant blind.

Yes, we have heard an angry sound of danger from afar,—

Our brother's bands of Tayleb's seed have braved us to the war,

The good and evil they confound, their words are fierce and
fell

"Their league," say they "is with the tribe that in the desert
dwell"

Their men of might have met by night, and as the day began

A proud and a disdainful shout throughout their army ran,

And horses neighed, and camels screamed, and man cried out
on man!



THE BOKE OF THE PURPLE FAUCON

Il commence le Roman du Grand Roy Pantagruelle

1507

Yt is a kynge both fyne and felle,

That hyght Sir Claudyus Pantagruelle,—

The Boke of the Purple Faucon" was composed and recited extempore while walking with a friend one moonlight night. We were talking of the old

The fynest and fellest, more or lesse,
Of alle the kynges in Heathenesse.
That Syre was Soudan of Surrye,
Of Cestrick and of Cappadocie,
His eme was Lorde, I understonde,
Of all Cathaye and of Boehman londe.

LXX. Dukes, that were soe wighte,
Served him by daie and by nighte.
Thereto he made him a lothely messe,
Everie morninge more or lesse,—
A manne chylde of VII. yere age,
Thereof he seethèd hys pottage.
Everie knyghte who went that waye,
His nose and ears was fayne to paye ;
Sothely, as the Romaunts telle,
For the dyner of Pantagruelle.
Yn all the londes of Ethiopèe
Was ne so worthy a kynge as hee.

Le royaume
de Pantagru-
elle.

Comment
Pantagruelle
tenayt bonne
table et
fesoyt belle
chere ;

et estoyt
digne roy.

¶ Ande it befelle upon a daye
Thys Pantagruelle he went to playe

fabliaux and romances, with which his memory was full, and we continued our walk till long past midnight. He said that it was a very easy style, and that he could imitate it without an effort ; and as he went along he recited, composing as he recited, the happiest imitation of the George-Ellis Specimens which I ever saw. — *Letter to Mrs. Heber.* " *Life,*" vol. 1 p. 341.

Commen 1
am tla
Royne Cy
le

With his Ladye thatte was soe bryghte,
Yn her bovre yn alle mennes syghte ,
Thatte Ladye was bryghte Cycelèe
And thereto sange shee
Alle into Grekysh as she colde best —
Lambeth Sideck Apocatest '
Namely My love yf thou wouldest wyne
Bringe wyt! thee a purple faucon ynne "

Commen
Pa gual
es oyt mes-
con. nt.

•

Thatte laye made hym sadde and sowre
And careful came hee adowne the towre.
He layde h s hedde upon a stone
For sorrow hys lyfe was welln gh gone ,
He sobbed amayne and s ghèd sore
Alacke Cycle for evermore "

See armures

Hys page he broughte him hys helmette
Thatte was clepèd Alphabet
He donned hys bootes made of the skyn
Of loup-garou and of gobbelyn
And hys hauberke that was soe harde
Ywoven welle of spykenarde

Li grand
magicien
Vrgile

Vrgile hadde made that cote armure
With Maumetry fenced and guarded sure
And Hypocras and Arystote
Had woven the rynges of thatte cote.

He tooke hys spere that was so strong,
 Hys axe was sharpe, his sworde was long,
 And thys the devyse upon his shielde—
 A red rose yn a greene felde,
 And under, yn language of Syrie,
 “Belle rose que tu es jolye.”

Vey commence le II Chant du Bon Roy Pantagruelle.

Lysten, Lordynges, to the tale
 Of Pantagruelle and hys travayle.
 He through many a lande has gone,
 Pantagruelle hymself alone;
 Many a hyll most hyghe has clome,
 Many a broade rivère has swome.
 He paste through Cathaye and Picardie,
 Babylon, Scotland, and Italie;
 And asked of alle as yt befelle,
 But of no adventure herde he telle,
 Tyl after manie a wearie daye,
 Lyghtly he came to a foreste graye:
 Manie an auncient oke dyd growe,
 Doddered and frynged with mysletoe;
 Manie an ashe of paly hue
 Whyspered yn every breeze that blewe.

Ses
 Voyages.

La verment
d' Pantagru
e c.

Pantagruelle hath sworn by Mahoune
Bye Termagaunt and by Abadoune
Bye Venus thatte was soc sterne and stronge
And Apollon with hornes longe
And other fiendes of Maumetrye
That the ende of that foreste he would see.

La Forest
e had de.

Lysten Lordnges the soothe I tell
Nothyng was true that here betelle
But all the okes that flourished soc free
Flourished only in gramare
In that same foreste notlyng grewe
But broad and darke the boughes of yew
Sothely I tell you, and endede
There was many a wicked weede
There was the wolfbane greene and hyge,
Whoso smeileth the same shall de
And the long grasse wyth poyson mixed
Adders coyled and hysed betwixt.

Yn thatte same chace myghte noe man hear
Hunter or horn, or hounde or deer,
Neytner dared yn thatte wood to goe
Coney or martin or hare or doe

Nor on the shawe the byrdes gay,
 Starling, Cuckoo, or Popynjay ;
 But Gryphon fanged, and bristly Boare,
 Gnarred and fomed hys way before,
 And the beeste who can falsely weepe,
 Crocodilus, was here goode chepe ;
 Satyr, and Leopard, and Tygris,
 Bloody Camelopardalys,
 And every make of beestes bolde,
 Nestled and roared in that their holde.
 Dayes and nyghtes but only IV,
 And Pantagruelle could ryde no more.
 Hys shoulders were by hys helmet worne,
 He was a wearye wyghte forlorne,
 And hys cheeke thatte was soe redde,
 Colde and darke as the beaten ledde.
 Hys destriere might no further passe,
 It lothed to taste that evyl grasse.
 Heavy he clombe from offe hys steede,
 Of hys lyfe he stooode in drede :
 "Alacke, alacke, Cycelie,
 Here I dye for love of thee !"
 Forth through the thorny brake hee paste,
 Tylle hee came to a poole at laste ;

Sa misère.

And bye that poole of water clere
 Satte a manne chyld of seven yere
 Clothed he was in scarlet and graine,
 Cloth of silver and cordovaine,
 As a field flower he was faire,
 Seemed he was some Erle's heir,
 And perchynge on hys wriste so free
 A purple Faucon there was to see
 Courteous hee turned hym to that Peere,
 But Pantagruelle made sory cheare.
 Highe and stately that boye hym bare,
 And bade hym abyde hys Father there
 When the Father was there yn place,
 Never had knyght so foul a face
 He was tusked as anie boare,
 Brystly behind and eke before,
 Lyons staring as they were wood,
 Salvage bull that liveth on blood,
 He was fylthy as any sowe,
 Blacke and hairy as a black cowe,
 All yn a holy priest's attyre.
 Never was seeue so fowle a syre

* * * * *

WRITTEN AT BIRMINGHAM DURING A
SLEEPLESS NIGHT,

Occasioned by a Ball being held in the same Inn.

510 Ὡ πόποι ἡ μέγα πένθος ὁδοιπρῶ ἔσσεται ἀνδρὶ,
Ὅσπερ εὐκτίμενον ποτ' ἐπερχόμενος πολλέθρον,
Ἡ κλεινὴν Λευκίην, ἡ Βίλστονα, ἡ Βρεμέχαμον
Χαλκόπολιν, φίλον οἶκον ἀγάνορος Ἡφαίστοιο·
Καὶ τότε δὴ μεγάλην ἐπιτηδεύουσιν ἑορτὴν

PROH Deos! certe magnus dolor peregrino erit viro,
Quicunque bene habitatam aliquando adveniens civitatem,
Aut nobilem Lyciam, aut Bilstonem, aut Bremichamum
Æris-civitatem, charam domum ob virtutem-mirabilis Vul-
cani.

NOTÆ.

- V. 510 Ὀδοιπρῶ ἀνδρὶ. Quis foret ille peregrinus non adhuc satis constat. Herculem Scholiastes, Thesea alij intelligunt. Non animadvertere scilicet boni interpretes de seipso Poetam hæc loqui, quem Poetam Iaspida fuisse Anglo-Phœnicem ipse suprâ demonstravi: Excurs. i v. 17. hujus libri. Et tamen cl. Turnebo Moses his versibus annui videtur: quam verè, judicent alij.
- V. 512. Ubinam sit illa Lycia mihi hæret aqua. Lyciam Asiaticam faciunt vet. Schol. absurde: de Anglicanis enim civitatibus agitur, neque πολλέθρον ista Lycia. Λεύκη Hemsterhusius legit, nullis annuentibus Codd. Nescio an a lupis nomen habens nunc etiam ore vernaculari *Wolver-hampton* audit. De Bilstone et Bremichamo etiam in celeberrimo Jacobo Thomsono *Bremicham* invenimus:

—“Thy thund’ring pavement, Bremicham.”

515 Τέττονες ἀνδρῶνται μέγα πλοῦσιον ὡς μάλα πασι
 Τάλας δὲ μεγάροισι θεῖσι καὶ χρυσὸν ἔδωκε
 Ἐνθ' ἄρα παρρηχίῳ χερσὶ τέρπον· οἱ φίλον κῆρ
 Ἐορᾷ ἔδωκεναι τε καὶ ἀνδρείν εὐκονέμεντες·

Et tunc quidem magnum cum studio-parant festum
 Fabri viri multum divites, quibus valde omnibus
 Æs in ædibus Deus (Vulcanus sc.) et aurum dedit
 Inde ergo per totam noctem-durantibus choris delectant summi
 cor

Virgines bene-cinctæ, et viri pulchro-modo-pulverulenti
 (Sc. pulverosum habentes caput)

NOTÆ.

- V 514. Non hoc p̄ tale (ut videtur) festum paravere Bremichanienses, erchisunt enim huius adventum satis constat. Lego Bonæ Deæ tunc agi sacra (Ta huius exi; mat. falso istiusmodi enim sacris omnes excludebantur v n et tamen v 518 *ἀνδρείν εὐκονέμεντες* invenimus. Ut obscenæ essent istæ saltationes monente Adrescio vix crederem etiam nodis manūlis exilique veste gal. asse puellas ab omnibus fere accipimus. Taha vocant festa Galli. un hal parè Anglice. *the dancing* g.
- V 518 *ἀνδρείν εὐκονέμεντες*. De Barbarico capitis ornatu tantum innotuit. Tritum fortasse et tenue argumen um videar aggressus. *ἄλλ' ἔμμεν εὐκονέμεντες*. Noscant iuniores quod inter plurimas Barbarorum gentes Hottentot as sc. et Caffros et Anglos mos erat patris lardo melleo ursum et simili bus eo l. fere et tunc et deinde albo q. odam pulvere conspergere et consperere *εὐκονέμεντες* Gallice *blanc poudré* Angliche *white powder*.
- V 522. Non in infera regionibus. ut hysomniay thonus ir. Editor Glasguensis ut inferiores camerā pedibusque saltantium subjectā.

Σεισμὸς ὑπερθε ποδῶν γίνεται μέγας, εὖ γὰρ ἕκαστος
 520 Σκιρτῶ, πύλ' ἔδωκ', κρίσῃ δ' εἰς οὐρανὸν ἦκει.
 Ἐκ δὲ λύρων χέεται γλυκερὸν μέλος, ἥ ἐ συνίγγων.
 Ἄλλ' ὁ ξείνος ἐνερθε καθίζεται ἀχνίμενος κῆρ
 Διόρῳ ἀεικέλιω κλιθεῖς, κενεῇ τε τραπέζῃ,
 Χεῖλεσιν οὐτ' ἐπὶ δεῖπνον ἔχων, οὐτ' ὀφθαλμοῖσιν ὕπνον.
 κ. τ. λ.

Motus sub pedibus fit magnus, bene vero unusquisque
 Salit, multum sudans, odor vero nidoris ad cœlum ascendit.
 Lyrarum vero effunditur dulcis sonus aut tibiæ—
 Advena verò infra sedet dolore affectus cor
 Sedili inhonesto reclinans, vacuâque mensâ,
 Labris neque cibum habens, nec oculis somnum, &c.



NOTÆ.

- V. 524. Observandum est quam mirâ arte Poeta sui viatoris patrum innuit pudorem. Si nempe Scotus fuisset Hibernusve, mirum esset, ne innatâ fretus audaciâ, Anglice, "sporting a fatt," cœnam sibi, et gratis, comparasset. Cum vero et Anglus sit, et ingenui pudoris puer, manet immotus *μαινόμενός περ* dum empto tardoque coquorum auxilio sibi cibus paratur. De Anglorum modestiâ vide cl. Marklandum in hunc locum.

TO R. W. HAY, ESQ

ALL SORTS 1807

*Zum Hoch und wohl gehören Herrn von Hay das Collegium Christburg, das eine
Stadt wie das Haus Ausbruch Ordens der Götter und der Schicksale eine Pforte
etc etc etc*

Komm mein Freund ich bitte, mit mir am Montag zu speisen,
Aber ich muss dir sagen dass kein ausländisches Essen
Gebe ich dir mit Schinken Geschmack die saure Krutier,
Nicht die herrliche Fische die kostbare Suppe des Sterlet,
Oder mit salzem Butter den Barsch den wassergekochten.
Und, ach, leider des Armuths den guten vortrefflichen Rhein-
wein

Hier bekommst du nicht aus grünen Gläser getrunken,
Und das dicke Bier was liebt der dursige Deutscher!
Hier sind bloss Kartoffeln, und nur ein gewaltiges *Bafstuck*,
Oder ein Schopsenbraten und ein Paar Kuchlein mit Zunge,
Und ein Salat, und Englisches Bier und Wasser von Schweppe,
Und Wallnusse nach Tisch mit rothlichem Wein von Oporto
Also bleib ich indessen,

Mit einer wahren Hochachtung,

Lieber Herr Hay

Euer unterthanigster,

REGINALD HEBER.

Die Zeit ist halb sechs—the *Local* meine eigene Stube.

A .FRAGMENT.

After the manner of Spenser.

AND by that mansion's western side there stooode
 An ancient bowre enwrapte in darkest shade
 Of sacred elde, and wide-encircling woode ;
 Seemèd it was for saintlye abbesse made.
 Strong were the doors with yron barrs arraide
 For fear of foe that them enharmen myghte,
 Ne any durst that fort for to invade,
 For by the wicket grate, bothe daye and nyghte,
 A snowy gaurdian sate, of old that Bunny highte.

And all withinne were books of various lore,
 St. Leon's toils, and Bible nothinge newe,
 And needle-work, and artists' busie store
 Of crumbling chalke, and tyntes of everie hue ;
 And on the ground, most terrible to view,
 Dame Venus' mangled limbs were strewed around ;
 For soothe to tell, the goddess envyous grewe
 When here she saw myght fairer forms be found,
 And dashed in pieces small her statue on the ground.

Such is that bowre, but who shall dare pourtraye

What sister fancies there their spells combine?
 She, whose younge charms the rugged harte cold swaye
 Of prelate olde, and never tamed divine.
 She, linneresse of Spenser (master mune),
 Angelic linneresse, in whose darke eye
 Dothe wit s wilde glance and playful beauty shine,
 And she of shapeliest form and stature highe,
 And meeke unconscious state, and winning majestic.



TRANSLATION OF AN ODE OF KLOPSTOCK'S

1809.

III.

And Selma! if our love the fates should sever,
 And bear thy spirit from the world below,
 Then shall mine eyes be wet with tears for ever,
 Each gloomy morn, each night of darker woe,
 Each hour, that passed so soon in thy embracing,
 Each minute keenly felt, shall force a tear,
 The long, long months! the years so slowly pacing,
 Which all were dear alike and all were dear

SHE.

My Selmar ! ah, if from thy Selma parted,
Thy soul should first the paths of darkness tread,
Sad were my course, and short, and broken-hearted,
To weep those lonely days, that dismal bed !
Each hour that erst in converse sweet returning
Shone with thy smile or sparkled with thy tear,
Each lingering day should lengthen out my mourning,
The days that passed so swiftly and so dear !

HE.

And did I promise, Selma, years of sorrow ?
And canst thou linger only days behind ?
Few minutes, few, be mine from fate to borrow,
Near thy pale cheek and breathless form reclined,
Press thy dead hand, and, wildly bending o'er thee,
Print one last kiss upon thy glazed eye.

SHE.

Nay, Selmar, nay—I will not fall before thee ;
That pang be mine ; thou shalt not see me die :
Some few sad moments on thy death-bed lying,
By thy pale corpse my trembling frame shall be ;
Gaze on thy altered form, then inly sighing,
Sink on that breast, and wax as pale as thee.

SONG TO A SCOTCH AIR.

1812.

I love the harp with a 'ver sound
That rings the festal hall around,
But sweetest of all
The strains which fall
When twilight mirth with song is crowded.

I love the bubble warbling swell
When echo answers from her cell,
But sweeter to me,
When I list to thee,
Who wakest the northern lay so well.



THE RISING OF THE SUN

To a Hibernian air

1812.

Wake! wake! wake to the hunting!
Wake ye, wake! the morning is nigh!
Chilly the breezes blow
Up from the sea below,

Chilly the twilight creeps over the sky !

Mark how fast the stars are fading !

Mark how wide the dawn is spreading !

Many a fallow deer

Feeds in the forest near ;

Now is no time on the heather to lie !

Rise, rise ! look on the ocean !

Rise ye, rise, and look on the sky !

Softly the vapours sweep

Over the level deep,

Softly the mists on the waterfall lie !

In the cloud red tints are glowing,

On the hill the black cock's crowing ;

And through the welkin red

See where he lifts his head,

(Forth to the hunting !) the sun's riding high !



SONG TO A WELSH AIR.

1812.

THE moon in silent brightness

Rides o'er the mountain brow,

The mist in fleecy whiteness
Has clad the vale below,
Above the woodlands lower
Dark waves our trying tree,
It is, it is the hour
Oh! come, my love, to me

The dews of night have wet me
While wandering lonely,
Thy father's hands beset me,—
I only feared for thee
I crept beneath thy tower,
I climbed the ivy tree,
And blessed be the hour
That brings my love to me.

I left my chosen numbers
In yonder cope below,
Each warrior lightly slumbers,
His hand upon his bow
From forth a tyrant's power
They wait to set thee free,
It is, it is the hour,
Oh! come, my love, to me.

INSCRIPTION

*Proposed for the Vase presented to Sir Waskin Williams Wynn, by the Nobility
and Gentry of Denbighshire, at the conclusion of the War in 1815*

1815

“ASK ye why around me twine
Tendrils of the Gascon vine?
Ask ye why, in martial pride,
Sculptured laurels deck my side,
Blended with that noble tree,
Badge of Albion’s liberty?
Cambria me, for glory won
By the waves of broad Garonne,
Sends to greet her bravest son!
Proved beyond the western deep
By rebel clans on Ulster’s steep;
Proved, where first on Gallia’s plain
The banished lily bloomed again;
And proved where ancient bounty calls
The traveller to his father’s halls!
Nor marvel, then, that round me twine
The oak, the laurel, and the vine;

For the same Cause is now to see
Her Halls' door of victory—
Not Carolina yet, in days of yore,
To wonder at of the Halls' door!



TIMOUR'S COUNCILS.

1814

EMIR and Khán, in long array,
To Timour's council bent their way:
The lordly Tartar, vaunting high,
The Persian with dejected eye,

¹ Halls, from her long and glorious name

² Timour after founding an empire more extensive than is of any other
man has refused to transfer was arrested in his schemes of universal sovereignty

The vassal Russ, and, lured from far,
 Circassia's mercenary war.
 But one there came, uncalled and last,
 The spirit of the wintry blast !
 He marked, while wrapt in mist he stood,
 The purposed track of spoil and blood ;
 He marked, unmoved by mortal woe,
 That old man's eye of swarthy glow ;
 That restless soul, whose single pride
 Was cause enough that millions died ;
 He heard, he saw, till envy woke,
 And thus the voice of thunder spoke :—
 "And hopest thou thus, in pride unfurled,
 To bear those banners through the world ?
 Can time nor space thy toils defy ?
 O king, thy fellow-demon I !
 Servants of Death, alike we sweep
 The wasted earth or shrinking deep ;
 And on the land, and o'er the wave,
 We reap the harvest of the grave.
 But thickest then that harvest lies,

by the rigours of a premature winter, which prevented his march to China "
 Timour died at Otrar, seventy-six leagues from Samarcand.

The thrush from his holly, the lark from his cloud,
Their chorus of rapture sang jovial and loud;
From the soft vernal sky to the soft grassy ground,
There was beauty above me, beneath, and around.

The mild southern breeze brought a shower from the hill,
And yet, though it left me all dropping and chill,
I felt a new pleasure, as onward I sped,
To gaze where the rainbow gleamed broad overhead.

Oh! such be life's journey, and such be our skill
To lose in its blessings the sense of its ill;
Through sunshine and shower may our progress be even,
And our tears add a charm to the prospect of heaven!



MAN'S PILGRIMAGE.

1817.

Oh for the morning gleam of youth, the half-unfolded flower
That sparkles in the diamond dew of that serener hour!
What time the broad and level sun shone gaily o'er the sea
And in the woods the birds awoke to songs of ecstasy.

The sun that gilds the middle arch of man's maturer day
 smites heavy on the pilgrim's head who plods his dusty way
 The birds are fled to deeper shades—the dewy flowers are dried
 And I love that with the day was born, before the d v l as I d
 For who can promise to his soul a tranquil even de?
 Yes though the dew will gleam anew—though from its western
 sky
 The sun will gleam as mild a ray as morning could supply—
 Though from her tufted thorn again will sing the nightingale
 Yet till all the ear of age enjoy her tender tale
 And night will find us toiling on our joyless trail on
 For day must pass and night must come before another morn



SONG TO A WELSH AIR

87

I mourn not the forest whose verdure is dying
 I mourn not the Summer whose beauty is o'er
 I weep for the hopes that for ever are flying
 I sigh for the worth that I slighted before

And sigh to bethink me how vain is my sighing,
For love, once extinguished, is kindled no more.

The Spring may return with his garland of flowers,
And wake to new rapture the bird on the tree ;
The Summer smile soft through his crystalline bowers ;
The blessings of Autumn wave brown o'er the lea ;
The rock may be shaken, the dead may awaken,
But the friend of my bosom returns not to me.



CAROL FOR MAY-DAY.

1817.

QUEEN of fresh flowers,
Whom vernal stars obey,
Bring thy warm showers,
Bring thy genial ray.

In nature's greenest livery drest,
Descend on earth's expectant breast,
To earth and heaven a welcome guest,
Thou merry month of May!

Mark how we meet thee
At dawn of dewy day!
Hark! how we greet thee
With our roundelay!
While all the goodly things that be
In earth, and air, and ample sea,
Are waking up to welcome thee,
Thou merry month of May!

Flocks on the mountains,
And birds upon their spray,
Tree, turf, and fountains,
All hold holiday,
And Love, the life of living things,
Love waves his torch, Love claps his wings,
And loud and wide thy praises sings,
Thou merry month of May!





ON HEAVENLY AND EARTHLY HOPE.

REFLECTED on the lake I love

To see the stars of evening glow,—
So tranquil in the heaven above,
So restless in the wave below.

Thus heavenly hope is all serene,
But earthly hope, how bright soe'er,
Still fluctuates o'er this changing scene,
As false and fleeting as 't is fair.

TO ———

WHEN I was sick, how patiently thou sat'st beside my bed !
 When I was faint, how lovingly thine arm upheld my head !
 When I was wearied out with pain, perverse in misery,
 How ready was thy watchful aid my wishes to supply !
 And *thou* art sick, and *thou* art weak, and *thou* art racked with
 pain,
 But cheerful still, untamed of ill, does yet thy heart remain,
 And have I nursed and tended thee since first thy griefs began ?
 Forgive, forgive, my ———, the selfishness of man !



BOW MEETING SONG

MERRY archers, come with me !
 Come with me, come with me,
 Merry archers, come with me
 To our tent beside the holly !

Summer gilds the smiling day,
Summer clothes the tufted spray,
Earth is green and heaven is gay,
Wherefore should we not be jolly?
Merry archers, come, &c.

Here is friendship, mirth is here,
Woodland music, woodland cheer,
And, with hope and blended fear,
Here is love's delightful folly.
Our life, alas! is fraught with care,
And mortals all must have their share,
But yet to-day we well may spare
From our load of melancholy.

Merry archers, come with me!
Come with me, come with me;
Merry archers, come with me
To our tents beside the holly!



PARODY OF LISTON'S "BEAUTIFUL MAID."

My fishmonger told me that soles were most dear:
I trembled to hear what he said,

For salmon and shrimps 't was the wrong time of year,
So I pitched on a *Beautiful Maid*
I brought home my beautiful maid,
"Here, cook, dress this beautiful maid!
Come, boil it, don't spoil it, but see it well done,
And I'll dine on my beautiful maid!"

But an ugly black cat—I speak it with grief—
My delicate tit bit waylaid
The cook turned her back, and the long whiskered thief
Ran away with my beautiful maid!
She clawed up my beautiful maid!
She eloped with my beautiful maid!
O pussy, you hussy, oh! what have you done?
You've eat up my beautiful maid!



FARF WELL.

1819.

WHEN eyes are beaming
What never tongue might tell,
When tears are streaming
From their crystal cell,

When hands are linked that dread to part,
And heart is met by throbbing heart,
Oh, bitter, bitter is the smart
Of them that bid farewell !

When hope is chidden
That fain of bliss would tell,
And love forbidden
In the breast to dwell,
When, fettered by a viewless chain,
We turn and gaze and turn again,
Oh, death were mercy to the pain
Of those that bid farewell !



THE OUTWARD-BOUND SHIP.

1819

AS BORNE along with favouring gale
And streamers waving bright,
How gaily sweeps the glancing sail
O'er yonder sea of light !

With painted sides the vessel glides,
In seeming revelry,
And still we hear the sailors' cheer
Around the capsized tree



Is sorrow there when all is fair,
Where all is outward glad?
Go fool to yonder mariner,
And he shall lesson thee
Upon that deck walks tyrant sway,
Wild as his conquered wave,
And murmuring hate that must obey
The captain and his slave.

And pinching care is lurking there,
And dark ambition's swell,
And some that part with bursting heart
From objects loved too well ;

And many a grief with gazing fed
On yonder distant shore,
And many a tear in secret shed
For friends beheld no more ;

Yet sails the ship with streamers drest
And shouts of seeming glee :
O God ! how loves the mortal breast
To hide its misery !



BOW-MEETING SONG.

YE spirits of our fathers,
The hardy, bold and free,
Who chased o'er Cressy's gory field
A fourfold enemy !

From us who love your sylvan game,
To you the song shall flow,
To the fame of your name -
Who so bravely bent the bow

'Twas merry then in England
(Our ancient records tell),
With Robin Hood and Little John
Who dwelt by down and dell,
And yet we love the bold outlaw
Who braved a tyrant foe,
Whose cheer was the deer,
And his only friend the bow

'Twas merry then in England
In Autumn's dewy morn,
When echo started from her hill
To hear the bugle horn.
And beauty, mirth, and warrior worth
In garb of green did go
The shade to invade
With the arrow and the bow
Ye spirits of our fathers !
Extend to us your care,

Among your children yet are found
The valiant and the fair.
'Tis merry yet in Old England,
Full well her archers know,
And shame on their name
Who despise the British bow !

TO A WELSH AIR,

"Cedrad yr Hydod"

Why that neck of marble whiteness,
Why that hair of sunny brightness,
Form of perfect mould ;
Why those fringed eyelids screening
Lights of love and liquid meaning,
While the heart is cold ?

Shame on her whose pride or malice
With a lover's anguish dallies.
Scorn our scattered reason rallies ;
Thou shalt mourn thy tyrant sallies
Ere that thou art old—*young Alice*,
Ere that thou art old !



AN INSCRIPTION RECENTLY DISCOVERED IN
SAMOS

(CLARK'S TRAVELS)

TURBINA, famed for every grace
Of learning and of ancient race
Whom all the virtues did consent
With all their gifts to ornament,

When thrice nine little years are flown
Hath left her parents to bemoan
With bitter tears, the early dead
By whom their house is widowèd.
For nought remains, now she is gone,
That love or hope may rest upon.
And she hath left her palace home
To sleep within the narrow tomb.
Yet may her race, or good men feign,
Revive from such distress again.



BALLAD.

1820.

I.

"O CAPTAIN of the Moorish hold,
Unbar thy gates to me,
And I will give thee gems and gold,
To set Fernando free.

For I a sacred oath have plight
 A pilgrim to remain,
 Till I return with Lara's knight,
 The noblest knight of Spain."

II

"I and Christian youth," the captain said,
 Thy suit is soon denied,
 Fernando loves a Moorish maid,
 And will with us abide
 Renounced is every Christian rite,
 The turlan he hath ta'en,
 And Lara thus hath lost her knight,
 The boldest knight of Spain."

III

Pale marble pale, the pilgrim turned,
 A cold and deadly dye,
 Then in his cheeks the blushes burned,
 And anger in his eye.
 From forth his cowl a ringlet bright
 Fell down of golden grain,
 Base Moor' to slander Lara's knight,
 The boldest knight of Spain!

IV.

"Go, look on Lugo's gory field !
Go, look on Tayo's tide !
Can ye forget the red-cross shield
That all your host defied ?
Alhama's warriors turned to flight,
Granada's sultan slain,
Attest the worth of Lara's knight,
The boldest knight of Spain ! "

V.

"By Allah, yea ! " with eyes of fire
The lordly paynim said,
"Granada's sultan was my sire,
Who fell by Lara's blade ;
And though thy gold were fortyfold,
The ransom were but vain
To purchase back thy Christian knight,
The boldest knight of Spain."

VI.

"Ah, Moor ! the life that once is shed
No vengeance can repay ;
And who can number up the dead
That fall in battle fray ?

Thy life in many a man's blood
 Hast many a father slain,
 Then rage not thus 'gainst Lara's knight,
 The boldest knight of Spain."

VII

"And who art thou, whose pilgrim vest
 Thy beauties ill may shroud?
 The locks of gold, the heaving breast,
 A moon beneath a cloud?—
 Wilt thou our Moorish creed recite,
 And here with me remain?
 He may depart,—that captive knight,
 The conquered knight of Spain."

VIII

"Ah, speak not so!" with voice of woe
 The shuddering stranger cried,
 "Another creed I may not know,
 Nor live another bride!
 Fernando's wife may yield her life,
 But not her honour stain,
 To loose the bonds of Lara's knight,
 The noblest knight of Spain!"

IX.

“And know'st thou, then, how hard a doom
Thy husband yet may bear?—
The fettered limbs, the living tomb,
The damp and noisome air?
In lonely cave, and void of light,
To drag a helpless chain,
Thy pride condemns the Christian knight,
The prop and pride of Spain!”

X.

“Oh that within that dungeon's gloom
His sorrows I might share,
And cheer him in that living tomb
With love, and hope, and prayer!
But still the faith I once have plight
Unbroken must remain,
And God will help the captive knight,
And plead the cause of Spain!”

XI.

“And deem'st thou from the Moorish hold
In safety to retire,
Whose locks outshine Arabia's gold,
Whose eyes the diamond's fire?”

She drew a poniard small and bright,
And spake in calm disdain,
"He taught me how, my Christian knight,
To guard the faith of Spain!"

XII

The drawbridge falls, with loud alarm
The clashing portals fly!
She bared her breast, she raised her arm
And knelt, in act to die!
But ah! the thrill of wild delight
That shot through every vein!
He stood before her,—Lara's knight,
The noblest knight of Spain!



TO CHAUNCEY HARE TOWNSHEND,

ON HIS LINES FRAMING THE TRAP QUILLITY OF A RIVER, WHILE THE SEA
WAS HEARD ON THE NEIGHBOURING SHORE.¹

1819.

O TOWNSHEND, could'st thou linger where scarce a ripple played
Around the lily's glossy stem, or beneath the willow's shade,

¹ See "Townshend's Poems" p. 206.

And did that mighty chorus allure thy bark in vain,
The laughter of the dancing waves and music of the main?



The breeze may tell his story of soft and still delight,
As whisp'ring through the woodbine bower he fans the cheek
of night ;

But louder, blither sings the wind, his carol wild and free,
When the harvest moon sails forth in pride above her subject
sea.

I love to thread the little paths, the rushy banks between,
Where Tern,¹ in dewy silence, creeps through the meadow green ;

¹ A narrow winding stream which runs through Hodnet, and joins the Severn below Shrewsbury.

I love to mark the speckled trout beneath the sunbeam lie,
And skimming past, on filmy wing, the danger-courting fly
I praise the darker shadows where, o'er the tunnel lone,
The regal oak or swarthy pine their giant arms have thrown,
Or, from his couch of heather, where Skiddaw bends to view
The furrows of his rifted brow in Derwent's mirror blue.

But not that narrow stillness has equal charms for me,
With thy ten thousand voices, thou broad exulting sea,
Thy shining sands, thy rugged shores, thy breakers rolling high,
And all thy dim horizon specked with sails of moving light.

Oft on thy wonders may I gaze, oft on thy waters ride,
Oft with no timid arm essay thy dark transparent tide,
Oft may thy sound be in my dreams, far inland though I be,
For health and hope are in thy song, thou deep full voiced sea.



THE GROUND SWELL.

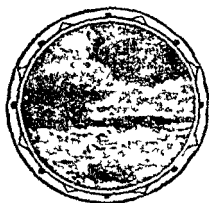
1819.

How soft the shades of evening creep
O'er yonder lewy lea,
Whose balmy winds have lulled to sleep
The tenants of the tree

No wandering breeze is here to sweep
In shadowy ripple o'er the deep,
Yet swells the heaving sea !

How calm the sky ! rest, ocean, rest,
From storm and ruffle free,
Calm as the image on thy breast
Of her that governs thee !
And yet beneath the moon's mild reign
Thy broad breast heaves as one in pain,
Thou dark and silent sea !

There are whom fortune vainly woos
With all her pageantry,
Whom every flattering bliss pursues,
Yet still they fare like thee ;
The spell is hid within their mind,
Least wretched then when most resigned,
Their hearts throb silently.



BOW MEETING SONG

Sung at Howard's Castle

1830

By yon castle wall, 'mid the breezes of morning,
 The genius of Cambria strayed pensive and slow,
 The oak wreath was withered her tresses adorning,
 And the wind through its leaves sighed its murmur of woe.
 She gazed on her mountains with filial devotion,
 She gazed on her Dee as he rolled to the ocean,—
 And, "Cambria! poor Cambria!" she cried with emotion,
 "Thou yet hast thy country, thy harp, and thy bow!"

"Sweep on, thou proud stream, with thy billows all hoary,
 As proudly my warriors have rushed on the foe,
 But feeble and faint is the sound of their glory,
 For time, like thy tide, has its ebb and its flow
 Ev'n now, while I watch thee, thy beauties are fading,
 The sands and the shallows thy course are invading,
 Where the sail swept the surges the sea bird is wading,
 And thus hath it fared with the land of the bow!"

"Smile, smile, ye dear hills, 'mid your woods and your flowers,
 Whose heather lies dark in the morn's dewy glow!"

A time must await you of tempest and showers,

An Autumn of mist, and a Winter of snow !

For me, though the whirlwind has shivered and cleft me,

Of wealth and of empire the stranger bereft me,

Yet, Saxon—proud Saxon—thy fury has left me

Worth, valour, and beauty, the harp and the bow !

“Ye towers, on whose rampire, all ruined and riven,

The wallflower and woodbine so lavishly blow,

I have seen when your banner waved broad to the heaven,

And kings found your faith a defence from the foe.

Oh, loyal in grief, and in danger unshaken,

For ages still true, though for ages forsaken,

Yet, Cambria, thy heart may to gladness awaken,

Since thy monarch has smiled on the harp and the bow !”



ON CROSSING THE RANGE OF HIGH LAND
BETWEEN STONE AND MARKET DRAYTON,

JAN. 4, 1820.

DREAD inmate of the northern zone !

And hast thou left thy ancient throne

On Zembla's hills of snow,

Thine arrowy sleet and icy shower
 On us, unbroken to thy power,
 With reckless hand to throw?

Enough for us thy milder sway,
 The yellow mist, the shortened day,
 The sun of fainter glow,
 The frost which scarce our verdure felt,
 And rarely seen, and but to melt
 The wreath of transient snow

I met thee once by Volga's tide,
 Nor feared thy terrors to aside
 On Valda's sullen brow,
 But little thought on English down
 Thy darkest wrath and fiercest frown
 So soon again to know

Oh for my *schud's* accustomed fold,
 Which then, in ample bear skin rolled,
 Defied thy dread career!
 Oh for the cap of sable warm,
 Which guarded then from pinching harm
 My nose, and cheek, and ear!

Mine old *kibitka*, where art thou?
Gloves, boots, *peketch*,—I need ye now,—
Sold to a Lemberg Jew!
In single vest, on Ashley Heath,
My shrinking heart is cold as death,
And fingers ghastly blue!



HAPPINESS.

ONE morning in the month of May
I wandered o'er the hill.
Though nature all around was gay,
My heart was heavy still.

Can God, I thought, the Good, the Great,
These meaner creatures bless,
And yet deny our human state
The boon of happiness?

Tell me, ye woods, ye smiling plains,
Ye blessèd birds around,
Where, in creation's wide domains,
Can perfect bliss be found?

The birds wild carolled overhead,
The breeze around me blew,
And nature's awful chorus said,
No bliss for man she knew!

I questioned Love, whose early rays
So heavenly bright appears,
And Love in answer, seemed to say
His light was dimmed by tears.

I questioned Friendship,—Friendship mourned,
And thus her answer gave
“The friends whom fortune had not turned
Were vanished in the grave.”

I asked of Feeling, if her skill
Could heal the wounded breast?
And found her sorrows streaming still,
For others' griefs distress.

I asked if Vice could bliss bestow?
Vice boasted loud and well,
But, fiding from her pallid brow,
The venom'd roses fell.

I questioned Virtue,—Virtue sighed,
No boon could she dispense ;
Nor Virtue was her name, she cried,
But humble Penitence !

I questioned Death,—the Grisly Shade
Relaxed his brow severe ;
And, “I am happiness,” he said,
“If Virtue guides thee here !”



SYMPATHY.

1820.

A KNIGHT and a lady once met in a grove,
While each was in quest of a fugitive love ;
A river ran mournfully murmuring by,
And they wept in its waters for sympathy.

“Oh, never was knight such a sorrow that bore !”

“Oh, never was maid so deserted before !”

“From life and its woes let us instantly fly,
And jump in together for company !”

They searched for an eddy that suited the deed,
But here was a bramble, and there was a weed,
"How tiresome it is!" said the fair with a sigh,
So they sat down to rest them in company

They gazed on each other the maid and the knight
How fair was her form, and how goodly his height!
"One mournful embrace!" sobbed the youth, "ere we die!"
So kissing and crying kept company

"Oh, had I but loved such an angel as you!"
"Oh, had but my swain been a quarter as true!"
"To miss such perfection how blinded was I!"
—Sure now they were excellent company!

At length spoke the lass, 'twixt a smile and a tear,
"The weather is cold for a watery bier,
When Summer returns we may easily die
Till then let us sorrow in company!"





THE WELL OF OBLIVION.

Suggested by a Stanza in the "Orlando Innamorato" of Boiardo.¹

1820.

THERE is, they say, a secret well,
In Ardennes' forest grey,
Whose waters boast a numbing spell,
That memory must obey.

¹ Ell'era tutta d'oro lavorata
E d'alabastro candido e pulito,
E cosi bel, che chi dentro vi quata
Vi vedi il prato e fior tutto scolpito.
Dicon che da Merlin fu fabbricata
Per Tristan ohe d'Isotta era in vaghito
Accioch' ivi bevendo, si scordasse
L'amor di quella donna, e la lasciasse.

Who tastes the pill so cool and calm
 In pain on a wild distress,
 Their breaths imbibe the sudden balm
 Of deep forgetfulness.

And many a mind has sought the grove,
 And bowed beside the wave
 But few have borne to love the love
 That wore them to the grave.

No by these tears whose ceaseless smart
 My reason chides in vain
 By all the secret of a heart
 That never told its pain,

By all the walk that once were dear
 Beneath the greenwood bow
 By all the smile that soothed his ear
 That I not I seen now

As every dream of hope gone by
 That haunts me in slumber yet —
 A lover's heart may long to die,
 But never to forget.

THE ORACLE.

Imitated from the Greek.

1820.

TO PHŒBUS' shrine three youths of fame,
A wrestler, boxer, racer, came,
And begged the Delphic god to say,
Which from the next Olympic game
Should bear the envied wreath away?
And thus the Oracle decided :—
“ Be victors all, brave youths, this day,
Each in your several arts !—*provided*
That none outstrip the racers' feet,
None at his trade the boxer beat,
None in the dust the wrestler lay !”



TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN,

At the request of Sir James M. Riddell.

TAKE here the tender harp again,
O Muse ! which thou hast lent to me ;
I wake no more the glowing strain
To youthful love or social glee.

Forgive the weak and sickly shell
That could so ill my soul express
What most I felt I dared not tell,
And chose my themes from idleness.

Of when I told of peace and pleasure,
I marked the hostile sabre shine,
And water, doled in scanty measure,
I drank, when wont to sing of wine.

Might peace, might love's auspicious fire
Put gild at last my closing day,
Then, goddess, then return the lyre,
To wake, perhaps, a lofter lay



LINES

Written to a Mar. & composed in imitation of a Military Band

1860

I see them on the winding way,
Above their ranks the moonbeams play,
And nearer yet, and yet more near,
The martial chorus strikes the ear.

250

They're lost and gone,—the moon is past,
The wood's dark shade is o'er them cast,
And fainter, fainter, fainter still,
The dim march warbles up the hill.

Again, again,—the pealing drum,
The clashing horn,—they come ! they come !
And lofty deeds and daring high
Blend with their notes of victory.

Forth, forth ! and meet them on their way ;
The trampling hoof brooks no delay ;
The thrilling fife, the pealing drum,
How late—but oh ! how loved they come !



BOW-MEETING SONG.

We find it well observed by an ancient learned Rabbin,
The man was raving mad who first to sea would go,
Who would change the tented field for the quarter-deck and
cabin,
And the songs of blooming beauty for a Yo ! heave oh !

Yet since your bard is bent to try
 The fervours of an eastern sky,
 And where, across the tepid main, Arabian breezes blow,
 While yet the northern gale
 Fans his cheek and swells his sail,
 Accept his latest tribute to the British bow!

Dear scenes of unrepented joy, our nature's best physician,
 Can all Golconda's glittering mines so pure a bliss bestow?
 Oh, deem not that for sordid gold he left you, or ambition,
 Or shall e'er forget your peaceful charms 'mid India's brightest
 glow!

Oft, oft will he be telling
 Of the glades of Nant y bellu,

Of the lilies and the roses that in Gwersyllt blow

Oft, oft recall the snow white wall of yonder ancient dwelling,
 Whose lords, in Saxon Edwin's days, so nobly bent the bow!

Oh, when the Dog Star rides on high, how oft shall memory
 wander

Where yonder oaks their aged arms 'mid blended poplars
 throw,

And hollies join their glossy shade, and the brook with cool
 meander

Steals, like a silver snake, through the copse below!

Where many a mild and matron grace
Adorns the mother's gentle face,
And * * * * in beauteous garland blow,
And proved in many a martial fray
Their sire holds sylvan holiday,
And flings his well-worn sword away
To bend the British bow!

The bard is gone, and other bards shall wake the call of pleasure,
That prompts to beauty's lips the smile, and lends her cheek
its glow,
And strike the sylvan lyre to a louder, livelier measure,
And wear the oaken wreath, which he must now forego!
But yet, though many a sweeter song
Shall float th' applauding tent along,
And many a friendly health to the Sons of Genius flow.
Forget not *them*, who, doomed to part,
Will keep engraven on their heart
The sons and the daughters of the British bow!



FROM THE GULISTAN

Inscription over the arched Alcove of Ferid'un's Hall

1823.

BROTHER ! know the world deceiveth !
Trust on Him who safely giveth !
Fix not on the world thy trust,
She feeds us—but she turns to dust,
And the bare earth or kingly throne
Alike may serve to die upon !



FROM THE GULISTAN

1823.

THE man who leaveth life behind,
May well and boldly speak his mind
Where fight is none from battle field
We blithely snatch the sword and shield,
Where hope is past, and hate is strong,
The wretch's tongue is sharp and long
Myself have seen, in wild despair,
The feeble cat the mastiff tear

FROM THE GULISTAN.

1823.

Who the silent man can prize,
If a fool he be or wise?
Yet, though lonely seem the wood,
Therein may lurk the beast of blood.
Often bashful looks conceal
Tongue of fire and heart of steel.
And deem not thou, in forest grey,
Every dappled skin thy prey,
Lest thou rouse, with luckless spear.
The tiger for the fallow deer!



IMITATION OF AN ODE BY KOODRUT.

1823.

AMBITION'S voice was in my ear, she whispered yesterday,
"How goodly is the land of Room, how wide the Russian sway!"

How blest to conquer either realm, and dwell thro' h Life to
come,

Lulled by the harp's melodious string, cheered by the northern
drum!"

But Wisdom heard O youth " she said, " in pas. on a f tier
ted,

Oh come and see a sight with me shall cure thee of thy pride!"

She led me to a lonely dell a sad and shady ground,

Where many an ancient sepulchre gleamed in the moonshine
round.

And Here Secunder sleeps!" she cried this is his rival's
stone

And here the mighty chief reclines who reared the Median
throne

Inquire of these doth ought of all their ancient pomp remain

Save late regret and bitter tears for ever and in vain?

Return return and in thy heart engraven keep my love

The lesser wealth the lighter load—small blame beudes the
poor!"



TRANSLATION OF A SONNET,

BY THE LATE NAWAB OF OUDE, ASUF UD DOWLA.

1823

In those eyes that glisten as in pity for my pain,
Are they gems, or only dewdrops? Can they, will they long
remain?

Why the strength of tyrant beauty thus, with seeming ruth,
restrain?

Better breathe my last before thee, than in lingering grief remain.

To yon planet Fate has given every month to wax and wane;
And thy world of blushing brightness—can it, will it long remain?

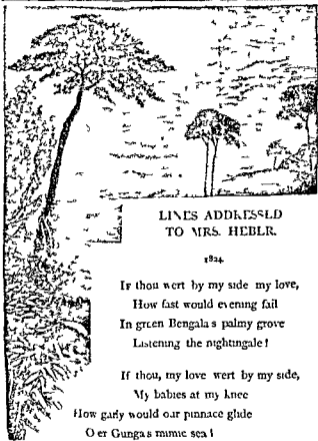
Health and youth, in balmy moisture, on thy cheek their seal
maintain;

But the dew that steeps the rosebud—can it, will it long remain?

Asuf! why in mournful numbers of thine absence thus complain?
Chance had joined us, chance has parted!—nought on earth
can long remain.

In the world may'st thou, belovèd! live exempt from grief and
pain.

On my lips the breath is fleeting—can it, will it long remain?



LINES ADDRESSED
TO MRS. HEBLER.

1824

If thou wert by my side my love,
How fast would evening fall
In green Bengal's palmy grove
Listening the nightingale!

If thou, my love wert by my side,
My babies at my knee
How gaily would our pinnace glide
O'er Gunga's mimic sea!

I miss thee at the dawning grey,
When on our deck reclined,

In careless ease my limbs I lay
And woo the cooler wind.

I miss thee when by Gunga's stream
My twilight steps I guide,
But most beneath the lamp's pale beam
I miss thee from my side.

I spread my books, my pencil try,
The lingering noon to cheer,
But miss thy kind approving eye,
Thy meek attentive ear.

But when of morn and eve the star
Beholds me on my knee,
I feel, though thou art distant far,
Thy prayers ascend for me.

Then, on ! then, on ! where duty leads,
My course be onward still,
O'er broad Hindostan's sultry mead,
O'er bleak Almorah's hill.

That course, nor Delhi's kingly gates
Nor wild Malwah detain ;
For sweet the Bliss us both awaits
By yonder western main.

Thy towers, Bombay, gleam bright, they say,
Across the dark blue sea,
But ne'er were hearts so light and gay
As then shall meet in thee !



AN EVENING WALK IN BENGAL

1824.

Our task is done ' on Gunga's breast
The sun is sinking down to rest ,
And moored beneath the tamarind bough,
Our bark has found its harbour now
With furled sail and painted side,
Behold the tiny frigate ride.
Upon her deck, 'mid charcoal gleams,
The Moslem's savoury supper steams,
While all apart, beneath the wood,
The Hindoo cooks his sampler food.

Come, walk with me the jungle through
If yonder hunter told us true,
Far off, in desert dank and rude,
The tiger holds its solitude ,

Nor (taught by recent harm to shun
The thunders of the English gun)
A dreadful guest but rarely seen,
Returns to scare the village green.
Come boldly on ! no venom'd snake
Can shelter in so cool a brake.
Child of the sun ! he loves to lie
'Midst Nature's embers, parched and dry,
Where o'er some tower in ruin laid,
The peepul spreads its haunted shade ;
Or round a tomb his scales to wreathe
Fit warder in the gate of Death
Come on !—yet pause ! Behold us now
Beneath the bamboo's arch'd bough,
Where, gemming oft that sacred gloom,
Glow's the geranium's scarlet bloom,¹
And winds our path through many a bower
Of fragrant tree and giant flower ,
The ceiba's crimson pomp displayed
O'er the broad plantain's humbler shade,
And dusk anana's prickly blade ;

¹ A shrub whose deep scarlet flowers very much resemble the geranium, and thence called the Indian geranium

While o'er the brake so wild and fair,
 The beetle waves his crest in air
 With pendent train and rushing wings
 Aloft the gorgeous peacock springs,
 And he, the lord of hundred dyes,¹
 Whose plumes the dames of Ava prize
 So rich a shade so green a sod
 Our English fairies never trod,
 Yet who in Indian bowers has stood
 But thought on England's good greenwood!²
 And blessed, beneath the palmy shade,
 Her hazel and her hawthorn glade,
 And breathed a prayer (how oft in vain!)
 To gaze upon her oaks again?
 A truce to thought—the jackal's cry
 Resounds like sylvan revelry,
 And through the trees yon fading ray
 Will scantily serve to guide our way
 Yet mark, as fade the upper skies,
 Each thicket opes ten thousand eyes
 Before beside us, and above,
 The firefly lights his lamp of love,

¹ The Machharanga.

Retreating, chasing, sinking, soaring,
The darkness of the copse exploring,
While to this cooler air confest,
The broad Dhatura bares her breast,
Of fragrant scent and virgin white,
A pearl around the locks of night !
Still, as we pass, in softened hum
Along the breezy alleys come
The village song, the horn, the drum.
Still, as we pass, from bush and briar,
The shrill cigala strikes his lyre ;
And what is she whose liquid strain
Thrills through yon copse of sugar-cane ?
I know that soul-entrancing swell,
It is—it must be—Philomel !
Enough, enough ! the rustling trees
Announce a shower upon the breeze ;
The flashes of the summer sky
Assume a deeper, ruddier dye ;
Yon lamp that trembles on the stream,
From forth our cabin sheds its beam ;
And we must early sleep, to find
Betimes the morning's healthy wind.

But oh with thankful hearts confess
E'en here there may be happiness
And He the bounteous Sire has given
His peace on earth—His hope of heaven !



TRANSLATIONS OF PINDAR.

Published in the "Quarterly Review," 1811, and afterwards in "Collection of Poems," 1812.



TRANSLATIONS OF PINDAR.¹

THE FIRST OLYMPIC ODE.

TO HIERO OF SYRACUSE, VICTOR IN THE HORSE RACE.

CAN earth, or fire, or liquid air,
With water's sacred stream compare?
Can aught that wealthy tyrants hold
Surpass the lordly blaze of gold?
Or lives there one, whose restless eye
Would seek along the empty sky,

¹ Pindar, the greatest of Greek lyrists, was born 522 years before Christ, at Cynocephalæ, a village in the territory of Thebes, in Bœotia. His family was skilled in music, his father and uncle being flute-players. Pindar was honoured and loved by all the states of Greece, for himself as well as for his art.

Beneath the sun's meridian ray,
A warmer star, a purer day?—
O thou, my soul, whose choral song
Would tell of contests sharp and strong
Extol not other lists above
The circus of Olympian Jove,
Whence, borne on many a tuneful tongue,
To Saturn's seed the anthem sung,
With harp, and flute, and trumpet's call,
Hath sped to Hiero's festival

Over sheep-clad Sicily

Who the righteous sceptre beareth,
Every flower of Virtue's tree

Wove in various wreath he weareth.
But the bud of Poesy

Is the fairest flower of all,
Which the bards, with social glee,

Strew round Hiero's wealthy hall.
The harp on yonder pin suspended,

Seize it, boy, for Pisa's sake,

And that good steed's, whose thoughts will wake
A joy with anxious fondness blended,

No sounding lash his sleek side rended,—

By Alpheus' brink, with feet of flame,
Self-driven to the goal he tended,
And earned the olive wreath of fame
For that dear lord, whose righteous name
The sons of Syracuse tell,
Who loves the generous courser well :

Beloved himself by all who dwell
In Pelops' Lydian colony.
—Of earth-embracing Neptune, he
The darling, when, in days of yore,
All lovely from the cauldron red
By Clotho's spell deliverèd,¹
The youth an ivory shoulder bore.

—Well !—these are tales of mystery !—
And many a darkly-woven lie
With men will easy credence gain ;
While truth, calm truth, may speak in vain ;
For eloquence, whose honeyed sway
Our frailer mortal wits obey,

The ordinary fable was that Tantalus, desirous of testing the divinity of the gods, served up to them at a feast his son Pelops. The deities refused to eat, except Ceres, who, absent and sorrowful for the loss of her daughter Proserpine, ate of Pelops' shoulders. Jupiter restored him to life, substituting an ivory shoulder for the one eaten by Ceres.—EDIT.

Can honour give to actions ill,
And faith to deeds incredible,
And bitter blame, and praises high,
Fall truest from posterity

But, if we dare the deeds rehearse
Of those that eye endure,
'T were meet that in such dangerous verse
Our every word were pure —
Then, son of Tantalus, receive
A plain unvarnished lay:
My song shall elder fables leave,
And of thy parents say,
That, when in heaven a favoured guest
He called the gods in turn to feast
On Sipylus, his mountain home
The sovereign of the ocean foam,
—Can mortal form such favour prove?—
Rapt thee on golden car above
To highest house of mighty Jove,
To which, in after day,
Came golden haired Ganymede,
As bards in ancient story read,
The dark winged eagle's prey

And when no earthly tongue could tell
The fate of thee, invisible,—
Nor friends, who sought thee wide in vain,
To soothe the weeping mother's pain,
Could bring thy wanderer home again ;
 Some envious neighbour's spleen,
In distant hints, and darkly, said,
That in the cauldron hissing red,
And on the gods' great table spread,
 Thy mangled limbs were seen.

But who shall tax,—I dare not, I,—
The blessed gods with gluttony ?
Full oft the slanderous tongue has felt
By their high wrath the thunder dealt ;
And sure, if ever mortal head
Heaven's holy watchers honoured,
 That head was Lydia's lord.
Yet could not mortal heart digest
The wonders of that heavenly feast ;
Elate with pride, a thought unblest
 Above his nature soared.
And now condemned to endless dread
(Such is the righteous doom of fate),

His eyes, above his guilty head,
The shadowy rock's impending weight,
The fourth, with that tormented three¹
In horrible society!

For that, in frantic theft
The nectar cup he rest,
And to his mortal peers in feasting poured,
For whom a sin it were
With mortal life to share
The mystic dainties of the immortal board,
And who by policy
Can hope to 'scape the eye
Of him who sits above, by men and gods adored?

For such offence, a doom severe,
Sent down the son to sojourn here
Among the fleeting race of man,—
Who, when the curfew down began
To clothe his cheek in darker shade,

¹ The three were Sappho, Thyrsis and Iambe. The author of the *Olympics* is at least of that passage which describes the punishments of Tantalus a witness to an eternity of hunger, thirst and of disappointment. Which of it has eyes only to meet and not to achieve very easy nor very matter of to do it. The shadowy rock of Pindar is perhaps a less appropriate but surely a more pleasant image of punishment.

To car-borne Pisa's royal maid¹
A lover's tender service paid.
But, in the darkness first he stood
Alone, by Ocean's hoary flood,
And raised to him the suppliant cry,
The hoarse earth-shaking deity.

Nor called in vain : through cloud and storm
Half-seen, a huge and shadowy form,

The God of Waters came.—

He came, whom thus the youth addressed :
“O thou, if that immortal breast

Have felt a lover's flame,
A lover's prayer in pity hear,
Repel the tyrant's brazen spear
That guards my lovely dame !
And grant a car whose rolling speed
May help a lover at his need ;
Condemned by Pisa's hand to bleed,
Unless I win the envied meed
In Elis' field of fame !

¹ Ænomaus King of Pisa had promised his daughter, the heiress of his states, in marriage to any warrior who should excel him in the chariot race, on condition, however, that the candidates should stake their lives on the issue. Thirteen had essayed and perished before Pelops.

' For youthful knights thirteen
 By him have slaughtered been,
 His daughter vexing with perverse delay ,
 Such to a coward's eye
 Were evil augury.
 Nor durst a coward's heart the strife essay
 Yet, since alike to all
 The doom of death must fall,
 Ah ! wherefore, sitting in unseemly shade,
 Wear out a nameless life
 Remote from noble strife,
 And all the sweet applause to valour paid?—
 Yes ! I will dare the course ! but thou,
 Immortal friend my prayer allow "

Thus not in vain, his grief he told
 The ruler of the watery space
 Bestowed a wondrous car of gold,
 And tireless steeds of winged pace
 So, victor in the deathful race
 He taxed the strength of Pisa's king,
 And from his bride of beauteous face,
 Beheld the stock of warriors spring,
 Six valiant sons, as legends sing

And now with fame and virtue crowned,
Where Alpheus' stream, in wat'ry ring.
Encircles half his turfy mound,
He sleeps beneath the piled ground,¹



Near that blest spot where strangers move
In many a long procession round
The altar of protecting Jove.
Yet chief, in yonder lists of fame,
Survives the noble Pelops' name ;
Where strength of hands and nimble feet
In stern and dubious contest meet ;

¹ Like all other very early tombs, the monument of Pelops was a barrow or earthen mound. I know not whether it may still be traced. The spot is very accurately pointed out, and such works are not easily obliterated.

And high renown and honeyed praise,
And following length of honoured days,
The victor's weary toil repays.

But what are past or future joys?

 The present is our own,
And he is wise who best employs
 The passing hour alone
To crown with knightly wreath the king
 (A grateful task) be mine,
And on the smooth Æolian string
 To praise his ancient line
For ne'er shall wand'ring minstrel find
A chief so just—a friend so kind,
With every grace of fortune blest—
The mightiest, wisest, bravest, best!
God, who beholdeth thee and all thy deeds,¹
Have thee in charge, King Hiero!—so again
The bard may sing thy horny-hoofed steeds

¹ The solemnity of this prayer contrasted with its object that Hiero might again succeed in the chariot race is ridiculous to modern ears. I do not indeed believe that the Olympic and other games had so much importance attached to them by the statesmen and warriors of Greece as is pretended by the sophists of later ages; but where the manners are most simple public exhibitions of this kind should be remembered are always most highly estimated and religious prejudice combined with the ostentation of wealth to give distinction to the Olympic contests.

In frequent triumph o'er the Olympian plain!
Nor shall the bard awake a lowly strain,
His wild notes flinging o'er the Cronian steep,
Whose ready Muse, and not invoked in vain,
For such high mark her strongest shaft shall keep.
Each hath his proper eminence :
To kings indulgent Providence
(No further search the will of Heaven)
The glories of the earth hath given.
Still may'st thou reign ! enough for me
To dwell with heroes like to thee,
Myself the chief of Grecian minstrelsy.





II

TO THERON OF AGRAGAS, VICTOR IN THE
CHARIOT RACE

O song whose voice the harp obeys,
Accordant aye with answering string,
What god what hero wilt thou praise,
What man of godlike prowess sing?

Lo, Jove himself is Pisa's king ;
And Jove's strong son the first to raise
The barriers of th' Olympic ring.
And now, victorious on the wing
Of sounding wheels, our bards proclaim
The stranger Theron's honoured name,
The flower of no ignoble race,¹
And prop of ancient Agragas !

His patient sires, for many a year,
Where that blue river rolls its flood,
'Mid fruitless war and civil blood
 Essayed their sacred home to rear.
Till time assigned, in fatal hour,
Their native virtues, wealth and power,
And made them from their low degree
The eye of warlike Sicily.

And may that power of ancient birth,
From Saturn sprung, and parent Earth,
Of tall Olympus' lord,

¹ Theron was a descendant of Œdipus, and consequently of Cadmus. His family had, through a long line of ancestors, been remarkable, both in Greece and Sicily, for misfortune, and he was himself unpopular with his subjects, and engaged in civil war. Allusions to these circumstances often occur in the present ode.

Who sees with still benignant eye
The games' long splendour sweeping by
His Alpheus' holy ford,
Appeased with anthems charted high,
To Theron's late posterity

A happier doom accord !
Or good or ill, the past is gone,
Nor Time himself, the parent one,
Can make the former deeds undone,
But who would these recall,
When happier days would fain efface
The memory of each past disgrace,
And, from the gods, on Theron's race
Unbounded blessings fall ?

Example meet for such a song,
The sister queens of Laus' blood,
Who sorrow's edge endured long,
Made keener by remembered good
Yet now she breathes the air of heaven
(On earth by smouldering thunder riven),
Long-haired Semele —
To Pallas dear is she,—
Dear to the sire of gods, and dear

To him, her son, in dreadful glee
Who shakes the ivy-wreathèd spear.



And thus they tell that deep below
The sounding ocean's ebb and flow,
Amid the daughters of the sea,
A sister nymph must Ino be,
And dwell in bliss eternally.

But, ignorant and blind,
We little know the coming hour,
Or if the latter day shall lower,
Or if to nature's kindly power
Our life, in peace resigned,

Shall sink like fall of Summer eve,
And on the face of darkness leave
 A ruddy smile behind.
For grief and joy with fitful gale
Our crazy bark by turns assault,
 And, whence our blessings flow,
That same tremendous Providence
Will oft a varying doom dispense,
 And lay the mighty low

To Theban Laius that befell,
 Whose son, with murder dyed,
Fulfilled the former oracle,
 Unconscious parricide !
Unconscious ! yet avenging hell
Pursued the offender's stealthy pace,
And heavy, sure, and hard it fell,
The curse of blood, on all his race.
 Spared from their kindred strife
 The young Thersander's life,
Stern Polynices' heir, was left alone
 In every martial game,
 And in the field of fame,
For early force and matchless prowess known

Was left the pride and prop to be
Of good Adrastus' pedigree.
And hence, through loins of ancient kings,
The warrior blood of Theron springs :
Exalted name ! to whom belong
The minstrel's harp, the poet's song,
 In fair Olympia crowned ;
And where, 'mid Pythia's olives blue,
An equal lot his brother drew ;
And where his twice-twain coursers flew
 The isthmus twelve times round.
Such honour, earned by toil and care,
May best his ancient wrongs repair,
 And wealth, unstained by pride,
May laugh at Fortune's fickle power,
And blameless in the tempting hour
 Of syren ease abide ;
Led by that star of heavenly ray
Which best may keep our darkling way
 O'er life's unsteady tide.

For whoso holds in righteousness the throne.
 He in his heart hath known
How the foul spirits of the guilty dead,

In chambers dark and dread,
 Of nether earth abide, and penal flame,
 Where he whom none may name¹
 Lays bare the soul by stern necessity,
 Seated in judgment high,
 The minister of God whose arm is there,
 In heaven alike and hell, almighty everywhere.
 But ever bright by day, by night,
 Exulting in excess of light,
 From labour free and long distress,
 The good enjoy their happiness,
 No more the stubborn soil they cleave,
 Nor stem for scanty food the wave,
 But with the venerable gods they dwell,
 No tear bedims their thankful eye,
 Nor mars their long tranquillity,
 While those accursèd howl in pangs unspeakable

¹ In the original text, a certain nameless person. The ancients were often scrupulous about pronouncing the names of their gods particularly those who presided over the region of future hopes and fears—a scruple corresponding with the Rabbinical notions of the ineffable Word. The pictures which follow present a striking discrepancy to the mythology of Homer and of the general herd of Grecian poets whose Zeus is as far inferior to the one supreme divinity of Pindar as the religion of Pindar himself falls short of the clearness and majesty of revelation. The correspondence of these Eleusian doctrines with those of Hindûstan is in many points sufficiently striking. Southey and Pindar might seem to have drunk at the same source.

But who the thrice-renewed probation
Of either world may well endure,
And keep with righteous destination
The soul from all transgression pure :
To such and such alone is given
To walk the rainbow paths of heaven,
To that tall city of almighty time,
Where ocean's balmy breezes play,
And, flashing to the western day,
The gorgeous blossoms of such blessed clime,
Now in the happy isles are seen
Sparkling through the groves of green ;
And now, all glorious to behold,
Tinge the wave with floating gold.—

Hence are their garlands woven—hence their hands
Filled with triumphal boughs ;—the righteous doom
Of Rhadamanthus, whom, o'er these his lands,
A blameless judge in every time to come,
Chronos, old Chronos, sire of gods, hath placed ;
Who, with his consort dear,
Dread Rhea, reigneth here
On cloudy throne with deathless honour graced.—

And still they say, in high communion,
Peleus and Cadmus here abide,
And, with the blest in blessed union
(Nor Jove has Thetis' prayer denied),¹



The daughter of the ancient Sea
Hath brought her warrior boy to be,
Him whose stern avenging blow
Laid the prop of Ilum low,

¹ I know not why—except for his brutality to the body of Hector—Achilles is mentioned with so much difficulty into the islands of the blessed. That it was considered in the time of Pindar as sufficient to exclude him without particular offences is shown at least that a great advance had been made in moral feeling since the day of Homer.

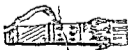
Hector, trained to slaughter-fell,
By all but him invincible ;—
And sea-born Cynus tamed ; and slew
Aurora's knight of Ethiop hue.

Beneath my rattling belt I wear
A sheaf of arrows keen and clear
Of vocal shafts, that wildly fly,
Nor ken the base their import high,
Yet to the wise they breathe no vulgar melody.
Yes, he is wise whom nature's dower
Hath raised above the crowd.—
But, trained in study's formal hour,
There are who hate the minstrel's power,¹

As daws who mark the eagle tower
And croak in envy loud !—

¹ It was not likely that Pindar's peculiarities should escape criticism, nor was his temper such as to bear it with a very even mind. He treats his rivals and assailants with at least a sufficient portion of disdain, as servile adherents to rule, and mere students without genius. Some of their sarcasms passed, however, into proverbs. *Δὸς Κόρινθος*, an expression in ridicule of Pindar's perpetual recurrence to mythology and antiquities, is preserved in the Phædon ; while his occasional mention of himself and his own necessities is parodied by Aristophanes. I cannot but hope, however, that the usual conduct of Pindar himself was less obtrusive and importunate than that of the Dithyrambic poet who introduces him on the festival of Nephelocoggugia, like the Gaelic bard in "Christ's Kirk o' the Green."

So let them rail ! but thou, my heart,
Rest on the low thy levelled dart ,
 Nor seek a worthier aim
For arrow sent on friendships wing,
Than him the Agragantine king
 Who best thy song may claim.
For, by eternal truth I swear,
His parent town shall scantily bear
A soul to every friend so dear,
 A breast so void of blame ,
Though twenty lastres rolling round,
With rising youth her nation crowned,
In heart, in hand, should none be found
 Like Theron's honoured name.—
Yes ! we have heard the factious let—
But let the babbling vulgar try
To blot his worth with tyranny
 Seek thou the ocean strand !—
And when thy soul would fun record
The bounteous gifts of yonder lord,
 Go—reckon up the sand !





III.

TO THE SAME.

MAY my solemn strain ascending
Please the long-haired Helen well,
And those brave twins of Leda's shell ¹

¹ Castor and Pollux.

The stranger's holy cause defending!—
With whose high name the chorus blending
To ancient Agragas shall rise,
And Theron for the chariot prize
Again, and not in vain contending —
The Muse, in numbers bold and high,
Hath taught my Dorian note to fly,
Worthy of silent awe, a strange sweet harmony

Yes!—as I fix mine eager view
On yonder wreath of paly blue,
That olive wreath, whose shady round
Amid the coursers mane is bound,
I feel again the sacred glow
That bids my strain of rapture flow
With shrilly breath of Spartan flute,
The many voiced harp to suit,
And wildly fling my numbers sweet,
Again mine ancient friend to greet.

Nor, Pisa, thee I leave ~~unsung~~,
To men the parent of renown,
Amid whose shady ringlets strung
Etolia binds her olive crown,

Whose sapling root from Scythian down¹
And Ister's fount Alcides bare,
To deck his parent's hallowed town ;
With placid brow and suppliant prayer
Soothing the favoured northern seed,
Whose horny-hoofed victims bleed
To Phoebus of the flowing hair.

A boon from these the hero prayed :
One graft of that delightful tree ;
To Jove's high hill a welcome shade,
To men a blessed fruit to be,
And crown of future victory.—
For that fair moon, whose slender light
With inefficient horn had shone,

¹ There seems to have been in all countries a disposition to place a region of peculiar happiness and fertility among inaccessible mountains, and at the source of their principal rivers. Perhaps indeed the Mount Meru of Hindûstan, the blameless Ethiopians at the head of the Nile, and the happy Hyperborean regions at the source of the Ister, are only copies of the garden and river of God in Eden. Some truth is undoubtedly mixed with the tradition here preserved by Pindar. The olive was not indigenous in Greece, and its first specimens were planted near Pisa. That they ascribed its introduction to their universal hero Hercules, and derived its stock from the land of the blessed, need not be wondered at by those who know the importance of such a present. The Hyperborean or Atlantic region, which continually receded in proportion as Europe was explored, still seems to have kept its ground in the fancies of the vulgar, under the names of the Island of St. Brandan, of Flath-Innis, or the fortunate land of Cockayne, till the discovery of America peopled the western ocean with something less illusive.

When late on Pisa's airy height
He reared to Jove the altar stone,
Now through the dappled air, alone,
In perfect ring of glory bright
Guided her golden wheelèd throne,
The broad and burning eye of Night.
And now the days were told aright,
When Alpheus from his sandy source,
Should judge the champion's eager might,
And mark of wheels the rolling force.
Nor yet a tree to cheer the sight
The Cronian vale of Pelops bore!—
Obnoxious to the noonday weight
Of Summer suns a naked shore.—
But she who sways the silent sky
Latona's own equestrian maid¹
Beheld how far Alcides strayed
Bound on adventure strange and high,
Forth from the glens of Arcady
To Istrian rocks in ice arrayed
He urged the interminable race
(Such penance had Eurystheus laid)

¹ Diana.

The golden-hornèd hind to chase,
Which, grateful for Diana's aid,
By her redeemed from foul embrace,
Old Atlas' daughter hallowèd.—¹
Thus, following where the quarry fled,
Beyond the biting north he passed,
Beyond the regions of the blast,
And, all unknown to traveller's tread,
He saw the blessèd land at last.—
He stopped, he gazed with new delight,
When that strange verdure met his sight;
And soft desire inflamed his soul
(Where twelve times round the chariots roll),
To plant with such the Pisan goal.

But now, unseen to mortal eyes,
He comes to Theron's sacrifice,
And with him brings to banquet there
High-bosomed Leda's knightly pair.
Himself to high Olympus bound,
To these a latest charge he gave,
A solemn annual feast to found,

¹ Taygeta

And of contending heroes round
To deck the strong, the swift, the brave.—
Ner doubt I that on Theron's head,
And on the good Eumenides,
The sons of Jove their blessing shed,
Whom still, with bounteous tables spread,
That holy tribe delight to please,
Observing with religious dread
The hospitable god's decrees.
But, wide as water passeth earthy clay,
Or sun bright gold transcendeth baser ore,
Wide as from Greece to that remotest shore
Whose rock-built pillars own Alcides' sway,
Thy fame hath passed thine equals!—To explore
The further ocean all in vain essay,
Or fools or wise,—here from thy perilous way
Cast anchor here, my bark! I dare no more!





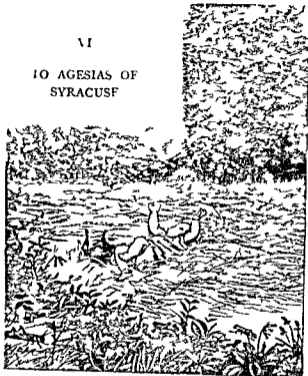
IV.

TO PSAUMIS OF CAMARINA.

OH, urging on the tireless speed
 Of thunder's elemental steed,
 Lord of the world, Almighty Jove !
 Since these thine hours have sent me forth
 The witness of thy champion's worth,
 And prophet of thine olive grove ;
 And since the good thy poet hear,
 And hold his tuneful message dear ;—
 Saturnian lord of Etna hill !—
 Whose storm-cemented rocks encage
 The hundred-headed rebel's rage ;

VI

TO AGESIAS OF
SYRACUSE



Who seeks a goodly bower to raise
Conspicuous to the stranger's eye,
With gold the lintel overlays,
And clothes the porch in ivory

So bright, so bold, so wonderful.
The choicest themes of verse I cull,
To each high song a frontal high !
But lives there one whose brows around
The green Olympian wreath is bound ,
Prophet and priest in those abodes
Where Pisans laud the sire of gods,
And Syracuse's denizen ?
Who, 'mid the sons of mortal men,
While Envy's self before his name
Abates her rage, may fitlier claim
Whate'er a bard may yield of fame ?
For sure, to no forbidden strife,
In hallowed Pisa's field of praise,
He came, the priest of blameless life !
Nor who in peace hath passed his days
Marring with canker sloth his might.
May hope a name in standing fight
Nor in the hollow ship to raise.

By toil, illustrious toil alone,
Of elder times the heroes shone ;
And, bought by like emprise, to thee,
O warrior priest, like honour be !

Such praise as good ideas us bore
 To him the prophet chief of yore ¹
 When snatched from Thebes' accursed fight,
 Withsted, and car and armour bright,
 Down, down he sank to earthy night.

↓ When the fight was ended
 And the sevenfold pyres
 All the funeral fires
 In one sad lustre blended
 The leader of the host
 Murmured mournfully
 I lament the eye
 Of all mine army lost ¹
 To gods and mortals dear
 Either art he knew
 Augur tried and true
 And strong to wield the spear ¹ "
 And, by the powers divine
 Such praise is justly thine

¹ The prophet chief is Amphiaraus who was swallowed up by the earth before the attack of Polynices and his allies on Thebes either because the gods determined to rescue his virtues from the stain of that odious conflict, or according to the sagacious Lydgate because being a sorcerer and a pagan byshoppe the time of his compact was expired and the infernal powers laid claim to him.

O Syracusan peer.
For of a gentle blood thy race is sprung,
As she shall truly tell, the Muse of honeyed tongue.

Then yoke the mules of wingèd pace,
And, Phintis, climb the car with me,¹
For well they know the path to trace
Of yonder victor's pedigree.

Unbar the gates of song, unbar '
For we to-day must journey far,
To Sparta and to Pitane.

She, mournful nymph, and nursing long
Her silent pain and virgin wrong,
To Neptune's rape a daughter fair,
Evadne of the glossy hair
(Dark as the violet's darkest shade),
In solitary sorrow bare.
Then to her nurse the infant maid
She weeping gave, and bade convey
To high Phersana's hall away;
Where woman-grown, and doomed to prove

¹ Agesias had been victor in the *afene*, or chariot drawn by mules.
was probably his charioteer.

In turn a god's disastrous love,
Her charms allured the Lord of Day¹

Nor long the months, ere, fierce in pride,
The painful tokens of disgrace
Her foster father sternly eyed,
Fruit of the furtive god's embrace.

He spake not, but, with soul on flame,
He sought th' unknown offender's name,
At Phœbus' Pythian dwelling place

But she, beneath the greenwood spray,
Her zone of purple silk untied,
And flung the silver clasp away
That rudely prest her heaving side,¹

While, in the solitary wood,
Lucina's self to aid her stood,
And fate & secret force supplied

¹ I venture in the present instance to translate *αδλωσις*, a clasp because it was undoubtedly used for the stud or buckle to a horse's bit as "*αδλωδῆς*" signifies to run by a horse's side holding the bridle. The "*αδλωσις*" too appended to the belt of Hercules which he left with his Scythian mistress should seem from the manner in which Herodotus mentions it to have been a clasp or stud, nor can I in the present passage understand why the pregnant Evadne should encumber herself with a water pot or why the water pot and zone should be mentioned as laid aside at the same time. But the round and cup-like form of an antique clasp may well account for such names being applied to it.

But who the mother's pang can tell,
As sad and slowly she withdrew,
And bade her babe a long farewell,
Laid on a bed of violets blue?—

When, ministers of Heaven's decree
(Dire nurses they and strange to see),
Two scaly snakes of azure hue
Watched o'er his helpless infancy,
And, rifled from the mountain bee,
Bare on their forked tongues a harmless honey dew.

Swift roll the wheels! from Delphos home
Arcadia's car-borne chief is come;
But, ah! how changed his eye!
His wrath is sunk, and past his pride,
"Where is Evadne's babe," he cried,
"Child of the Deity?"
'T was thus the augur god replied,
Nor strove his noble seed to hide;
And to his favoured boy, beside,
The gift of prophecy,
And power beyond the sons of men
The secret things of fate to ken.
His blessing will supply."

But vainly, from his liegemen round,
 He sought the noble child ,
 Who, naked on the grassy ground,
 And nurtured in the wild,
 Was moistened with the sparkling dew
 Beneath his hawthorn bower ,
 Where morn her wat'ry radiance threw
 Now golden bright, now deeply blue,
 Upon the violet flower

From that dark bed of breathing bloom
 His mother gave his name ,
 And Iāmus, through years to come,
 Will live in lasting fame ,
 Who, when the blossom of his days
 Had opened on the tree,
 From forth the brink where Alpheus strays,
 Invoked the god whose sceptre sways
 The hoarse resounding sea ,
 And, whom the Delian isle obeys,
 The archer deity
 Alone amid the nightly shade,
 Beneath the naked heaven he prayed,
 And sire and grand-sire called to aid ,



When, lo ! a voice that loud and dread
 Burst from the horizon free :
 “ Hither ! ” it spake, “ to Pisa’s shore !
 My voice, O son ! shall go before ;
 Belovèd, follow me ! ”

So, in the visions of his sire, he went
 Where Cronium’s scarred and barren brow
 Was red with morning’s earliest glow,
 Though darkness wrapt the nether element.
 There in a lone and craggy dell
 A double spirit on him fell,
 Th’ unlying voice of birds to tell,

And (when Alcmena's son should found,
The holy games in Elis crowned)
By Jove's high altar evermore to dwell,
Prophet and priest ! From him descend
The fathers of our valiant friend,
Wealthy alike and just and wise,
Who trod the plain and open way
And who is he that dared despise
With galling taunt the Cronian prize,
Or their illustrious toil gainsay,
Whose chariots whirling twelve times round
With burning wheels th' Olympian ground,
Have gilt their brow with glory's ray ?
For not the steams of sacrifice



From cool Cyllene's height of snow,¹
Nor vainly from thy kindred rise
The heaven-appeasing litanies
To Hermes, who, to men below,
Or gives the garland or denies :
By whose high aid, Agesias, know,
And his, the thunderer of the skies,
The olive wreath hath bound thy brow!

Arcadian ! yes, a warmer zeal
Shall whet my tongue thy praise to tell !
I feel the sympathetic flame
Of kindred love ;—a Theban I,
Whose parent nymph from Arcady
(Metope's daughter, Thebe) came.
Dear fountain goddess, warrior maid,
By whose pure rills my youth hath played ;
Who now assembled Greece among,
To car-borne chiefs and warriors strong,
Hath wove the many-coloured song.
Then, minstrel ! bid thy chorus rise
To Juno, queen of deities,
Parthenian lady of the skies !

¹ Cyllene was a mountain in Arcadia dedicated to Mercury

[illegible]

Whom, rapt in chariot bright,
And horses silver-white,
Down to his dusky bower the lord of hell conveyed.

Oft hath he heard the Muses' string resound
His honoured name; and may his latter days,
With wealth and worth, and minstrel garlands crowned,
Mark with no envious ear a subject praise,¹
Who now from fair Arcadia's forest wide
To Syracuse, homeward, from his home
Returns, a common care, a common pride
(And whoso darkling braves the ocean's foam,
May safest moored with twofold anchor ride);
Arcadia, Sicily, on either side
Guard him with prayer;—and thou who rul'st the deep,
Fair Amphitrite's lord! in safety keep
His tossing keel; and evermore to me
No meaner theme assign of poesy!

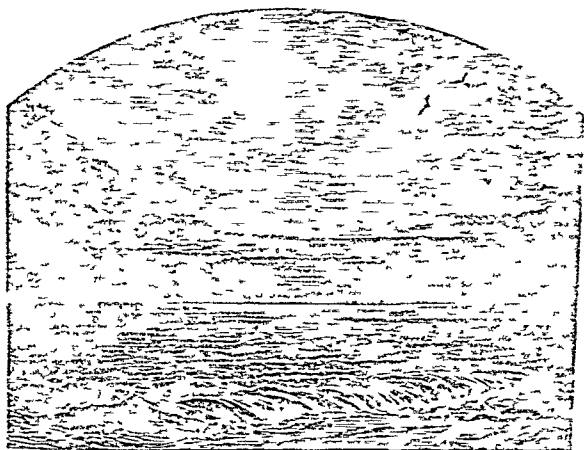
¹ Either the poet was led by his vanity to ascribe a greater consequence to his verses than they really possessed when he supposes that the praise of Agesias may move his sovereign to jealousy, or we may infer from this little circumstance that the importance attached to the Olympic prize has not been so greatly overrated by poets and antiquarians, and that it was indeed "a gift more valuable than a hundred trophies."



CARMEN SÆCULARE.

A Prip Poem,

RECITED AT OXFORD, MDCCCL



CARMEN SÆCULARE.

FELICES Britonum curas, atque addita vitæ
Commoda, et inventas artes, bellicque triumphos,
Expediam : Vos, Angliacæ clarissima gentis
Lumina, queis mundi rerumque arcana retexit
Ipsa volens Natura ; et vos, qui martia passi
Vulnera, pro patria justis cecidistis in armis,
Magnanimi heroes ! vestras date floribus urnas
Spargere, nec nostræ conamina temnite musæ !

Sit mihi fas audita loqui, sit facta referre,
Tardaque bis denis volventia tempora lustris

Respirere, humanæ licet æquora turbida vitæ
Musa gemat circumspectans, secumque revolvat
Mœsta hominum scelera, et parvo sub pectore fluctus
Irarum ingentes, et corda oblita futuri.

Inde graves nasci luctus, et bella per orbem,
Et diræ passim cædes, et mille dolores,
Mille mali facies, fuso Discordiæ crine
Funerem accendens tædæ, insatiata cruore
Vindicta, et desolatas bacchata per urbes
Ambitio et Culpæ merito comes addita Poena.

Nam Pater omnipotens ignotis legibus orbem
Temperat, et denso noctis velatus amictu,
Sceptra tenet, nobis, credo, neque machina rerum
Tota patet, certive arcana volumina fati.

Haud tamen, haud nostrum est rerum alte exquirere
causas.

Tantum adeo versamur opus, magis acta referre,
Et patriam aggredimur laudem, vocat altior armis,
Alior ingento Britannia fœcla parentum
Exsuperans fama, et majoribus inlyta cœptis.

Depictas alii voces, Cadmeïa signa ;¹
 Et Batavum² curas, calami quæ tædia primum,
 Et scriptæ docuere moras odisse tabellæ ;
 Mirando ductas alii magnete carinas,
 Nitratosque ignes celebrent, imitataque Divûm
 Fulmina, vim quorum contra nihil ipsa valeret
 Lorica Æacidæ, aut clypei septemplicis orbes ;
 At cœli docuisse vias, quo concita motu
 Sydera agant certa nocturnas lege choreas ;
 Qui cursus anni ; quo sol moderamine flectat
 Errantes stellas, mediî ad prætoria mundi
 Regius ipse sedens ; coeundi quanta cupido,
 Ordine quæque suo teneat ; quo turbidus æstu
 Invadat terram fluctus, fugiatque vicissim,
 Luna, tuum comitatus iter ; quæ splendida lucis
 Materies ; septemque Iris trahat unde colores ;
 Laus erit hæc saltem, nostroque hæc gloria sæclo.

Quanquam etenim haud nostris illuxit prima diebus
 Vis animi, Newton, tui, et felicior ætas
 Ingenii eximios jactet nascentis honores ;

¹ Letters, which are generally believed to have been introduced into Europe by Cadmus.

² The discovery of printing (however the fraud of John Faustus may have transferred a part of the praise to Mentz) appears to belong to Holland.

Hinc etiam varus aptat medicamina morbis¹
 Nature expertus sapiens, renovatque trementum
 Corpora fracta senum, et insti languentia nocte
 Lumina, jam vitreo circumvolvente cylindro
 Igneus exsultat vigor, et penetrabilis artus
 Percurrit calor, et venis se immiscuit imis.

Quid referam servata undas, ereptaque letho²
 Corpora, cum sævis Acherontis faucibus hæsit
 Eluctans anima, et vultus et livida circum
 Tempora dinguat concreto flumine sanguis?

Atque ea dum in patrio molimina tanta movemus
 Rite solo, interea haud segnes aliena per arva
 Insequimur famam, mentosque augemus honores
 Vos fortunati ! primum quibus ausa carina
 Spernere cæruleos fines, et limina rerum
 Antiqua, et magno nova quærere littora ponto !
 Talibus inceptis olim tua flumina, Amazon,
 Inventique Cubæ scopuli, Gyanæque³ paludes,
 Visaque thuniferis⁴ pulcherrima Florida pratis

¹ Electricity

² The Hæmian Society

³ So a Gulana written by Frænestorius.

⁴ According to the Spanish voyagers Florida was so called from the odour which filled the air on the approach of the ships to land.

Non tamen Hesperius ductor,¹ non classis Ibera,
Non quos bellipotens emisit Lisboa nautæ,
Laudibus Angliaci certent ducis, ille sonantes
Annyanis² scopulos inter, glaciataque ponti
Claustra viam tenuit, non illum terruit Arctos
Parrhasis, atque suis Boreas sævissimus oris.
Nec minus immites fluctus et littora vidit
Australi vicina polo, qua frigida pandit
Cæruleos Maloïna³ sinus, atque altera nostris
Subjecta impèriis, terrarumque ultima Thule⁴
Quem non dira fames auri, non impia duxit
Ambitio, aut sævæ fallax pietatis imago ;
Sed patriæ divinus amor ; sed vivida virtus
Impulit, et meritæ laudis generosa cupido.

Nec lustrare vias tantum tractusque latentes
Æquoris audaces jussit Britannia puppes ;
Scilicet oceani imperium invictumque tridentem
Classe virisque potens, tenet, æternumque tenebit
Illa, maris regina ; en ! Plata sonantibus undis,

¹ Columbus.

² The Japanese name for the Straits of Behring.

³ The Spanish name for Falkland's Islands

⁴ So called by Captain Cook, as being the most southern known land.

Ultimus, en, Daonas,¹ et fulvæ Tigris arena
 Fundit opes varias, prædæque assueta Malaya
 Submisso nostras veneratur acrimæ leges.
 Quid' tantum memorem imperium, quid subdita regna
 Æthiopum, primoque rubentia littori sole,
 Et quibus assiduo curru jam lenior oris
 Effundit fessæ tandem vis sera diæ?
 Nobis, quos rapido scindit Laurentius amne
 Felices parent campi, et qua plurima Ganges -
 Regna lavat, postis armis contemnita pacem
 Burma petit, gens dura vr̄m petere Marattæ.
 Quid Javæ referam p̄ntes, quid saxa Mysoræ?
 Quæque nimis tepido consurgis proxima soli,
 Taprobane, lætasque tuas, Castrana, vites?
 Tuque etiam immentis Gallorum crepta catenis,
 Anglorum leto fluitantia signa triumpho
 Vidisti tandem, Melite! tuque, inclita Calpe!
 Firma manes, nostris dudum decorata tropæis,
 Quæ rupe Herculeæ, quæ milite tuta Britanno
 Hispanûmque minas et inania despicias arma.
 Interea, quæcumque viam tenuere per undas,
 (Sæva licet nostro immutetur Gallia regno,

¹ The river of Ava.

Et conjuratis Europæ ferveat armis)
Submittunt humiles nobis vexilla carinæ.

Nec tamen has tantum meruit Britannia laudes,
Magna armis,—major pietate ;—hinc Ille¹ remotos
(Ille, decus nostrum, et meritæ pars optima famæ)
Lustravit populos, et dissita regna tyrannûm,
Panderet ut mœstas arces invitaque Phœbo
Limina, quâ nigris late sonuere cavernis
Assidui gemitus et iniqui pondera ferri.

Hinc etiam Lybico² consurgunt littore tûres,
Nostræque incultis monstrantur gentibus artes,
Hesperidum scopulos ultra et deserta Sahara
Fœda situ : nec longa dies, cum servus iniqua
Vincula rumpat ovans, et pictas Gambia puppes
Et nova arenosis miretur mœnia ripis !

O patria ! O felix nimium ! seu pace volentes
Alma regas populos et justa lege feroces
Arbitra compescas, seu belli tela corusces
Fulminea metuenda manu ; tu, maxima, ponto,
Tu circumfusus victrix, dominaberis undis !

¹ Howard.

² Sierra Leone.

Cincta etenim patria frondentia tempora quercu
 Te comitem adfluxit, nostroque in litore sedem
 Aurea Libertas posuit, non illa furantes
 Sueta animos, cœciq; incendere pectora vulgi,
 Qualis Sarmaticos olim bacchata per agros
 Effera,—sanguinea,—atq; qualem nunc Gallia plorat
 Maternis sparsam lacrytis et cred- suorum —
 At populis, Aluredæ tuæ quæ candida prunum
 Illuxit, cœli soboles, quæ sæva Britannum
 Frænavit corda et torvis metuenda tyrannis
 Jura dedit, longos illic deducta per annos
 Imperia, et trino concordia fœdere regna.

Maribunos testor cineres effusaque Galli
 Agmina (cum luctu pallens Lodo cus et ira,
 Undique disjectas acies fœdataque si vit
 Lilia, vix media demum securus in urbe)
 Quid Libertatis potuit divinitus ardens
 Flamma, quid invicti testor potuere Britanni !

Nec jam magnorum proles oblata parentum
 Nascimur haud adeo divinus pectoris ardor
 Martiaque edormit virtus,—Tua flumina, Nile
 Testor quasque Tagus dives devolvit arenas !

Scilicet et fractas vidisti, Texela¹, classes,
Et spes abruptas, atque irrita tela tuorum !
Quid referam claras victrici classe calendas,
Qua viridem Armoricam inter Dumnoniaque arva
Hesperio resonant Uxantia littora flucta ?

Cum spreto malesana Deo totumque per orbem
Gallia, cœca, furens, cunctas sibi subdere gentes
Sperabat, solioque sacros detrudere Reges,
Reppulit ipsa suo venientem littore pestem
Anglia, et his saltem vetuit consistere terris.
Ergo inter medias Europæ illæsa ruinas
Constitit, haud rerum tantis labefacta procellis,
Devictos inter populos, et diruta late
Imperia : has coluit Pietas conterrita sedes,
Has antiqua Fides ;—atque, O, ni tristia fati
Jura vetent, orbis primum cohibere tyrannos
Nostrum erit, eversoque iterum succurrere sæclo.





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